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1936

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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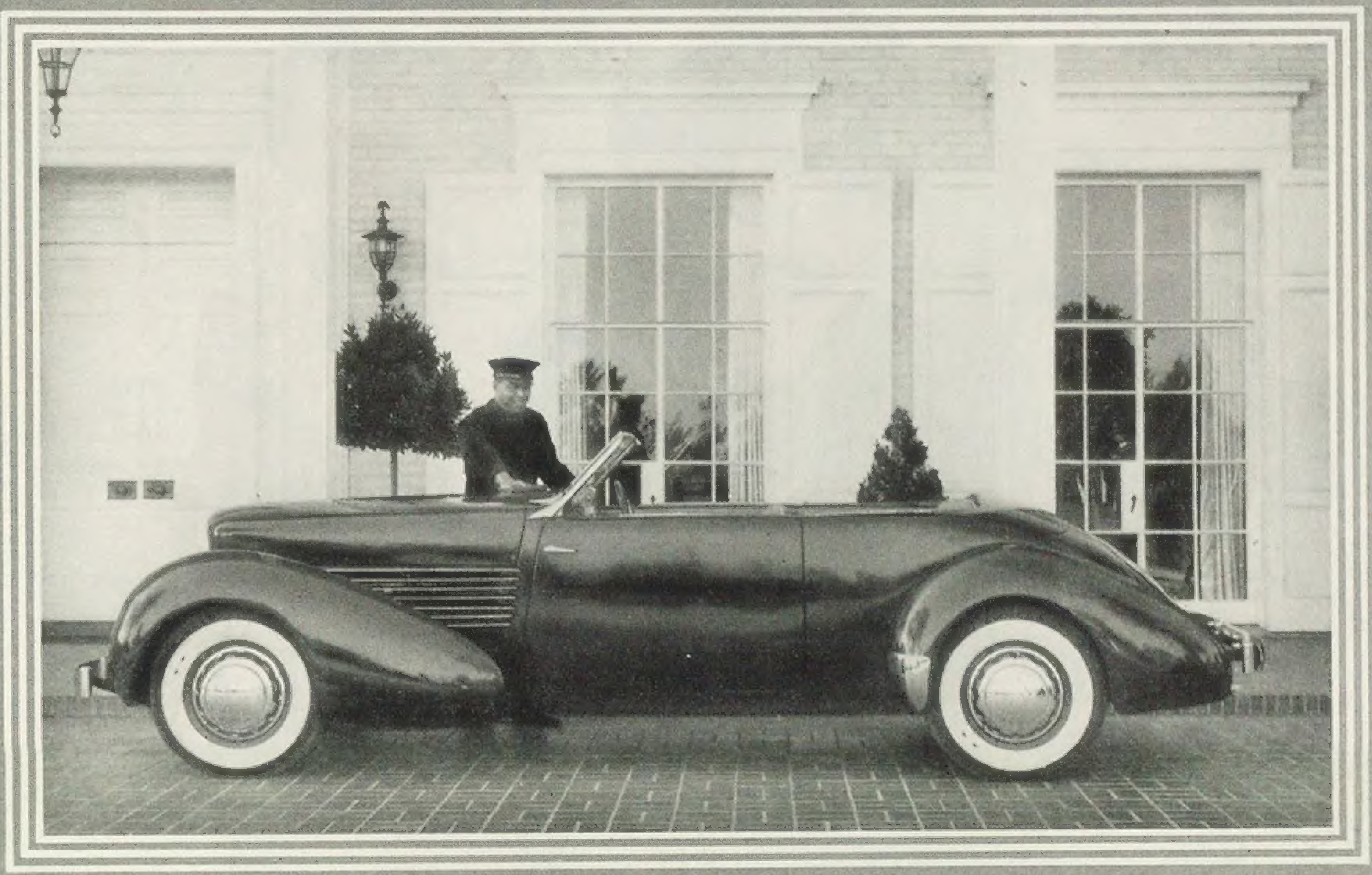

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches ....
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Art Director: ERIC LUNDGREN

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Pause in order to salute the living

This week we have read much in the Chicago papers about Henry Justin Smith of the *Daily News*. Last week, we feel sure, an inquiring reporter could have stopped several dozen people on any block but that adjoining the News building, before finding one who could positively have distinguished that Mr. Smith from any other. But this week his is a household name, his deeds and personality vividly impressed on the minds of all literate Chicagoans. The point is, he died this week. The death of an editor makes news. The life of an editor only serves it. And surely Henry Justin Smith, a newsman in the finest sense of the word, would find nothing wrong with that. He would be quick to say, if he could, that this is as it should be, that death and disaster have news value, that life and contentment have not. A good editor, like a good wife, is not news. But as we read the stories about him in the papers this week, stories so moving that they could not have failed to make utter strangers feel a personal sense of loss at his passing, it occurred to us that all of these tributes, stirring as they were against the pathetic backdrop of death, would have been better if they had been printed two weeks or even two years before. In other words, isn't there a likelihood that out of a false respect for news, publications have in effect warped the meaning of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum?* "Say only good of the dead" has almost reached the point of "say good only of the dead." And that seems silly. For instance, Burton Rascoe was ill last month. He wrote his piece propped up in bed. Suppose he had, avert the omen, died the next day. This space would have been devoted to him as a matter of course. We would have filled it trying to tell you what a great guy he was. And much good that might have done him! How much more sensible then, to devote it now to telling you what a great guy he is.

Well, it's two years last Martinmas that Burton Rascoe began writing ESQUIRE's *Five-Minute Shelf*. Since then he hasn't missed an issue, although he has had us in a tizzy for two days past each deadline. We cherish him as one of the magazine's chief assets because he has, more than any critic we know, the capacity to endow book-reviews with the lively interest of a sports event, to intrigue and hold the attention of the least bookish of readers. *Fortune*, congenitally acid-mouthed, characterizes him as "incoherent with enthusiasm," which may or may not be their nice way of referring to the fact that he stammers. But he is an enthusiast. He is not one of those smart-alec critics who are always ready to kill anything to create a phrase. And although he has no mock-modest aversion to the first person pronoun, he is at once the most personal and the least personal of critics—most personal in that no one since Huneker has ever been so infectious in his enthusiasm, and least personal in that no critic's judgment is less influenced by human bias. Not that he has no rancour, not that he is deficient in the art of making enemies—he's a fighter of the ancient Irish order, and New York literary circles are measurably populated by the people he can't stand, and the reverse. His feud with Knopf, for instance, is historic. But its only trace in his critical writings is a possible tendency to overpraise Knopf books, in a back-bending effort to be fair. Nor is any critic less influenced by literary fashions even though very few are more influential in shaping them. It is fashionable, right now, to overestimate Thomas Wolfe to precisely the same degree that you underestimate James Branch Cabell, based on the two men's actual performance. Rascoe will have none of such nonsense. Nor does he, like too many critics, give you the feeling that the task of reading books is, in itself, anything but a pleasure. A lot of critics give you the impression that they were born tired and bored, but his freshness never withers.

He has been married to the same wife for twenty-two of his forty-three years, and they would both look young in a crowd of youngsters this side of thirty. They have grown children who look just a bit more poised than they do. They have a house in Larchmont that is, literally, overflowing with books. Most reviewers sell their books, but Rascoe is a book miser. He loves books, dogs and children—it is a shame that he has never run for office, because no man can kiss babies more gracefully. Two-year olds, without exception, adore him on sight. And they're better judges of a man, we venture, than dogs are.

The space runs low, ending this period of taking time out to hail the living. But we aim to make it a habit.

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Whole No. 29

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

FIVE × FOUR = NUTS

My husband is insane. You made him that way. Night-before-last he brought home the February issue of ESQUIRE and read to me the F. Gregory Hartswick page on *Said Aristotle Unto Plato. . . .*" We logically reasoned out all the puzzles except the "four fours" problem, which my husband said would be too much exertion because he is an engineer, and engineers always think they can do that sort of problem right away. Then when they get stuck on it, they work up such a sweat that it bothers them for days. So we just looked up the answers, and thought we were glad we didn't try it.

However, when we came to number 13, my husband said, "What the hell. Here's five fours in this answer. Do they think they can get away with that?" We both got so angry at this fellow Hartswick for trying to pull something on us, that we forgot to work the puzzle to see if the five fours were all necessary.

So, we finally cooled off and went to bed. Neither of us was sleepy, and we discussed this problem. It was then that we tried to work it, and found that only four fours *were* necessary, and that if we had correctly counted the number of fours in the answer given in the book, Hartswick was all wet. Then came the problem, did we miscount the number of fours? Somehow or other, I kind of forgot it, and fell asleep, but when I awakened two hours later, I heard my husband mumbling something about fours and fives and Hartswicks.

I said for heaven's sake, why didn't he get up and look at the puzzle again, if it was worrying him so, but he did not seem to hear me. It was then that I made the startling discovery that my husband had gone insane. He sits and looks at the floor all day, and says "Four fours, five fours, who the hell is Hartswick?" He repeats it over and over again.

I tried to tell him that the mistake was probably the linotype man's fault, but he doesn't know much about printing, or typesetting, so he doesn't pay any attention to me. Now, what I want to know is, Who is to blame? The linotyper, the proofreader, the editor, the publisher, or me?

Pitifully yours,

Dayton, O. KATHERINE WARREN

. . . AND WHEN YOU WERE A FIVE-FOUR ALARM

This is to set at rest the storm of queries roused by my answer to the "Four Fours Problem" in my article *Said Aristotle Unto Plato.* I have answered letters till my wrist aches, explaining that an error was made in the answer, and modestly not stating whose fault it was. Anyway, the nub of the business was this: I asked the panting public to express the numbers from 1 to 21 inclusive by using four fours, no more and no less; and in setting forth the answer to 13 an extra 4 got worked into the fabric, with the result that the answer showed how to express 23 with five 4's. I will admit, under pressure, that this is not the same as expressing 13 with four 4's. Having made this admission, and darned handsome it is, I present here the correct answer:

$$\frac{4 - .4}{.4} \text{ plus } 4 = 13$$

4 — .4 equals 3.6; 3.6 divided by .4 equals 9; and 9 plus 4 equals 13. This was so when I was a king in Babylon and you were a Christian slave; and it still is.

Yours truly,

Fanwood, New Jersey F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

DARKNESS ON THE DELTA

Although I am only a little boy eight years old my life has been very tragic. I had three little brothers, and now two are crazy and one committed suicide. One morning last week a terrific shock came to us. As a result two of my little brothers became profoundly psychopathic. They are now in an asylum. My other little brother was so affected by the shock that he committed hari-kari in the nursery while our nurse had her back turned.

It happened at breakfast. Father came down looking very solemn and sad. "Children," he said, "I have bad news for you." Four little pairs of eyes looked up from their bowls of cereal. "After more than a decade of scholarly and exhaustive research Mr. Hibschman is now certain that the law is uncertain. His certainty about its uncertainty is its only certainty. It all came out in the last issue of ESQUIRE. I had to tell you." Father's voice broke.

"No, no!" we screamed in childish tremolo, "No, no, dear father! That cannot be. It must not be. Do tell us that you are spoofing, and that you are but making sport of us."

"Children," replied father in a quavering voice, "it is all true, too, too true. Everything else in life is certain, all but the law. It was my duty to tell you." Mother did not utter a word. Though a strong, calm woman, she had fainted.

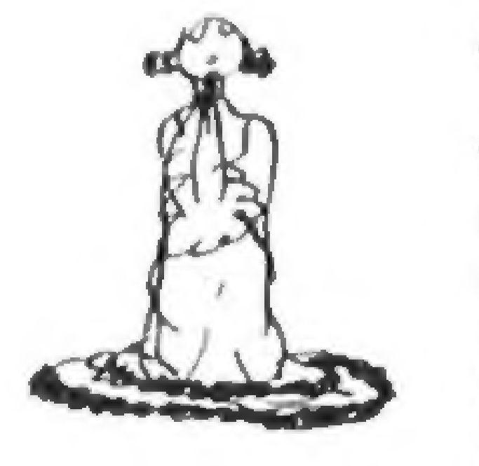
For a few minutes we little ones wept silently in our oatmeal. "It is too much, too much, father!" cried my littlest brother, "The illusion of the stork and old Santa you took from us but a short time ago. Is there nothing good in the world? No enduring values? Father I cannot bear this any longer. It is too great a strain on my little mind."

We all filed out of the dining room. Father stared ahead blankly with tears in his eyes. Then the next day it happened. Two insanities and one suicide. I am only a little boy and life has not been kind to me.

New Orleans, La. WM. B. DREUX

QUERY: WHAT KEEPS THE THIN YOUNG FATHERS THIN?

Another shock! The Great George Jean Nathan as old-fashioned and out-moded as all that? Where really does he live? Doesn't he know that all the old virtues are coming back? have come back? at least in the "Best circles"? My-Oh-My, oh-my, what can be done about a man like that?



Suppose we tell him about the thin young fathers of our generation, the champion-diaper changers? And tell him of proud young Mothers, bragging about the I.Q. tests their Jackies have so triumphantly passed?

Or about the young Mother who, with a small toddler at her skirts, says proudly—in spite of nauseating misery: "But we wanted another one—it isn't good for children to grow up as "Only ones!"

Ah the back-bone of the nation—the thin proud fathers and scared yet brave young Mothers! Don't they need the women's pages? Really Mr. Nathan where *is* the Woman you are picturing? Or rather—What is she? Not the *Mother* of the Future—and if no Mothers what will you have? Incubators? Are men like you indirectly responsible for sixteen ounce Babies? With all that glorifying of the female body so small and slim? How many Women do know all the more *recherché* Bartenders' first names—and what good does it do them? Or their children? If any? So if the great Nathan is out of something to write about and feels so strongly about the Woman's pages let him at least say:

"Any woman I know isn't interested in the Woman's pages of the daily press devoted to women and written by women." And closing the article he says: "In those days Women's interests were largely cut out for them by men—" and *Now* Mr. Nathan? Why really do women read the men's magazines? Even have them in the house? Because she wants to have the same knowledge, rather wants to hold his interests by being interested in what interests him—did you not hear of one of our most temperamental Stars of movieland owning up to that this is a man's world? Yeah even so! In spite of all the chances Woman has been given, she will never be anything but secondary to man, and what Nathan tries to prove as sex-equality is just the dogged desire of the female to keep near the male.

And a separate set of drinks wouldn't be such a bad idea either. And even the fact set forth as to "Male Sex-counseler" being more popular with woman than a woman-counseler, is almost proof conclusive that Woman is going backwards to her old station in life, namely secondary. And so she needs more than ever a "Woman's Page" because when all is said and done—Woman is Woman's best friend!

And that only one adult woman in Mr. Nathan's estimation has made a really truly lasting success of her career, meaning Greta Garbo, is probably proof conclusive that as soon as a Woman marries she loses out. In every—almost every career or profession, it does something to her—this marrying business, and then where is she? Back again to the Woman's page.

Mr. Nathan confesses that he cannot imagine a modern-up-to-date Woman, with or without three cocktails under her belt reading any of the six typical articles he has before him.

But let me tell him that I can imagine many a thin young Father as well as Mother reading out of these pages some wisdom and comfort set forth by woman—And for Woman. How about a straw vote on it?

And on the fact that, what he calls "Male-mindedness" in "Mammas" is the same identical male-mindedness since time began and if the "*Mammas* in his wide circle of acquaintances" have pulled the wool over the great George Jean's eyes as to that, they are just the clever bunch, but an honest vote on the question would still show a ninety-nine per cent of prayers of the old time, we think so funny:

"Now I lay me on the springs
"I pray the Lord for Wedding Rings—
A—man, A—man."

Your calendar, Mr. Nathan, isn't at a standstill, it is just that Woman has to be woman—and nothing can be done about it.

Very truly yours,

Philadelphia, Pa. PAULINE LONG

WE PUT OUR FOOT IN IT

Ouch! You stepped on my corn, hence, kindly register my cry of protest on the sub-heading for Raymond Henle's article in the February issue.

Henle, or whoever wrote the subhead, implies that old B. J. Palmer, father of Chiropractic, sired Chiropody. For his information, Chiropody is the care of the feet in health and disease. Nowhere in Anatomy does the spine (even a Chiropractor's) extend down to the realm of the flat-foot, weak-foot, bunioned-foot, calloused-foot, athletes'-foot, smelly-foot, sweaty-foot, hay-foot, straw-foot, and so on they march, ad infinitum.

Yes, Chiropodists also subscribe to ESQUIRE.

Cordially yours,

DR. WILLIAM J. STICKEL, Dean
Illinois College of Chiropody and
Foot Surgery, Chicago, Ill.

THE ENIGMA TO END ENIGMAS

A squirrel is in a cage 3 ft. long—There's a hole in each end large enough to stick his head through.

He sticks his head through at one end and turns around and runs like hell for the other hole—sticking his head through that. Should he be running at 15 m.p.h. the first trip and doubling his speed each trip thereafter, how many trips must he make before his head sticks through both holes at the same time?

J. P. WILLIAMS
South Bend, Ind. KEN FISHER

P. S.—Let Stanley Foster, with his mile in nothing flat (February, p. 176), be the squirrel!

UNFAIR COMPETITION IN RESTRAINT OF READING

I want to protest (only mildly, of course) about the position given my piece, *Too Much Neck,* in the February issue. Or, rather, I want to protest its being opposite the Sultan's ladies on Page 51.

The reader, turning over Page 49, first sees Page 51. Andafter studying Page 51 as long as a reasonable man should (as long as I did, for instance) he is neither in the mood nor the condition to read Page 50. In fact, I know one or two men who came to a dead halt at Page 51 (they had been running through the book at a sort of dog-trot) and they have been there more than a week with no intention of continuing on. They've given up family, home, friends, business and everything.

Does Artist Campbell draw from life, and if he draws from life, what am I doing in the writing end of this business?

Cordially,

Seattle, Washington DOUG WELCH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Artist Campbell draws from imagination, but Petty draws from life.*

HA! HA! WE GET IT!

Your February editorial reeks with evidence that you missed entirely the fact that S. Choirboy is your phantom dramatic scavenger's cute way of writing ESQUIRE Boy.

Nor can you weasel out with a pretense of having been fully smart to his attempted whimsy without conceding that your persistent reference to him as Mr. Choirboy identifies you with the barbarians who speak of Huck Finn's creator as Mr. Twain. You wouldn't want that, would you?

Yours truly,

Sacramento, Calif. TOM REYNOLDS

Continued on page 8

Why Four Roses bears the proud designation *"A Blend of Straight Whiskies"*

PROUDLY displayed on the label of each bottle of Four Roses is this designation: A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES.

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Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—*all* blends of straight whiskies

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ADVICE AT TWENTY

F. Scott Fitzgerald in February's issue floored me in *The Crack-Up.* The sign of another writer letting down his hair and having a heart-to-heart talk over the fudge-pot is the straw that devastated the camel.

The sub-caption "article" gave me the hunch he was being serious, and his self revelations made the milk of human kindness flow like sap in the springtime. (Enough of mixed metaphors, as he says so tritely himself).

I am half his age, and in a disillusioned age he disillusions me. His philosophy goes off the deep end. If I get him rightly the Brooklyn Bridge isn't high enough for the jumping.

And then his pearl: VITALITY. I agree with him. It's too darn bad he hasn't got it!

When I was just a little over a quarter of his age I thought I had lived, as he assumes he has. No one could discourage me from the belief that I had lived fully and richly. But it affected me differently. The difference between us allows me and the rest of mankind to carry on. I sent the following to a girl. She had been places too:

"What end in view from this our troubled sphere?
What respite? What repose? What sweet surcease?
How shall we rise above a morbid here
To find embrace within the arms of peace?

This body I have wracked with drug and draught,
This soul with opiate and ecstasy.
From tears I faced about and madly laughed
With all the gush that still remained in me.
When we have drunk too deep, too long,
When sugar is but wormwood on the tongue,
When melodies identified as song
Fall on the ear of those whose sense is dumb,
Something must wake us from our narrow sight
And send us upward as a bird in flight."

Sincerely,
New Haven, Conn. ROBERT ALAN GREEN

IN SEARCH OF THE GOOD AND WHOLESOME

I am not interested in the *Fury and the Sound* but I am interested in good, wholesome literature and if, as you say, this Caldwell crap is that, then the Whiz Bang is the family bible and I am the Negus of Ethiopia.

Yours very truly,
Boston, Georgia REDDEN W. ADAMS

P. S.—I can beat that and I am only an amature.

PROMISE OF SUICIDE

Hoo Hoo! Boy, did that S. Choirboy make a jackass out of you (and himself). He got you all hot and bothered by his letters and you chumped off. Look what you got! All this guy Potter has is a bad case of egomania and now, a job. His paragraphs are tripe of the lowest grade. I'm nothing but a lousey reporter on a lousier college paper but if I couldn't write better than he does I'd do the world a favor and shoot myself.

This guy says that he was born in 1886; that makes him about fifty, if my math is right. Well the old boy must have a bad case of arrested mentality or be in his second childhood. His so-called *Revue of Reviews* sounds like the babbling of a third rate moron. Your paying him to b-a-b-b-l-e makes you a rate lower than he.

My suggestion is keep Potter and women out of your mag. and you'll continue to be the tops. If not—

Irritatedly yours,
Shreveport, La. B. SCHRAM

MORE ABOUT SHOOTING

You Choirboy with the fancy triplicate name—after that swell build-up by the editor you are, to be euphemistic, just a foul ball. Your if-you-don't-like-it-go-to-hell introduction is old stuff. Likewise, such words as "lousy," "bum," *etcetera,* are no longer indices of critical erudition.

You take issue with Nathan's estimate of *Dead End* being an intrinsically realistic script. The trouble with an ex-ham is that he sees everything in types, particularly if his experience has been with that old stagey, over-scored school of Mansfield, Mantell, Sothern, *et al.* You can't conceive a prostitute deviating from the greasepaint model you have encountered. Besides, what makes you an authority on prostitutes? Moreover, your imagination repudiates the idea of a gangster's mother loathing him and cursing the day he was born. If a guy who was born in 1886 hasn't yet learned that realism can be stranger than fancy then somebody ought to do him a favor and take him out and shoot him.

You resort to another old dodge—of being contemptuous of your betters, which automatically proves that you are quite a fellow yourself. Oh, what the hell's the use. . . .

Newark, N. J. JOSEPH M. KESSLINGER

IN CHOIR WITHIN

I read S. Choirboy's *Revue of Reviews* in the new (March) issue, read it very carefully backward and forward and wrong side up, and I'm willing to bet you one of those furied women's hats that Van Wyck Potter *is* Wm. Lyon Phelps. Who else would go to such trouble to split hairs over the tiresome Phelps dicta?

Urbana, Ill. JUNE PERRY

CHORUS: NEW YORK IS NOT AMERICA

In full understanding that exposing the beauty of New York to the thirsty soul of countless little villages and hamlets searching after Big Town sophistication, might be fulfilling a lifelong ambition, would it not be wise to intelligently explore other equally cosmopolitan centers of interest?

As has often been mentioned in the *Sound and Fury,* many are wearying of your "New York" complex, continually mentioned in the magazine proper and perennial to the Shop Talk.

Simple logic and easily obtainable statistics should indicate to you, that while quite interesting, New York has only a medium percentage of subscribers, and should not receive the lion's share of publicity.

There are, you know, other cities, the mecca of many unable to see your precious New York, and they would prove sufficiently interesting to intrigue you into writing them.

If you should ever succeed in discovering that America does not start and stop in New York, long enough to look at a map, possibly you may realize what so many of these rather disgruntled letters mean.

Chicago is reasonably safe if you hire a bodyguard, and venture forth quietly and swiftly as you probably would; and once past the terrifying mountains, Los Angeles and San Francisco are really quite civilized, with even some of the more important streets paved.

Sincerely yours,
Galesburg, Illinois PETER JAMES

KEEP IT CONFIDENTIAL

I'm writing this quite confidentially as we all know damn well that all the letters in the *Sound and Fury* are made up by ye Editor.

Utica, N. Y. DAVID MACFARLAND MURPHY

THREE GUESSES

I am a woman and a bit of a sissy, I suppose, so I have not been appreciating your pet, Mr. Hemingway, much. However, things changed with the February issue of your (and my) ESQUIRE. I particularly enjoyed the end of *The Tradesman's Return.* It had a most appealing element of sentimentality, which I would never have suspected the author of having.

I do not like the feminine ads. They irritate me, as well as thousands of men. It seems rather ridiculous to turn from those most impressive looking men by Fellows, Goodman, *et cetera* and see "A New Face Is Yours With Velva Cream Mask" by Elizabeth Arden. I'm still wondering if you do it for the demon money (most improbable); if you do it just to cause controversy; or if you do it just to be defiant, like a small boy.

Charlottesville, Va. PEGGY HITE

THIS IS A POME

This is a letter about Mr. Birmingham
You woodn't know it was a letter
But Mr. B wood
Ke knows
He's cracked too
When he writes fables
No one wood
Know it
But we know it because he labels them Fables
Why don't he keep his goddam fables to himself?

Inwood-on-Hudson,
New York, N. Y. THE GTITSCHIES

A LIFE AT STAKE

In the last ESQUIRE (February) that editorial *A Stagedoor Stenchbomb* brought me a lot of letters from around the country. If you think you went nuts you ought to got the letters I did; I went double nuts.

I'm pretty sure I know who wrote them letters though he installs police radios for police departments throughout the United States. He always signs his letters to me "Absit Invidia." I'll bet my life that's the guy alright. He drove me nuts for two years. If I didn't have a nice nurse I would have jumped in the lake. I had a lot of fun all around the country about your mention of my name.

Yours very truly,
Madison, Wis. "ROUNDY" COUGHLIN

RABBITS LIVE HAPPILY ON LETTUCE

Mushrooms thrive in debris. They enjoy a short life and decay as rapidly. The human being receives little nourishment from this vulgar plant; mankind could live happily sans mushrooms. Come to think of it, there is a striking similarity between mushrooms and ESQUIRE.

San Juan, P.R., W.I. J. BRUCE BREDIN

. . . AS YOU ARE KNOWN!

So *S & F* has not been half lively enough to suit you? Could you but have heard and recorded my recent experience (all because of ESQUIRE and that damnably inimitable Petty—he must read my mail!) those new formats would have asbestos covers.

There lives not far away a glorious creature who admits to doting on etchings and whose husband—ah yes, don't they all have a husband in the background these days? occasionally makes far journeys. Well, Mr. Englemann (surely that was his name) and his forgotten etchings, in December, produced a hearty chuckle and refreshed fond memory. Need more be said?

And, then before one could get back home and say "Jack Robinson" Petty comes along in January and Smith gives Mr. Pullman back his lower berth until another evening—how the Hell *did* Petty know it was a black negligee, anyhow!

The urge of the imp of Satan was too great to be overcome so the Christmas gift of a double picture frame went forward with two appropriate inserts, filched from my two ESQUIRES.

The moral: Ah, yes. Through an entirely unforeseen accident Mr. Husband discovered the frame with Englemann and Smitty still on display! And you think *S & F* is not lively enough if the wherefores and the whiches were only printable!!! xxx !!! x!x!x! (No comments, please, in the subject of just punishment for the mutilation of two swell issues.)

No, his tastes are not for such as ESQUIRE, but even so, permit me for obvious reasons, to remain,

Chastened but ever hopeful,
Buffalo, N. Y. ENGLEMANN SMITH SNOW

P. S.—Like Hell it's a fairy tale. Where did those scars come from?

KEEP IT CLEAN!

Here's one for J. C. Furnas. Two gets him ten if he can give the answer within twenty-four hours after he reads it.

A man is eating something he doesn't have in a place where he shouldn't be if he had any.

The answer will kill ya.

Bloomfield, N. J. FURNAS FAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If the answer isn't printable, somebody will get killed. But this is probably like that old one: "What does a woman do sitting down, that a man does standing up, that a dog does on three legs?" The answer to that one, obviously, is "Shake hands."*

Continued on page 10

Just between us Girls!

Safer . . . and More Beautiful!

Safety, and strength and sparkling modern beauty are plainly part of the picture in the smart and thrifty new Chevrolet with its one-piece solid steel "Turret Top" Body by Fisher. If you buy in the lowest-priced field, see and ride in "the only complete low-priced car!"

To this curly-headed young lady, the solid steel "Turret Top" may be merely a new and more exciting place from which to view the world. But to her parents, it's the crowning glory of a car chosen for style, for safety, for sturdiness, for comfort. They like the clean and flowing grace of these arched and sphere-like contours. They appreciate the added security in "Turret Top's" shock-proof, weave-proof strength. As a safety measure, one-piece seamless steel is the ideal protection to put over the heads of passengers. And the solid steel "Turret Top" Body by Fisher is always accompanied by that notable aid to health and riding comfort, No Draft Ventilation. People like these want the safest, strongest, smartest, most comfortable body they can get—so their choice is naturally a General Motors car with Body by Fisher.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

CALL TO ARMS FOR FRIENDS OF ESQUIRE

I have postponed writing your office for more than a year now. Thought I would not need to. But in-as-much as you depend on your readers for comments regarding certain policies I hope this adds to the scale on the right—the one favoring our old friend Esq. on the cover. In the past few issues you have practically discarded him. In March his head survives but I fear he will be kidnaped soon if some of his old friends don't throw out the life preserver.

Practically any magazine could have women on its cover but there is only one that can have Esq. He is individual and immediately identifies the magazine. If you want to compromise with the boys who don't like him you can give them a gal or so in the background but leave Esq. in the center, full size. And, oh yes, get Hem back in the article column. And leave Dos Passos there. And if possible ship Meyer Levin to N. Y. or somewhere so he can bring his work up-to-date. Everything else is o.k.

Very truly yours,

Pinehurst, N. C. EVERETT ALLEN

. . . WHO LAUGHS LAST . . .

So the clock struck twelve and Van Wyck Potter, that great big cut-up, took off his mask—and isn't he just too, too, god-damned wonderful! Such insight, such perception, such delicious sarcasm. He stripped 'em didn't he, he told 'em—my! We shall await his next with bated breath—and just barely hold in our loud, explosive laughter!

So very sincerely,

Atlanta, Ga. JOSEPHINE ROWLAND

HOME OF THE DUMB

So Carleton Smith thinks it's a man's world—the poor, deluded innocent! It is to laugh—

It's no secret that long ago woman realized she could get what she wanted, could twine the egotistical male around her finger, could in fact run the world (and that goes for producing art works, too) — by letting that amazingly nit-witted hero think *he* was the guy who was doing it. As stimulus, as motive power, as inspiration, she's the works. She doesn't go in and do the dirty work—no, she's much too wise. She gets a man to do it for her.

And so, Carleton Smith and the rest of you he-men, we women are quietly amused by your strutting, your self-importance, your art-creations (toys we let you play with because you mustn't be allowed to get too bored with bringing home the bacon), and your solemnity about "ideas."

You have only to turn to John Daly's article. *In the Dog House*, in the same March issue, to get an inkling of the sort of "heat we can turn on" when things aren't running the way we want them to go—

Blessings on you, little boys! You're very dumb but we love you.

Brooklyn, N. Y. "G. M."

HOT AFTER HOLLYWOOD

Noting your comment in the March issue of ESQUIRE on the story of Louis Pasteur and with especial reference to that portion in which you discuss an inexcusable error and offer your advice that in future scientific films, these be avoided (longest sentence I ever wrote in my life):

Do you not believe nearly every picture made would profit by intelligent supervision by some one with a wealth of miscellaneous information and a camera eye? I see so much of this that it is silly.

I saw the luscious Barbara Stanwyck and the eminent Geo. Brent drive all day in a Dakota blizzard and then camp without gloves appearing at any time; just a few weeks ago I saw another eminent tragedian go out on a mountain climbing expedition and lie around in the snow without gloves (all the other players were properly equipped). Such instances of one sort or another can be picked out of any film.

In *Richelieu*, that epitome of maidenly modesty Geo. Arliss, together with his director and a host of overpaid supervisors, failed to note in a proclamation that was vital to the plot, the word "Eminence," with a superfluity of "M's." These, I think are inexcusable, quite as inexcusable as mispronunciations by characters who in character at least are presumed to know better, yet they occur constantly.

They spend $767.00 to be sure a guy has a correct shoe button and then misspell a simple word. They persist in calling lingerie, lahngeray whereas nobody does that except department store clerks. In short there is no health in them.

The wide circulation of your medium, I understand it is now four hundred grand, would insure that a campaign for better technique in Hollywood undertaken by yourself, would get some action. Even a maestro like Ernest Lubitsch, master of technique that he is, cannot catch errors in language, how could he?

Lend the power of your mighty arm toward obtaining greater attention to important detail and less to unimportant, in case there must be a balance of effort.

Very truly yours,

Philadelphia, Pa. WHITNEY GOIT

SIX AT PRINCETON

Would you be so kind as to act as medium for a well-meant reply to "Five at Smith"? We rather feel that valiant efforts of our sex need strengthening and surely Esky's columns are a better place for such a thing than ex-Vogue.

We duly appreciate Smith's desire for "Maleness," but wonder why the hell they still persist in taking dates with unmale creatures (or Harvards) who may have more spare cash than others? Also the derby situation —let a guy dress like an English fashion plate, derby et al, and he can do much better than Smith for a date. And to be downright aggressive, what's wrong with Chesterfields and particularly bow ties? The latter surely have the sport and color you desire, fair women.

We think you're all wet on mid-night blue tails, and wonder what you're going to say about the green and dawn and red jackets we put on for summer formal?

But may we in turn mildly object to certain things you people—especially Smith gals—haven't learned through persistent advice. Take those damn feathers out of your hats! That done let us urge you to put more color and plaids into your dress. Thirdly, don't let your skirts and brilliantly colored sweaters (sleeves rolled up of course) go out of fashion; they're tops!

And now to evening clothes. Please, please, girls take Paris to heed. Put a little bit of their daring designs into practice. We're damn well tired of your old model dresses. Put a little Greek into 'em, or a little *real* Paris. In fact, we would like to see some of you let your dressmakers wrap the loin cloth around you, as one sees on models, but never college girls.

But on to our pet peeves, hair and lips. For Lord's sake keep your lips *smooth*—and not too brilliant. And above all, get a little change and originality into your hair. Most of you gals are scared stiff to put on a few bold touches. Try it once for a Prom and see if you come off popular. The whole keynote we like, gals, is smoothness—of smile, personality, dress, and looks. It takes a few bold or daring touches to get this and discretion to avoid going to the extreme and getting that Hollywood look.

We trust you get our advice. We can only pray you take it to heart. But at a school where they hold Spring Dance in the dead of winter and wear feathers in hats to football games and haven't much color in general, we fear our words are in vain.

Please, Esky, print this little advice to the "Five" (who seem better than the average) or we'll soon have to go elsewhere (where calves are smaller and heft less) for our dates.

WE enjoyed your splurge gals, we trust you enjoy ours.

Six (raising you one) at

Princeton, N. J. PRINCETON

TO THE PURE . . .

Wonder if I'll be among the first few dozen of med students and physicians who enlighten Meyer Levin as to the "rare operation in PRIVATE WORLDS?"

If I remember, Miss Joan Bennett, as the psychiatrist's wife, had confided in Miss Colbert that she was infanticipating. Toppling downstairs isn't to be recommended for a gravida, with or without an inferiority complex, so I assumed the operation on the luckless lady was either a d. and c. or a laparotomy of an obvious sort . . . but *not* an inferiority complexectomy.

Yours for science,

San Diego, Calif. PHILIP SAUNDERS

AND WHY S. CHOIR?

As ESQUIRE just arrived yesterday I haven't read further than S. Choirboy's *Revue of Reviews* which I liked very much. But why S. Choirboy? I wonder if this young man has ever been a reporter and is recalling the old adage that the smartest thing for a reporter to do when he takes a job in a new town is to join the choir of the Episcopal church . . . the best gals seem to be found there . . . they say it works out very well. . . .

Ashtabula Harbor, O. CAROL G. GOTSHALL

IS DR. DE KRUIF IN THE HOUSE?

For over a year, I have followed your movie criticisms, and have found, when able to check up on you, that your opinions of various films usually are close to my own. During a year's operation in this respect, I have come to look at your article the first thing when I receive the new issue of ESQUIRE. I was therefore pleased at your review of *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, until I came to the section which you have sub-titled, "OF SCIENTIFIC ERROR." You here give two references to what you call "errors" in the picture, but confess that they only seem "errors" and that you are a layman uninitiated to the secrets of the medical world.

Well, I am in the same position. I know nothin' of medical science, or any of its allied subjects; but, on the word of no less an authority than Paul de Kruif, in his book, *Microbe Hunters*, those same two incidents are told, and I have seen them quoted in other semi-scientific works. Perhaps, he is also wrong, in this respect, although I doubt it. However, you will probably receive many letters on the subject from scientific and medical readers, of whom you seem to have many.

Here's continued success for ESQUIRE and bigger and better movie reviews from you.

Sincerely yours,

Germantown, Penna. ROBERT S. HAINES

ISN'T THE PARTY GETTING ROUGH!

Thank you, dear S. Choirboy, for them kind words about old stuttering sister William Lyon Phelps. You have told him off to my heart's content.

For many years, I have seen his whining preachments about bigger and more "nobler" things in various magazines and I hoped someone would give him a nice bunch of green raspberries. And now it has happened. I hope the old goat sees that number of Esq. If he doesn't I shall feel bilked no end.

Yours for more and better skinnings where they will do the most good.

Sincerely and sympathetically yours,

Manchester, Ia. A. B. HUTCHINSON

RETORT COURTEOUS

In the March number of ESQUIRE I read with great pleasure Mr. Levin's thoughtful review of *The Story of Louis Pasteur*. As co-author of the screen play I should like to reply to one criticism he made in a paragraph entitled "OF SCIENTIFIC ERROR."

He called attention to the fact that people already suffering from hydrophobia are beyond the help of any treatment—even Pasteur's. This, of course, is correct. But Mr. Levin went on to state that in the picture we allowed Pasteur to administer successful treatments to his patients *after* symptoms of hydrophobia had appeared.

In defense let me say that it was not our intention to represent the Meister boy or the Russian peasants as being already ill with hydrophobia. The Meister boy, terrified by his mother's apprehension, is ordered to bed solely to quiet his nerves. His nightmarish sleep is intended to convey the fear in his mind that he will probably develop hydrophobia and die horribly.

The same holds true for the Russian peasants who are ordered to the hospital for observation while their wounds are being properly cared for. Three of them develop hydrophobia before Pasteur is able to treat them and these die. The others, however, have shown no signs of the disease prior to treatment. To these Pasteur administers the series of inoculations with complete success.

I regret that this point was not made clearer in the scenes dealing with hydrophobia and hope sincerely that Mr. Levin's interpretation will not become general among those who view the picture.

Yours faithfully,

Burbank, Calif. SHERIDAN GIBNEY

Continued on page 180

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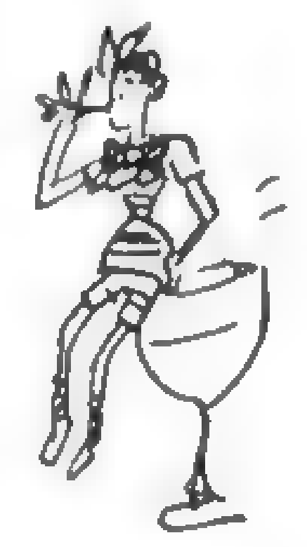
SCALP SPECIALISTS

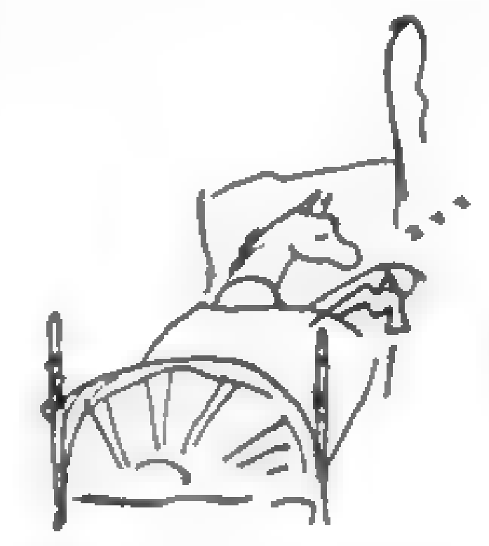
OPENED FOR MEN EXCLUSIVELY is the new *Ogilvie Method* Salon at 50 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C., to better our service to the many men who have been coming to our salons for years. Here is the same complete and scientific equipment and personnel that have made *Ogilvie* world-renowned as scalp specialists—here men only are admitted. Come in for consultation without obligation or write for *free* booklet on methods and preparations for the hair.

The 1936 edition of "nudist" glasses is ready for circulation. These naughty noggins appeared last year with girls of the gay nineties disporting on the outside of each glass in the quaint costume of the period. Viewed through your drink, these buxom "babes" had no more covering than an absent-minded fan dancer. Retaining the Victorian flavor superficially, these decorative "gals" are now costumed for lady-like sport activities. A pre-Spanish War bathing beauty, a "cyclistess", and a side-saddle equestrienne are a few examples of the costuming. There are twelve subjects in all. The vista that greets the drinker's eye, however, remains unchanged. Would you have it otherwise?



Shades of horsehair furniture and the old family album! We've found the current version of the stereoscope—stream-lined and modernized—for which you can secure views that rival a round-the-world cruise.

One of the country's outstanding purveyors of furniture and interior decoration recently displayed in its window a bedroom suite designed for a dyed-in-the-wool horseman. It lacked only the ever-present horsey tang that greets the olfactory senses on approaching a stable. Half of a carriage wheel, with whiffle trees on either side, serves as a foot board for the bed. The dresser is cleverly conceived with the use of various parts of a drag coach. A horse collar becomes a frame for a mirror. The driver's box and other carriage and coach seats are pressed into service as chairs. Lighting is by coaching lamps, and harness details serve as decorative accessories. $1200 gets you the works, if you're that way about horses.



Word comes that masculine facial landscaping is no longer limited to that dispensed in de luxe tonsorial parlors. An establishment has opened for the exclusive purpose of "beautifying" men's "mugs". We hear, too, that some of the best-known Hollywood heart-palpitators are going in for this in a big way. Jimmy Durante succumbed to this, with a preliminary warning to the beautician to leave his stock-in-trade undisturbed.

Luggage comes forth, garbed for Spring, in tweeds. Trunks, bags and cases are to be had with this newest of coverings that is specially processed, making it waterproof.

A body-blow seems about to be delivered to the shoe-shining industry. A simple and inexpensive device, the shape and size of a billfold, encompasses all the essentials of a good shine. You can carry it in your hip pocket and be assured that you always have the requisite "shine on your shoes".

The modernists are tinkering with the equipment of the ancient and honorable game of golf. The steel shafts, which have proved a satisfactory substitute for hickory, are being subjected to still further improvements. For the purpose of holding the club face against the ball a moment longer when striking, a new shaft has been designed that tapers up from the hosel to an oval shape at the grip. To retain the desired whip of a hickory shaft, plus the advantages of steel, another steel shaft is available in which a taper has been placed mid-way up. Sand-trap haunters, who face the problem of blasting out of heel marks, will be more than interested in a new niblick that has a super wedge-shaped sole. This promises to get under the ball with greater efficiency.

BARS

RADIOBAR—the perfect combination of a Smart Cocktail Bar equipped with the latest 1936 PHILCO Radios, complete with glassware, bar accessories, etc., $99.50 up. See your nearest PHILCO dealer or Radiobar Co. of America, 60 Warren St., New York and 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

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FAST DRYING TENNIS COURTS
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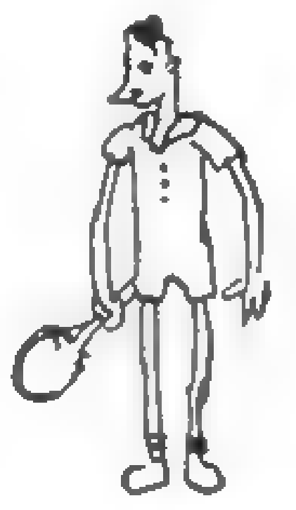
Sensitive-nosed hostesses will heave a sigh of relief when they hear of this. A powder is procurable with which to fill ash receptacles that destroys the unpleasant odor of dead "butts". It also performs the "snuffing" operation for those who may be careless in this respect.

If you aspire to emulate William Tell, you can procure a replica of his favorite weapon, the cross-bow, and a cut out figure of William's little son on whose head rests an apple, serving as target for small wooden arrows. Of course, this is intended for little Junior. As usual, he'll get his chance after the "old man" has tried it out.

A new entrant for honors among the peripatetic and perambulating devices for the serving of drinks now makes its appearance. A suitcase-shaped contraption carries inside it all the essentials, such as ice receptacle, glassware and mixing devices, leaving sufficient space for the bottled ingredients. With this in hand, a picnic should be a "picnic".

One of the most difficult conditions to eliminate, and one most detrimental to the average man's appearance is the surplus of shirt material that creeps up to come to rest finally in the vest opening, or, when vestless, overflows the trouser tops like a Russian blouse. A solution is promised by the use of an inner trouser waistband on which there are four rows of rubber-like material in the design of a tire tread. This results in a non-skid effect on the shirt.



Further on the subject of recalcitrant shirt tails, the problem in the case of active sports is even more serious. The necessity of tucking-in shirt tails during a hot set of tennis is not conducive to best form. A short-sleeved, mesh shirt, designed for all sports, eliminates the entire question by transforming the tails of the shirt into a pair of shorts.

The physical ravages of a hard winter may be mitigated by the use of an ultra-violet ray sun lamp. Our interest in this has been re-established, due to our meeting up with a gentleman whose handsome pigmentation led us to believe he had spent his winter basking in the tropic sun. We have his assurance, however, that this glow of health was secured within the confines of his city apartment with the use of the aforementioned substitute "old Sol".

An air-minded manufacturer of travelling accessories has shown us his most recent "brain child". While many kit bags and suitcases have been fitted with toilet necessities, he has reversed the procedure by adding sufficient room to a toilet case to carry a change of linen, and one well-folded suit. It's worked out something like a Gladstone, is closed with a talon-fastener, and isn't much larger than a good-sized brief case. If you travel by air, this will keep you well within luggage weight limitations.

We know you want to do right by your tweeds, so cease brushing them with the ordinary clothes brush. A porcupine-like brush, such as the weavers themselves use, is now obtainable. It's made of Bahia fibre bristles, about four inches long, which take the kinks out of the surface without harmful results. Among the English tweed-worshipping cult, the use of this brush is ritual.

Since the Annual Westminster Kennel Show has broken all records in attendance, entrants and general interests, we feel justified in calling attention to a gift for a "pooch". This "doggie" delight—a miniature fire hydrant—is filled with canine playthings and edibles. It ought to go over big with the girl friend's pet pup.

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The New Photoscop . . . the Universal Photo Electric Exposure Meter has vastly improved features, such as the new novel control of the reading angle. The direct "stop" indicator shows any present film speed, exposure time on Cine camera's frames per second. Fits in your vest pocket. Price $22.50 at Willoughby's, 110 W. 32nd, N. Y.

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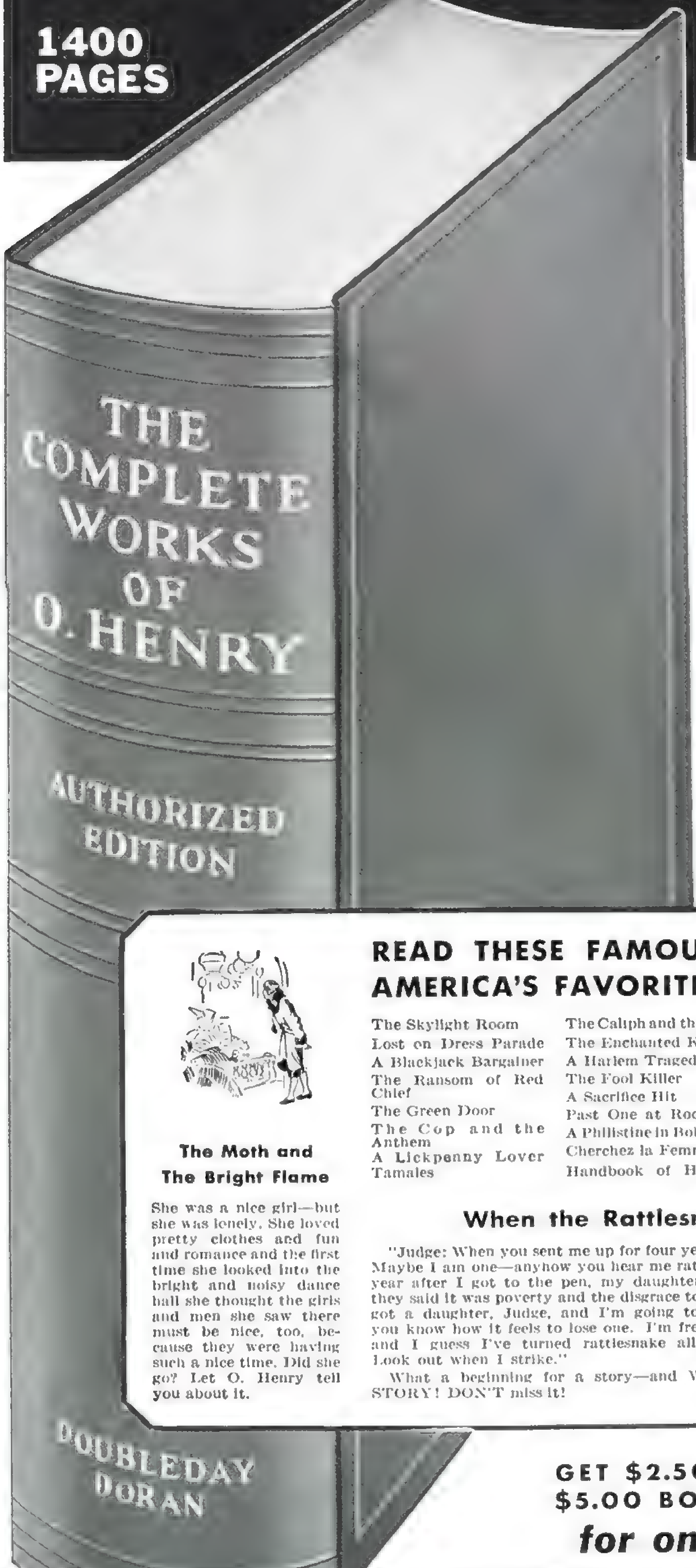

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She was a nice girl—but she was lonely. She loved pretty clothes and fun and romance and the first time she looked into the bright and noisy dance hall she thought the girls and men she saw there must be nice, too, because they were having such a nice time. Did she go? Let O. Henry tell you about it.

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"Judge: When you sent me up for four years you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike."

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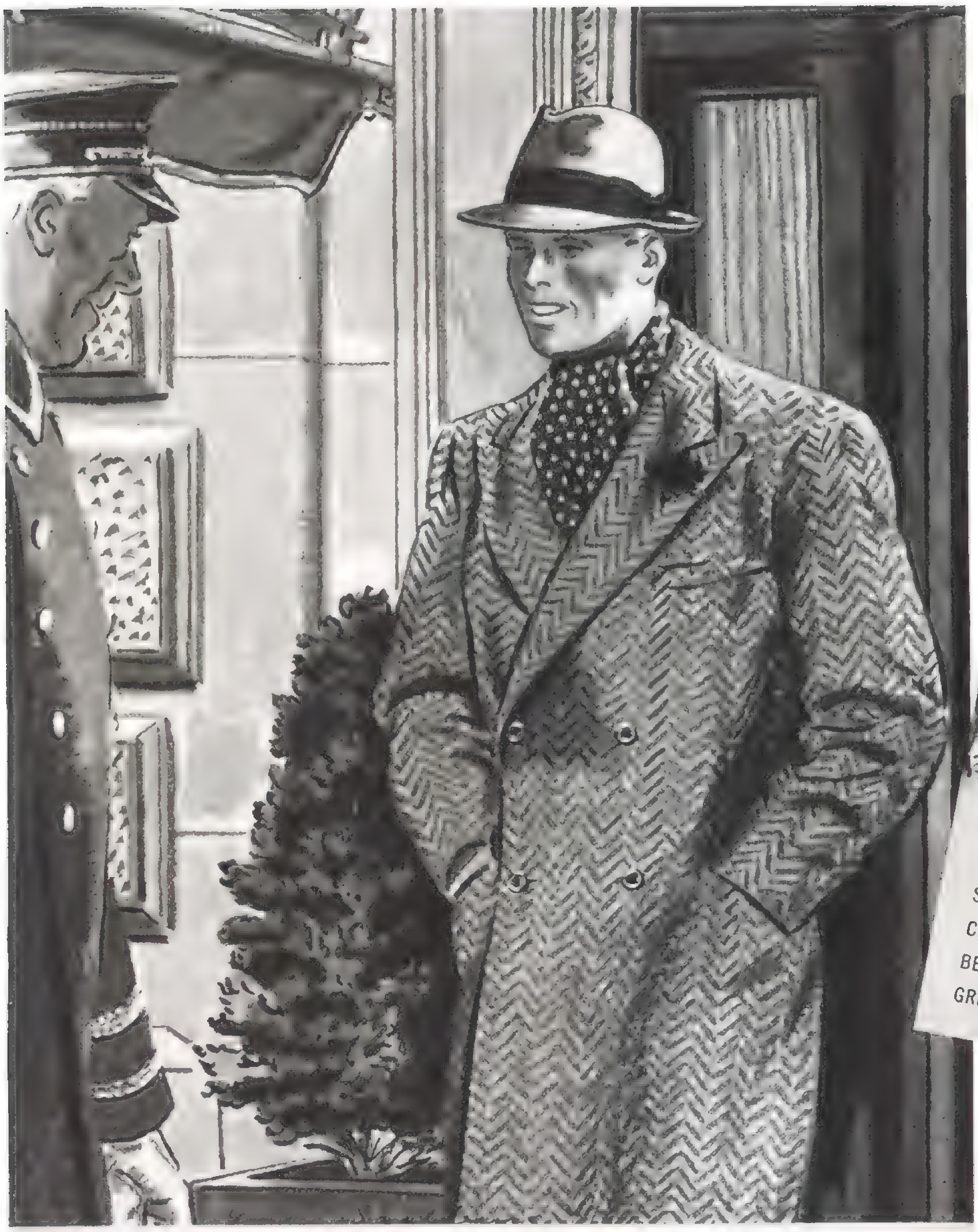
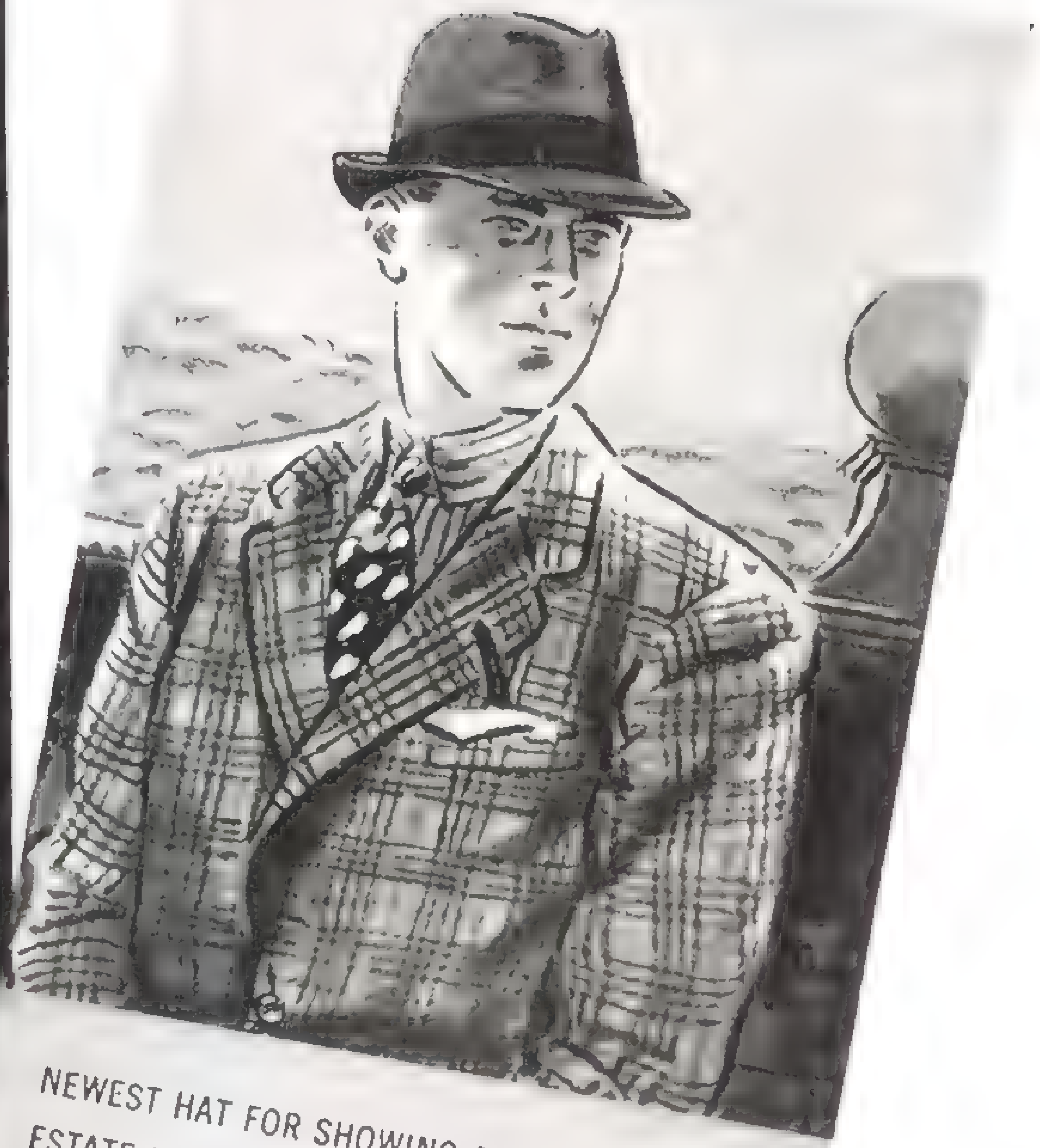
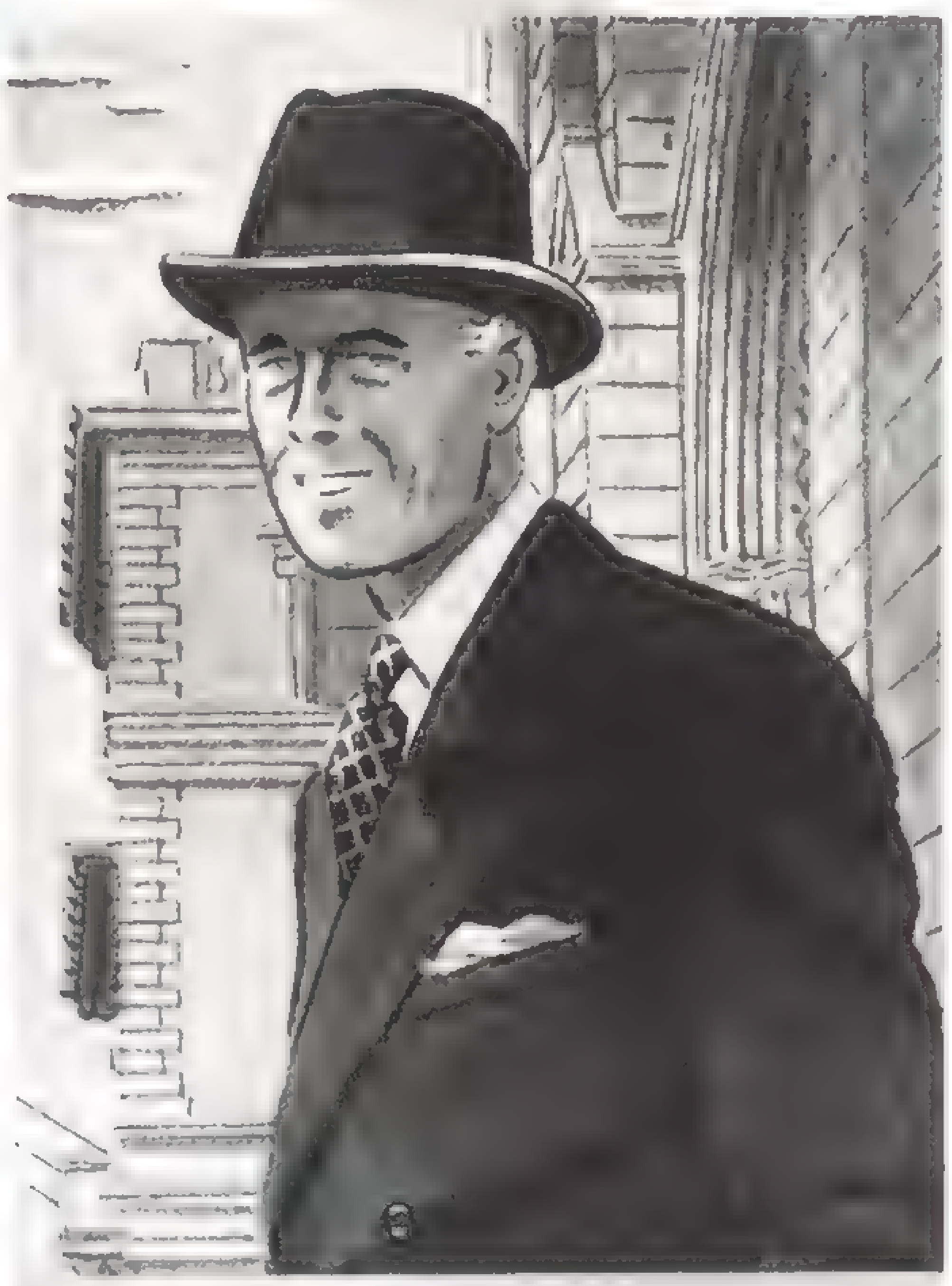
on the well-dressed head for Spring



THE BRIMS THAT WILL SNAP THE SNAPPIEST THIS SPRING WILL HAVE A NEW, HE-MAN LOOK. THEY'LL BE WIDER, WITH A WIDER SILK BINDING. AND THEY'LL TAPER TO A SIXTEENTH MORE WIDTH IN THE BACK TO AVOID THE "FLAT-AGAINST-THE-HEAD" ROLL. STYLE ORIGINATOR: STETSON'S "TOWN TALK." BEST COLORS: DARK BROWN, PEWTER GRAY WITH BLACK RIBBON.



NEWEST HAT FOR SHOWING OFF YOUR COUNTRY ESTATE IS A MODIFIED TYROLEAN. NOT QUITE SUCH A PEAKED CROWN (THIS HELPS IN CREASING). NAME: STETSON'S "FIELD CLUB." BEST COLORS: TWEED BROWN, HEATHER GREEN. DON'T FORGET THE FEATHER.



WHEN YOU FEEL THE URGE FOR CORRECTNESS, THERE'S THE BLACK HOMBURG. NEWEST IDEA: COMBINE IT WITH A TWEED TOWN COAT. BUT IT'S PERFECT WITH DINNER CLOTHES, OR AN OXFORD JACKET FOR EASTER. NEWEST HOMBURG: STETSON'S "RACQUET CLUB."

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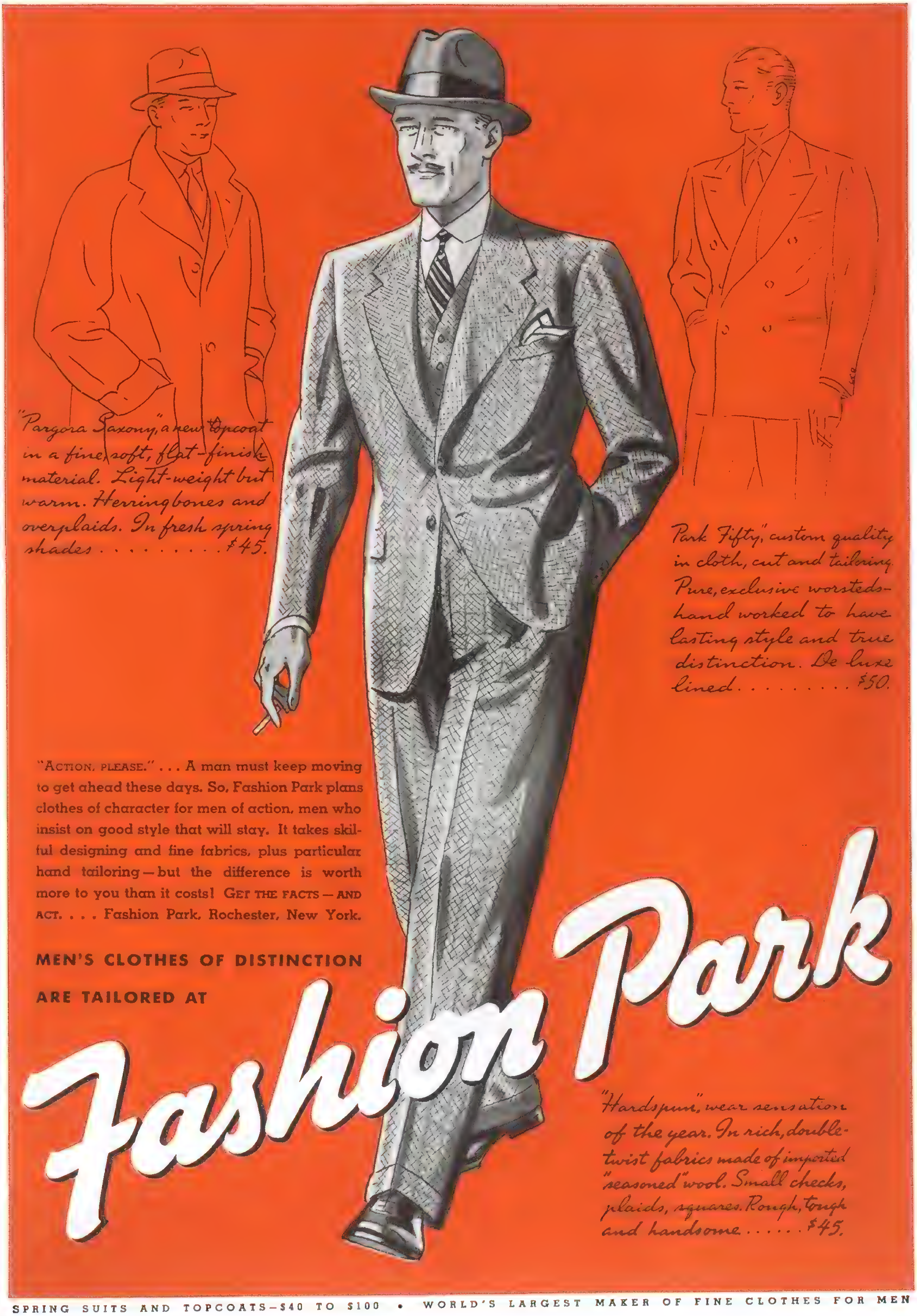

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For the out-of-town buyer we don't know of a better spot than Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan Street. There is no room there for old Sourpuss or his aunt and we doubt, anyway, if she would care for the dance of Leda and the Swan as done in the Cherry Room. We wish we had the space to reprint the program note explaining why "Janis Andre was chosen to interpret this role". It has to do with the importing of Chinese swans (they teach them the Leda complex there earlier) and all in all is a model of literary understatement. Ask for a copy.

The boys who wrote that hit have left the Onyx Club, 72 West 52nd Street, but six more just as noisy have taken their old chairs. That, too, is an experience that can be had only in New York and we recommend it to all students of mass psychology. The sole entertainment is noise and liquor at a moderate fee. But often the police have to form lines to keep out the customers. You try it and tell me.

For a long time we have tried to tell you of the last meeting of the Other Brothers Club at the Madeira House, 94 Park Avenue. The Club was formed by George Seldes and your correspondent when one time weary with our brothers names we decided to do something about it. On its roster now are such as Bill Benet, John Morley and Ora Billingsley, our host of the Madeira House. Ora has Sherman's same family trait of entertaining and between sips of 1832 Madeira can tell you all about Oklahoma or even the time when the British chased George Washington off the very spot occupied by his hostelry. The place is famous for its lunches and after-theatre snacks for those who live on Murray Hill and don't care for special entertainment.

Last minute election: Bob Crosby, who has a brother who did something in the movies, follows with his band into the Manhattan Room of the New Yorker, replacing Ted Fio Rito. We don't understand how all the girls got mixed up as Bob is tall and dark and can also sing . . . Boston has sent us another musician, Ruby Newman, who comes with his whole organization to play at the Rainbow Grill, Rockefeller Center. Newman brings with him Andy Anderson, crack arranger and leader of the Harvard University band, who is also the reason Harvard can trade one trombone player for two running halfbacks and who will do the orchestrations for his band. This still is our idea of one of the nicest places to go if you go in for refinement . . . While in this neighborhood try the new Louis XIV room, off the Concourse of the Plaza in the French building. It aims to be the most expensive in town and caters to the Colony stomachs . . . Another place for a man's meal is Billy The Oysterman on Twenty-third Street. The place and the menu are about as they were in the old days. Scaled for the executives and not the clerks. Pilsner Urquell is served and at the right temperature . . . Balieff has proven so popular that he has extended his engagement at the Continental Room of the St. Moritz, Central Park South. He has added Katinka and some of the old favorites that shook the town's feet a decade ago . . . Another return engagement that is always worth while is a trip to Leon and Eddies. If you like your fun clean and rough, and are not accompanied by your young who don't know the facts of life, it is exhilarating. Here you will find, in addition to the dady of double-entendre, Eddie Davis, the new craze which has struck Harlem—"zazu" singing, a sort of senseless doggerel that is always about to start and never does.

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America's Foremost Dancers
EDDY DUCHIN
and his unrivalled orchestra
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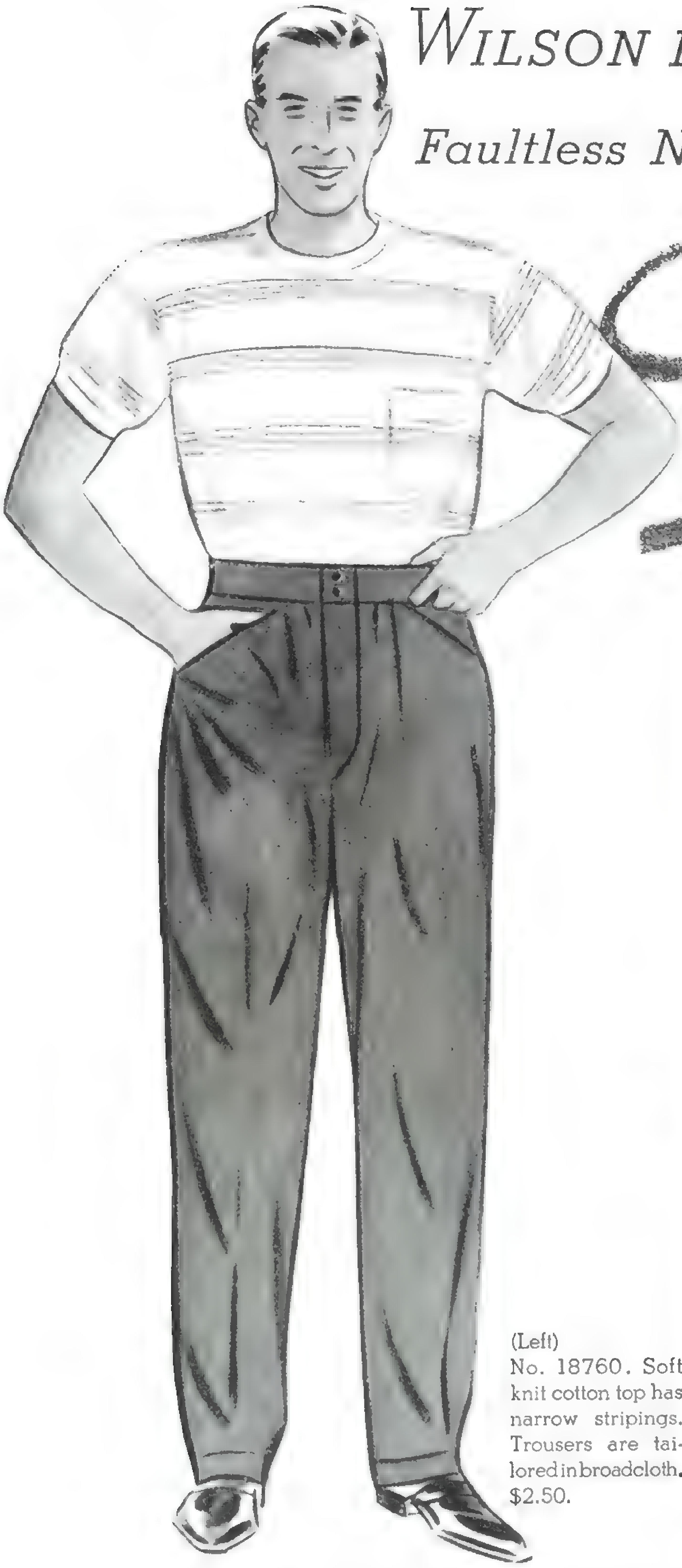

Sport-jamas

. . . with the comfortable, stre-t-c-h-able Nobelt waistband

(Left)
No. 18760. Soft knit cotton top has narrow stripings. Trousers are tailored in broadcloth. $2.50.

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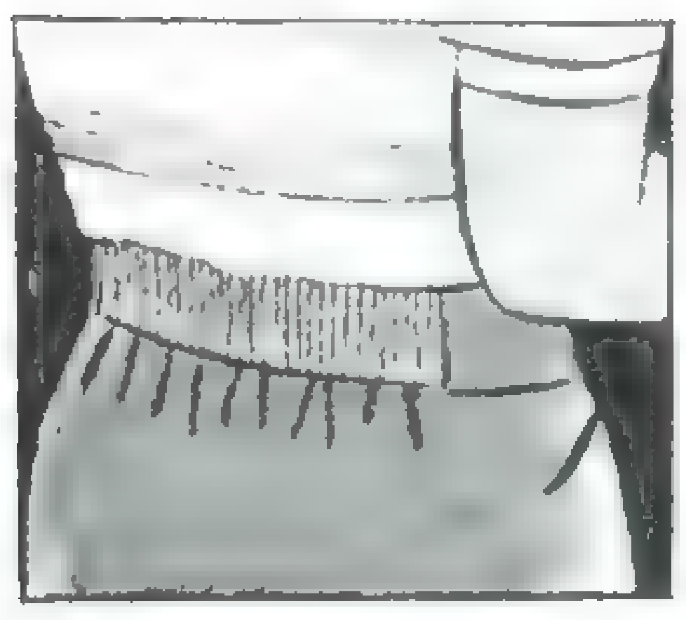

This stre-t-c-h-able Nobelt insert holds trousers up snugly . . . without pressure

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Sport-jamas come in a wide variety of patterns and colors. George (left) wears one of the most popular models (No. 18710). Pleated, pocketed trousers are broadcloth. The finely-striped shirt is soft cotton knit. $2.50 . . . Nick's brightly checked trousers are cotton cheviot. Crew neck shirt is cotton knit. $2.50. (No. 18780)

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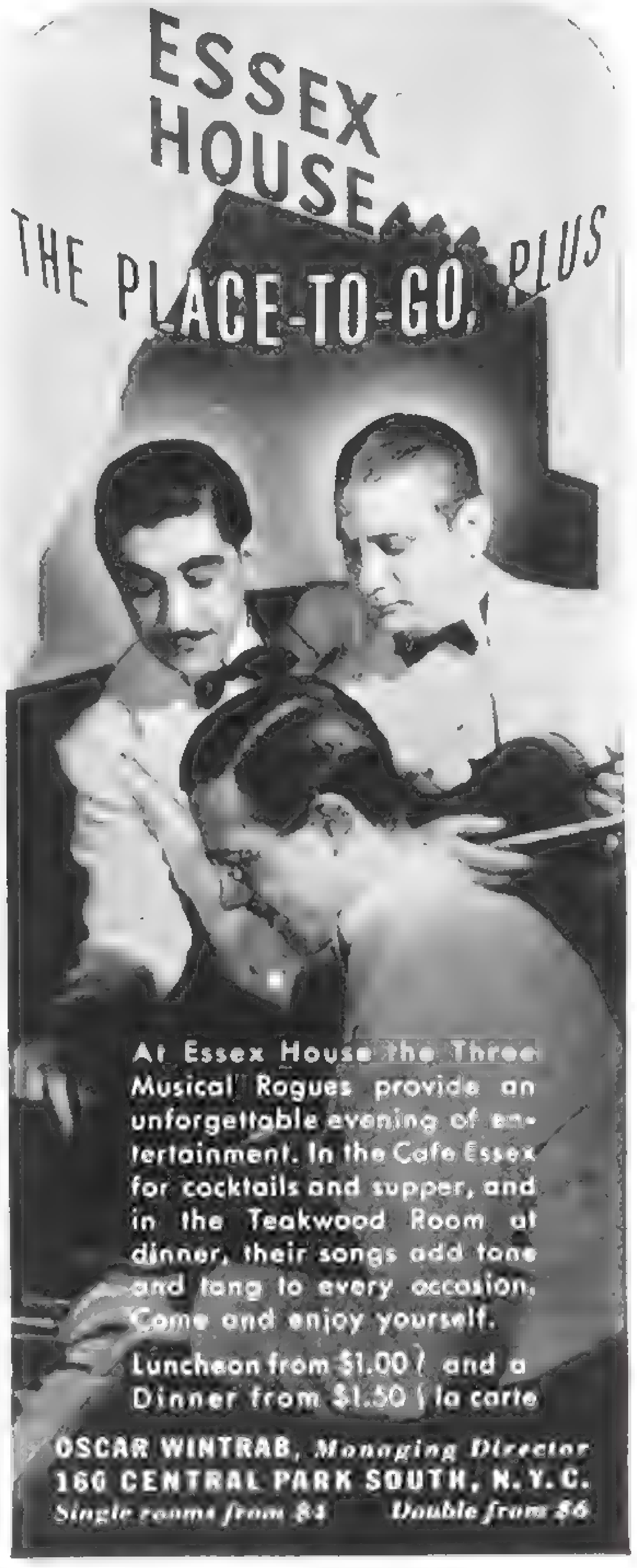
If you are not used to continental customs and are lunching at the Marguery, 270 Park Avenue, it would be well to avoid the genial host. For Mr. Marchisio's idea of a snack begins at 2 and ends somewhere after 5. If, however, you can take it, and you get the chance, it is a rare experience in eating. You will probably have as a starter shrimp prepared as he used to serve it at the Paris Ritz, followed by a filet Marchisio, a mixed green salad and crepe suzette. The wines that flow along this path include Chablis '28, some plain and fancy Burgundy, native and French, ending with Cordon Rouge '28. In a few days we will remember but just now it seems that there was the worlds delight thrown in to gild the lily, a bottle of Chateau Yquem, also of the fine year. Next time we will petition to have tne *goute* divided into seven parts. That way we will last longer and postpone the gout.

The third show of the French Casino, Seventh Avenue at 50th Street, is a shade brighter than the predecessors, if that is possible. Perhaps that was because this time we had a ring-side seat and could give more time to detail. We fell on a night that had enticed some of the Hollywood royalty on one of their modest eastern excursions into oblivion. Piloted by Handsome John McClain, the bunch were enjoying their anonimity at a prominent stage table. But that minor disturbance did not detract from a bang-up evening. In these days of rising costs we still marvel at the Casino and what they give for the money.

While we're in the neighborhood, we'll drop into Jack Dempseys. They have gone in for supper shows. Goodness knows why as it is one place that could get along without entertainment. However Red Norvo and his Swing Septette toot their horns after theatre time and Dorothy Williams sings. The food is still of the best and served, evidently, for giants. Opposite Madison Square Garden, at Eighth Avenue and 50th Street, it gets most of the sporting world. Some of those horses must come in second or third but the boys evidently miss them.

We have no apologies for the food that we have had to consume. This kind of weather requires lining for the man in these parts. Else we would be a little shame-faced about this list of top-notchers. When old Delmonicos folded up some of the boys went around the corner and founded Divan Parisien, 17 East 45th Street. There you can find the same excellent things that distinguished the old house for a half century of gay living. Elba, the headwaiter, will take delight in serving a bit of history as he prepares the turtle and sorrel soup, the chicken breast and brocoli and the crepe suzette. If you can walk away after one of Elba's dinners you are a better man than we are. By the way, he says that over the air he gave the recipe for his turtle and sorrel soup and not one customer resulted. Come on now boys, let's show him what the printed word can do.

We met someone the other day who had never heard of Luchows. We were incredulous but there may be others. So do yourself a favor and try it one of these spring days, if you are a youngster or newcomer to town. Prohibition, and before that, the war, slowed up the old house but now it is back to its early glory. A stringed orchestra still plays the heavy and light German masters, the dark oak walls are even more mellow and the Pilsener is beginning to flow again. There is no place like it in the city for solid German cooking. But take plenty of marks with you, it is on the expensive side. Their Rhine wines are especially indicated for the food.



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PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The Sunday night problem has been solved, no matter what other political problems harass us. The better hotels take the lead in removing boredom from the day in the week that is usually useless to most of us during the working months. At the Savoy Plaza the ropes go up early in their swank Cafe Lounge. You may stay on there and watch them wheel in tables of delicious supper things, or you can duck into the more formal Savoy room where there is Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a dance team.

Across Fifty-ninth Street a block or two up the Avenue you find Pierre's Sunday night stunts as ribald as ever. It is an old custom revived and we were frankly surprised to find it so far off Broadway. Dropper-inners from the stage and radio, the movies and the debutante class, rise one at a time and do their stuff. It is uncensored, coming free this way and we do not advise your taking the kiddies. But for a good rowdy time with excellent supper food it is highly placed on the list of adult entertainment. Between stunts you can sit and figure out why it is called the Neptune Room. A trident in one corner, stakes the claim for the old boy of the sea but around the walls there are Grecian, Roman, baroque and moyen age motifs.

The playboys have another stunt they hope will be as popular as their revival of the Drunkard in the old Church at 139 East 55th Street. The place is now called The American Music Hall and between acts of Murder at the Old Red Barn, a Victorian relic, you can see music hall turns of the supposedly gay nineties. The spirit is one of Hoboken and Throckmorton and you are supposed to hiss the villain and otherwise help with the progress of the play. Downstairs, the Beachcombers Bar is more to the point with artificial rainstorms and wind in the palm trees for the asking.

First robin note: One of our favorite places is the terrace in Central Park before the monkey cages. There we like to go for our breakfasts when the weather is agreeable and sip our coffee as we watch the PWA men work, and note the antics of the bears and monkeys in the cages It's not Paris but a fair imitation and the prices way down to our level.

If you work downtown you doubtless know of the Sazarac, 112 Greenwich Street. This is just off the Curb and stays open till ten to take care of the jaded commuters. Even if you do not haunt the golden streets we would advise an excursion to the place for their many kinds of gumbo and for their New Orleans fizzes, the best we have tasted since the old days. The food is really superb.

La Rue, 480 Park, goes its dignified way. The orchestras change now and then and sometimes Ann Greenway sings. The spot has a clientele and can turn up its nose at those who do not belong and who may wander in. The decorations are out of the top drawer and the prices in keeping with the address.

Ever and again we are amazed at the Hotels that seem to go along without much bother from us. We wonder where God gets all the people to fill them. We hadn't thought much about the Essex House, except as the residence of Deems Taylor. But that was our mistake. The cocktail bar is tricky with three musical rogues (they call themselves that) to play your favorite piece at request. The food is above the general hotel average.

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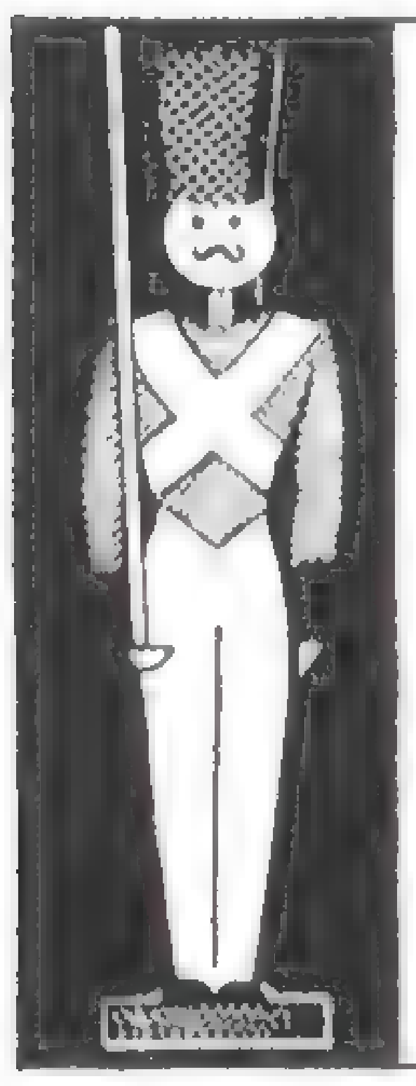

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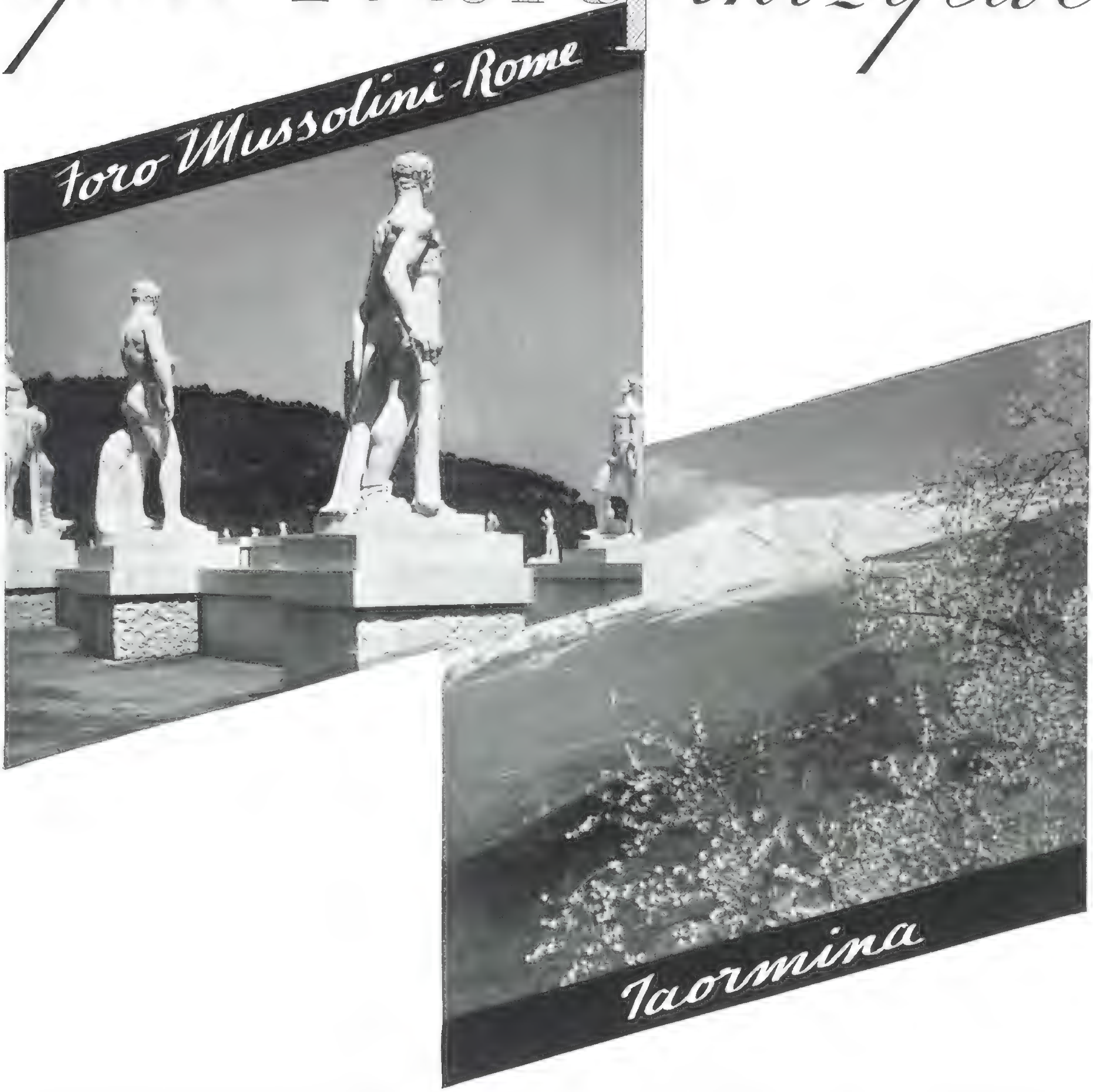

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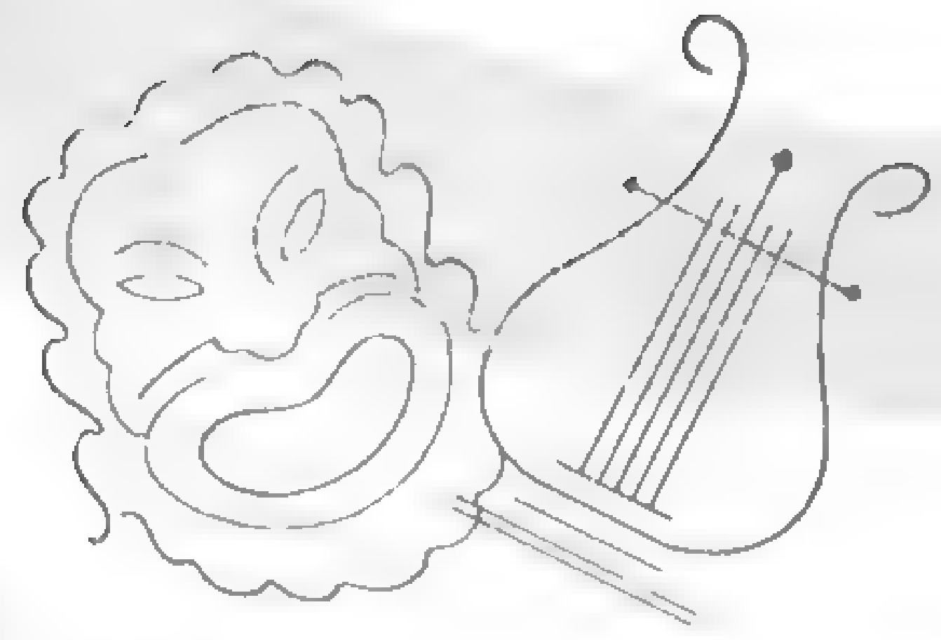

OBSERVERS OF THE ARTS

Five gentlemen of the Press whose duty is finding the news in those special worlds where alert America spends its leisure.

●

Mr. Hammond of the Herald Tribune

. . . sees a Chinese play

My guess is that this one will appeal to playgoers who, sated with the uniform drama, look for pleasure to an occasional idiosyncracy. Coming from China by way of London, it is a rich and colorful freak, abounding in all the shy innocence and dignity that is said to characterize the mysterious people from which it springs. "Lady Precious Stream," I am led to believe, is a "conflation" of the traditional classics of the Orient, arranged for the amusement of Western audiences by Dr. S. I. Hsiung, an illustrious poet and showman of the Far East. It attracted to the Booth last night an appreciative gathering of first class first-nighters who indubitably enjoyed its calculated and deliberate naiveties.

Illusion, as you may have heard, has as little a part in the performance of a Chinese drama as it had in Elizabethan times. The actors confess, in addresses to the audience, that they are mere actors, while beseeching you to believe that they are not. Their deportment is emphatically theatrical, disdaining any of the tricks of realism, and asking you to use your imagination on their behalf. The stolid "property men," apparently oblivious to the proceedings, awake only when a chair is to be changed into a stone or a molehill into a mountain. The players are frank in their confession that they are pretending to be Chinese puppets in a Chinese puppet-show, and if you like that sort of candor, "Lady Precious Stream" will be up, as the saying goes, your alley.

As Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie says in his preface to the printed play, "I am one of the ignorant." However, it seemed to me last night that the actors gave to what may be a seriously unique effort, an air of travesty, a suggestion that they felt superior to what they and their drama were about. They grinned and burlesqued extensively, which, for all I know, was the suitable thing for them to do. Mr. Gest was there as usual, with his esthetic flair for brilliant hues and fabrics, designed for the especial occasion by Mei Lan-Fang, one of the Shuberts of Shanghai.

●

Mr. Gilman of the Herald Tribune

. . . examines Mr. Toscanini

Mr. Toscanini is remarkable in many ways; but in nothing is he so remarkable as in his possession of what a dead statesman called a one-track mind. In Mr. Toscanini's mind, this single track is that which runs between his conception of ideal excellence and its possible realization. For him it is a one-way route, without sidings, without branches. The inflexible purpose that moves so puissantly and irresistibly along this esthetic way is inexorable and undivertable. If there is an obstacle ahead, it is the obstacle that suffers, not the flame-like purpose and the steel-like will.

It is not always so intensely sought a thing, that aim of the great interpreter, as it is in Mr. Toscanini's case. For most other artists who follow an ideal of imagined excellence there are humanities and diversions and rest-houses along the way. There are various Considerations—the Public; the Press; the Future: the effect of This upon That, of That upon This. For Mr. Toscanini these things are not merely ignored; they simply do not exist. It is as impossible to imagine him making a properly shrewd or a laudably politic compromise as it is to imagine the summer sunrise altering its time-table to accommodate a lovers' tryst. Great artists have been known to yield a point—to trusted advisers, to caution, to a dozen honorably persuasive things. Mr. Toscanini does not yield a point for any reason. There is his vision, his vision of difficult and ideal excellence—the vision of a madman and the aspiration of a priest; and there is the route to its accomplishment. These are the only two factors in the case, so far as he is concerned. There is nothing else.

That is the chief reason there is no one like him. The particular religion which he serves as priest has his uncommuted and passionate devotion. He is first of all and obviously, of course, a genius, and a consummate craftsman. But there are many geniuses, many consummate craftsmen. When you get the craftsman of genius plus the fanatically pure of heart, the dedicated celebrant, you get such an artist as Toscanini is.

The foregoing sentences were written ten years ago this month. They are more than ever true. Ceaselessly, as an artist, Toscanini is animated by the same insatiable desire to realize objectively, through the human vehicles which are implements of his will, those patterns of ideal rectitude that are more living to him than concrete actualities.

●

Mr. Watts of the Herald Tribune

. . . dissects a screen drama

The new picture at the Radio City Music Hall is a quiet, sensitive and intelligent cinema study of love and careers. Its hero is a young newspaper man who wants to be a foreign correspondent. Its heroine is a romantic girl who is all mixed up between her desire to be a successful wife and mother and her interest in a stage career. They are constantly being driven apart by their confused longings and the economic situation in which they find themselves, and in the end death and their ambitions, not the departure of their love, bring an end to their wistful, rather wide-eyed confusion.

If "Next Time We Love" fails to be stirring and heartbreaking emotional drama, it is chiefly because the producers have refused to employ sentimental fireworks in their dramatization . . . I realize that the end is not altogether effective in its romanticism; that there are times when the problem of the central characters seems fabricated for plot purposes, rather than arising from the truth about the hero and heroine and their difficult situation. In fact, I fear that you must respect "Next Time We Love" more than you are moved by it, but I believe that there are few times when you will not find it human and authentic.

●

Mr. Gannett of the Herald Tribune

. . . reads a Labor novel

"Mac," says the doctor, in John Steinbeck's new novel "In Dubious Battle" (Covici, $2.50), "you're the craziest mess of cruelty and hausfrau sentimentality, of clear vision and rose-colored glasses I ever saw. I don't know how you manage to be all of them at once."

"Nuts," is Mac's reply. Mac is a Communist.

"In Dubious Battle," while it may irritate the orthodox New York Communists, and also annoy non-Communists because it paints its strike leader as a sort of brick-heaving Boy Scout, seems to me the most powerful labor novel yet written in America. It also has that singing overtone which has marked all four of John Steinbeck's strangely different novels—"The Pastures of Heaven," "To a God Unknown," "Tortilla Flat" and this. To Steinbeck, who knows the hot blown Salinas hills and the twenty-foot drifts of Tahoe, the sun-baked fruit orchards and the blue seas of his state, California is always the beautiful and damned. He never forgets either tube of paint.

"In Dubious Battle" is a terrifying and bloody as well as a beautiful story, and I have no doubt whatever that it is an essentially true story. Steinbeck's story is of a strike in the apple orchards of the Torgas Valley, and of two Red leaders who shipped into the valley by boxcar with the deliberate intent of provoking a strike among men whose wages had just been cut. They believe in strikes; they believe in violence; and they get plenty of it . . .

And the end? Steinbeck sees no utopian dream over the hill beyond the next strike. He understands from the bottom up these men who respond to violence with violence. But he quotes the doctor, too.

"In my little experience," he says, "the end is never very different from the means. Damn it, you can only build a violent thing with violence."

"All great things have violent beginnings," answers one of the "Reds."

"There aren't any beginnings," the doctor answers. "Nor any ends. It seems to me that man has engaged in a blind and fearful struggle out of a past he can't remember into a future he can't foresee nor understand."

Mr. Cortissoz of the Herald Tribune

. . . appraises the young painters

The secret of progress in a school of art is the rise of new men of talent, "to continue what has gone before." Accordingly, nothing is more interesting at the present time than the proceedings of what is called "the younger generation." It is bringing talent to the fore—and much that is not talent at all. As regards the latter quantity, criticism is placed in a difficult position. If it remains cold it is accused of want of sympathy for youth and that, no doubt, is unpardonable. But what is criticism to do in the face of bad color and worse drawing, in the face of work that shows nothing more than a vague desire to cover canvas with paint? A sad note struck in a good deal of the work by the younger men is that signifying a refusal to "get discipline," to learn the fundamental rules, to subordinate "self-expression" to honest craftsmanship. This is curious, too, considering the numerous sources of good teaching in the United States. Time was when it was necessary to go to Paris, to seek at Julien's the instruction that was available here in only two or three places. Now all that is changed.

Apropos, there is another phase of this very matter which it is to be hoped will in the new year be readjusted. I mean the reliance placed among some artists upon the sheer Americanism of their subjects, as though there were something talismanic about it. Americanism is precious, yes, but only as it is allied with imagination—and high ability. It has been developed thus far, too, with odd limitations. The so-called proletarian novel has its counterpart in the proletarian picture, in which the artist appears to think he has conclusively pulled the trick by delineating a few men in overalls. Surely there are some interesting people left in this country who do not wear them. Surely the range of dramatic occurrences is wider than that which is confined to a steelyard or to a meeting of the underprivileged on Union Square. Our whole cosmos should be rich in suggestion for the man of imagination. Perhaps we are headed in the right direction.

●

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

R. B. Sullivan (*An Unidentified Man*, page 63) says: "At the age of 31, I have never been anywhere or done anything, and furthermore, never expect to, I am glad to say. I have skipped all those educational experiences, such as going around the world on a tramp steamer, riding the rods, working in a mining camp, bicyeling around Europe, jerking sodas, night-clerking in hotels, serving in the Foreign Legion, *et al.*, which seem to form the background of young writers. Consequently, I long ago gave up the idea of writing anything in the nature of deathless prose and am devoting my life to a study of demonology and witchcraft in Europe and Asia. I have been employed on newspapers for ten years, with intervals of publicity, and am at present on the rim of the copy desk of the New York *News*, where I seem likely to remain until carried out to a copyreader's grave, to lie forever under the epitaph—"He died as he lived, unknown, and now unmourned."

•

Darryl F. Zanuck is the producer of 20th Century Pictures. He served in the 37th Division during The World War, and after the Armistice, started writing short stories. In 1928 he became Associate Executive in charge of Warner Brothers, and in 1931, chief executive in charge of all Warner Brothers' productions. Two years later he resigned to form 20th Century Productions in association with Joseph M. Schenck. Between pictures he knocked off *Pity the Poor Hunter* which appears on page 97.

•

Lyon Mearson, *I Get Divorced* (*Mex.*), page 60, contributes to various magazines, including *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's Bazaar* and *The New Yorker.* He has also written several plays. He says: "I started writing because I couldn't hold a job. My last book was called *The French They Are a Funny Race* which I arranged to have banned in Boston, but the deal fell through. After awhile the publisher went bankrupt and I think this will serve a good lesson to all publishers to think twice before they are mean to their authors."

•

William B. Hartley is our **Discovery of the Month.** His first story to be published in a national magazine, *The Tank*, appears on page 58. He is a senior at Colgate University, and for the last few summers has worked as a steeplejack, acting as carpenter, painter, rigger, steel worker, mason and roofer. He says: "Generally speaking, the best that can be said for the work is that one is never handicapped by a lack of fresh air, and the worst that can be said . . . well, there aren't many boys from my original gang who are still working. Figure it out for yourself."

•

Sean O'Faolain first wrote in Gaelic, and then turned to English. After the Irish Civil War, bitterly disillusioned, he came to America for three years. During that time he wrote *A Nest of Simple Folk*, a novel about "how a nation lives within itself a double life, each life in that duality thwarting the other, the instinct to strive violently, to erupt volcanically on the idealistic plane, the instinct as deep and as terrible, of self-preservation." He is also the author of *Midsummer Night Madness and Other Stories*, now out of print. His story, *The Tall Coorter*, appears on page 36.

Sean O'Faolain

George B. Anderson

George B. Anderson (another Discovery of the Month) was born in Newcastle, Nebraska, in 1908. He attended the University of Iowa and during the summers, says he "overacted in cheap tent shows and toured the midwest as 'Scotty George, the man with X-ray eyes.' I married a Sioux City girl who is a brunette and a honey even by Petty's standards. I joined the staff of the Aurora *Beacon-News* in the summer of 1934 as an advertising copywriter and salesman. I like the job. About three months ago, I decided that if I were ever going any place I'd better start." Result—*Call Me Crazy*, page 75.

•

Charles L. Palmer who wrote, "*. . . Make Us Truly Thankful,*" page 64, says: "I have been a reporter too long to like writing about myself. I would rather take a cold shower, eat raw oysters or move out of California. I was born in Evansville, Indiana, the day after McKinley was elected. Joined the Gold Rush in 1908 but found the good claims all staked. Tried my hand at schooling and finally learned enough to get out of high school at the age of 21, just in time to enlist in the Coast Artillery Corps and go to Virginia for the duration. I never did find out what it was the duration of, but suspect it was Virginia. I entered the University of California to study prosody, but nearly starved before I got started, so quit after six months. "Cobbie" Coblentz gave me my first newspaper job on the San Francisco *Examiner*, but soon decided I was too good, so I moved to other fields. That saved the *Examiner.* Of eight California newspapers that have given me employment, two are now in existence. Three of the others blew up in my face and the remaining three passed sadly out of the picture shortly after I left them. Convinced I was a newspaper jinx, I transferred my attention to the public utility field just in time to bring the Rayburn Bill on the heads of my new employers. I now have considerable trepidations about ESQUIRE. Height, 5 feet, 11½ inches; weight, 128 pounds. Married. One son."

•

Jerome Odlum, author of *A Rat in a Trap*, page 73, will publish a book of short stories, including this one, called *Each Dawn I Die.* He edits the amusement page and sweeps out the office of *The Shopping News* at Minneapolis, Minn. He is 30 and single. He says, "Tell the customers that it's always open house out at 4741 Bryant Avenue, South, and if they'll stop around some time, we'll poach an egg."

•

Dr. W. B. Lytton (*I Mix The Drinks*, page 66) is a psychiatrist engaged in private practice in St. Louis, and a house physician at St. Vincent's Sanitarium. He is 29 years old. He says: "High school education from the Jesuits. Grades low. College education at Illinois University. (Fraternity, Deke.) Grades low. Hobbies, photography and writing. No wife. Like limburger cheese."

•

Richard Aldington (*Towers of Manhattan*, page 96) an Englishman, is the author of *Roads to Glory*, *Soft Answers*, *The Colonel's Daughter*, *Death of a Hero* and a number of other books of poems, novels and short stories. Among his translations are *Boccaccio's Decameron*, *Letters of Voltaire*, and *Latin Poems of the Renaissance.*

Frank G. Menke (*Hopping Horses*, page 57) says: "My home town is Cleveland. I broke into the newspaper game there on the Cleveland *Press.* Ray Long was managing editor at the time. Harry Payne Burton was one of the crack reporters. After reporting for three years—mostly of the muck-raking variety—I went to New York and hitched onto a job with the International News Service, which is part of the Hearst Organization. I took the job as a relief man. The regular employee was to return at the end of two weeks. He did not return and I remained with the Hearst organization for twenty years. In 1933, I resigned and went to California. They locked up the banks there a day or two after I made a deposit. Then they tossed me an earthquake. I took the hint, left California and returned to New York. Some months later I became editor of a paper in town, resigned that a year ago and here I am." (Here means editor of *All Sports Record Book*). "During the twenty years with the Hearst Organization I covered State and National Conventions, did rewrites, general reporting, parked on various desks and gained a wealth of education. I was perhaps the pioneer syndicate sports writer, and perhaps the pioneer ghost writer." (Editor's Note: Perhaps Sir Francis Bacon preceded him in the latter field). "Offhand, I would say that I have written under 175 different names, including Cardinal Gibbons, Jack Dempsey, Samuel Gompers, James J. Corbett, Gus Edwards, Gene Tunney, Raymond Hitchcock, and during the Olympiad of 1932, after practicing contralto, for Mildred 'Babe' Didriksen."

•

Craddock Goins (*Black Knight of the South*, page 68) lives in Georgia. He says: "In early life had deep conviction I should rid world of socialism—wrote many happy, hysterical stories for Eastern magazines on subject. Now content to let government take care of self. Always interested in historical romances. Sold first magazine stuff when I was very young. Ever since I've shuddered for fear somebody read it. Best work ever published, Craddock Goins, Jr., is now in his ninth edition."

•

George W. Gray (*Mysterious Cosmic Rays*, page 45) is a free lance writer, a native of Texas, and a graduate of Harvard. He spent several years on newspapers, including the *Houston Post* and the *New York World.*

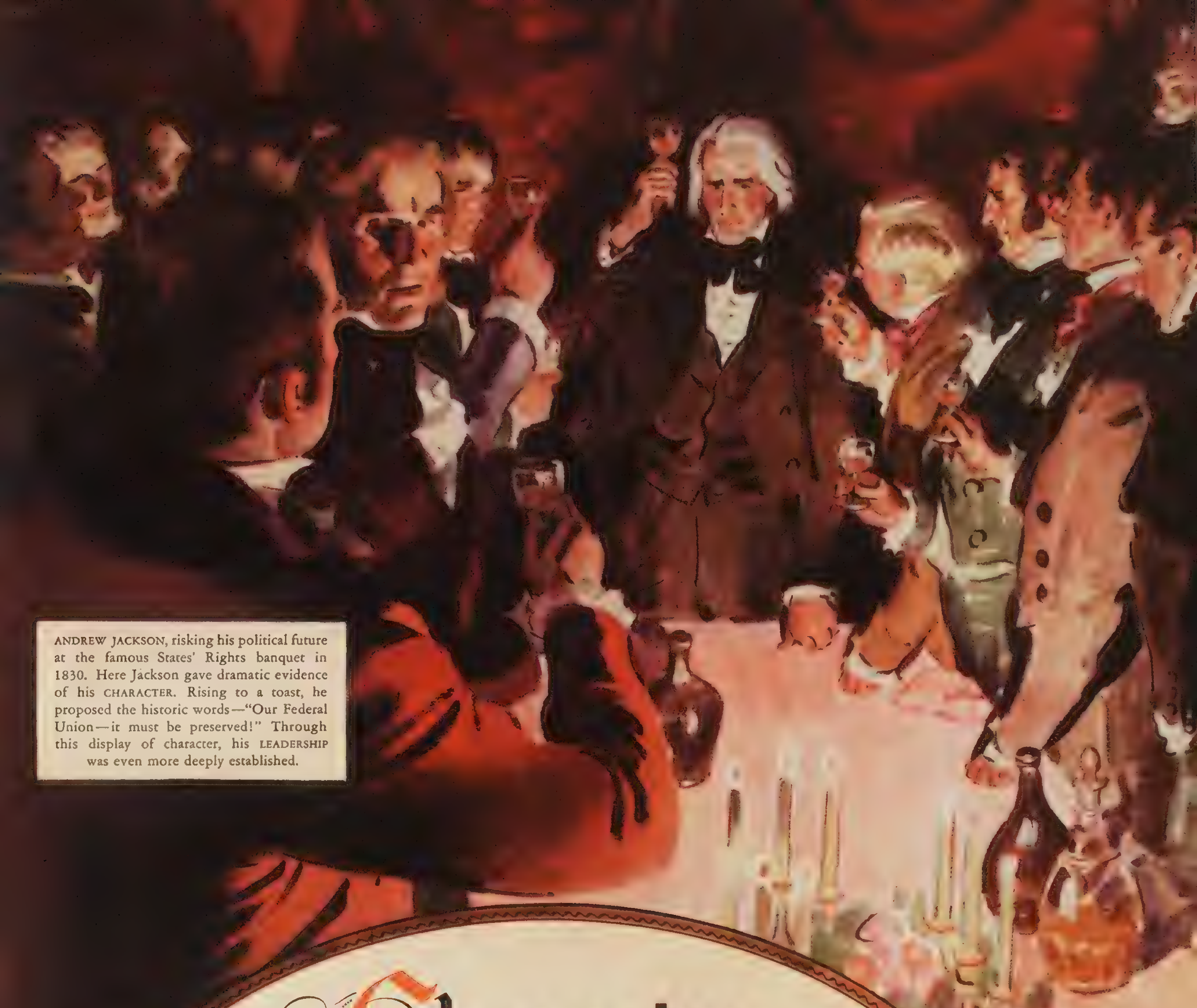
•

Alvin Lee Floyd, who doesn't regard blindness as a handicap, has mastered Braille, learned to use the typewriter, and completed a course in short story writing within the last few years. He enjoys cards, checkers, chess, swimming, fishing and golfing. His story, *The Thirteenth Battle*, is on page 87

•

Gilbert Bundy, ESQUIRE cartoonist, was born twenty-four years ago in Centralia, Illinois. He attended art school in Chicago for a short time, then went to Kansas City, Missouri, to work for an engraving house. He has earned his living by art work ever since. Says he likes flowers, pretty faces, good clothes, and dancing. He is a member of the Society of Illustrators. The lady you seen him with is Durelle Alexander "a young and charming warbler with Paul Whiteman's band." He insists that the picture does her dirt.

Gilbert Bundy



ANDREW JACKSON, risking his political future at the famous States' Rights banquet in 1830. Here Jackson gave dramatic evidence of his CHARACTER. Rising to a toast, he proposed the historic words—"Our Federal Union—it must be preserved!" Through this display of character, his LEADERSHIP was even more deeply established.

Character
marks the leader

Just as the character of Andrew Jackson stamped him as a leader—so you will recognize in Seagram's "V.O." the *character* of Leadership. Seagram's "V. O." has been America's largest selling bonded whiskey since the early days of Repeal. Distinguished in taste and bouquet, truly noble in quality Seagram's "V. O." is made with all the skill and care for which the House of Seagram has been famous since 1857. Six years old, bottled in bond under Canadian Government supervision.

Seagram's "V.O."

Six Years Old . Bottled in Bond

Other Seagram "Whiskies of Character"... Bottled in Bond
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SEAGRAM'S "ANCIENT BOTTLE" RYE • SEAGRAM'S PEDIGREE STRAIGHT BOURBON
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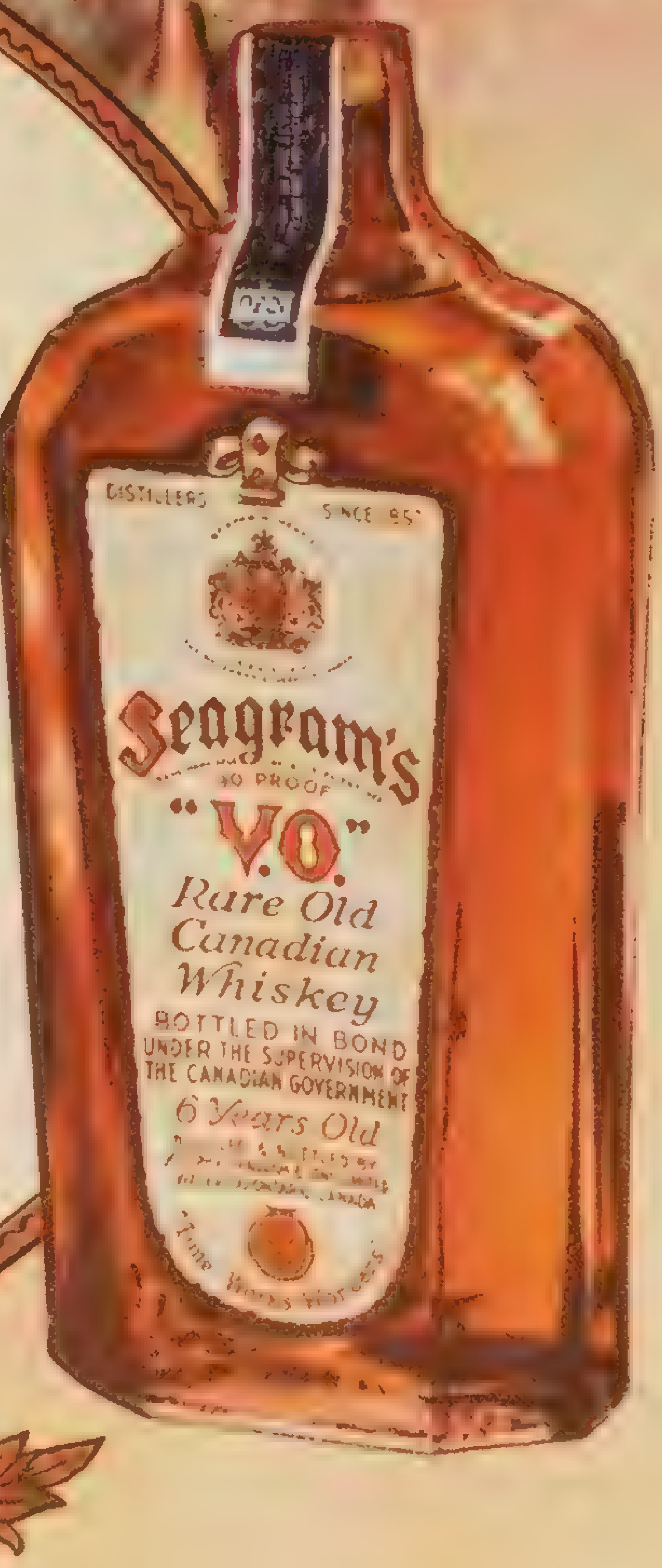
SEAGRAM'S "83"

Say Seagram's and be Sure


DISTILLERS
SINCE 1857
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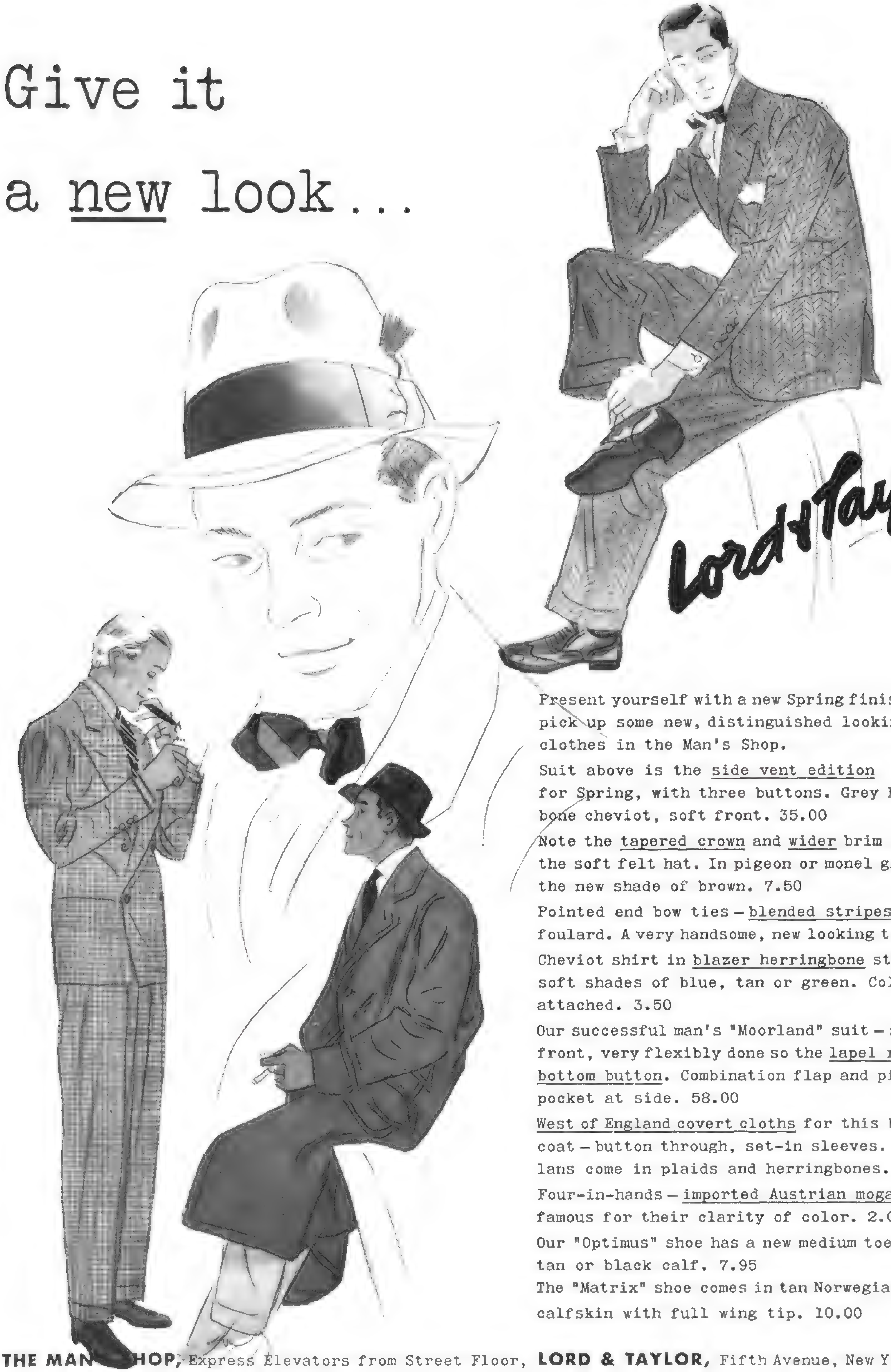


Give it a new look...

Lord & Taylor

Present yourself with a new Spring finish, sir — pick up some new, distinguished looking clothes in the Man's Shop.

Suit above is the side vent edition for Spring, with three buttons. Grey herringbone cheviot, soft front. 35.00

Note the tapered crown and wider brim on the soft felt hat. In pigeon or monel grey and the new shade of brown. 7.50

Pointed end bow ties — blended stripes on foulard. A very handsome, new looking tie. 1.00

Cheviot shirt in blazer herringbone stripes — soft shades of blue, tan or green. Collar attached. 3.50

Our successful man's "Moorland" suit — soft front, very flexibly done so the lapel rolls to bottom button. Combination flap and piped pocket at side. 58.00

West of England covert cloths for this box topcoat — button through, set-in sleeves. (Raglans come in plaids and herringbones.) 45.00

Four-in-hands — imported Austrian mogadors — famous for their clarity of color. 2.00

Our "Optimus" shoe has a new medium toe last — tan or black calf. 7.95

The "Matrix" shoe comes in tan Norwegian grain calfskin with full wing tip. 10.00

THE MAN'S SHOP, Express Elevators from Street Floor, **LORD & TAYLOR,** Fifth Avenue, New York City

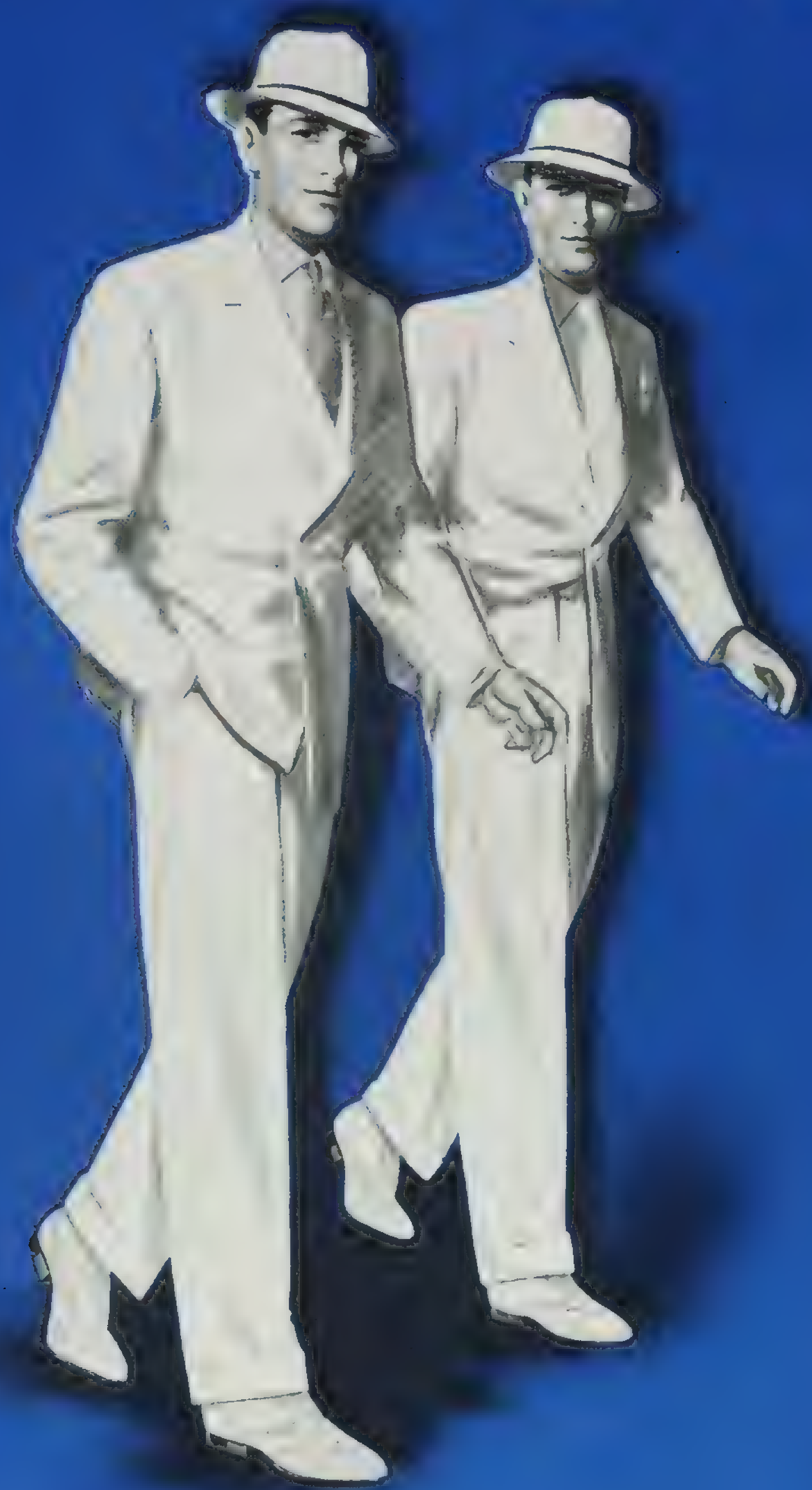
FOR EVERY TYPE OF FOOT

Ankle fashioning

PROVIDES A SHOE THAT **FITS** BETTER

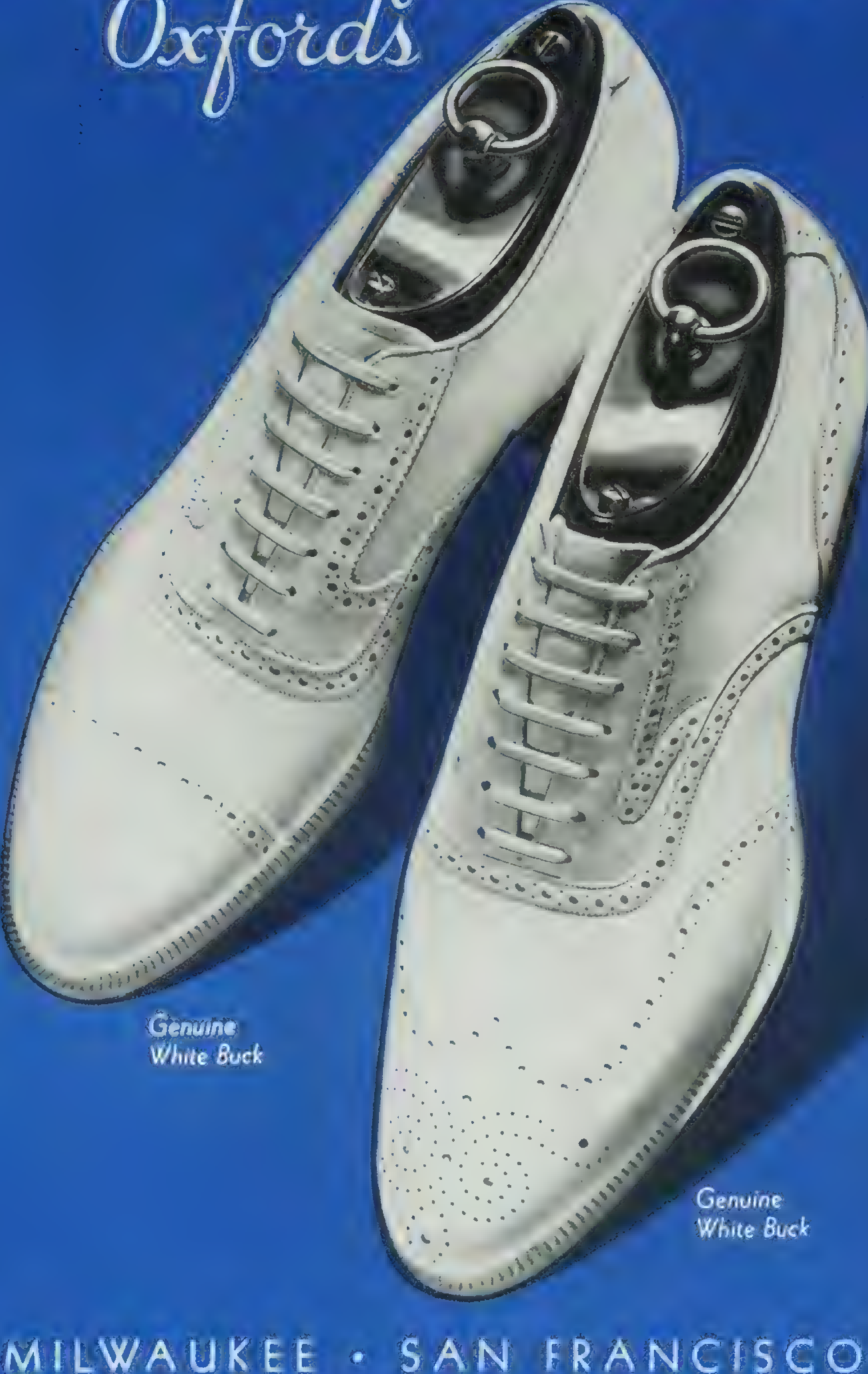
FEELS BETTER, HOLDS ITS TRIM SHAPE **LONGER**

Nunn-Bush white shoes are built to give the comfort and lasting good appearance summer activity demands. They're Ankle-Fashioned—carefully hand-molded to make them fit snugly at the heel and smoothly at the ankle. No gapping—no slipping. Try on a pair at your first opportunity. *SEE* and *FEEL* the difference Ankle-Fashioning makes.



Nunn-Bush

Ankle fashioned Oxfords



Made by
Salaried Craftsmen
NOT HURRIED PIECEWORKERS

$7.50 *to* $11.00

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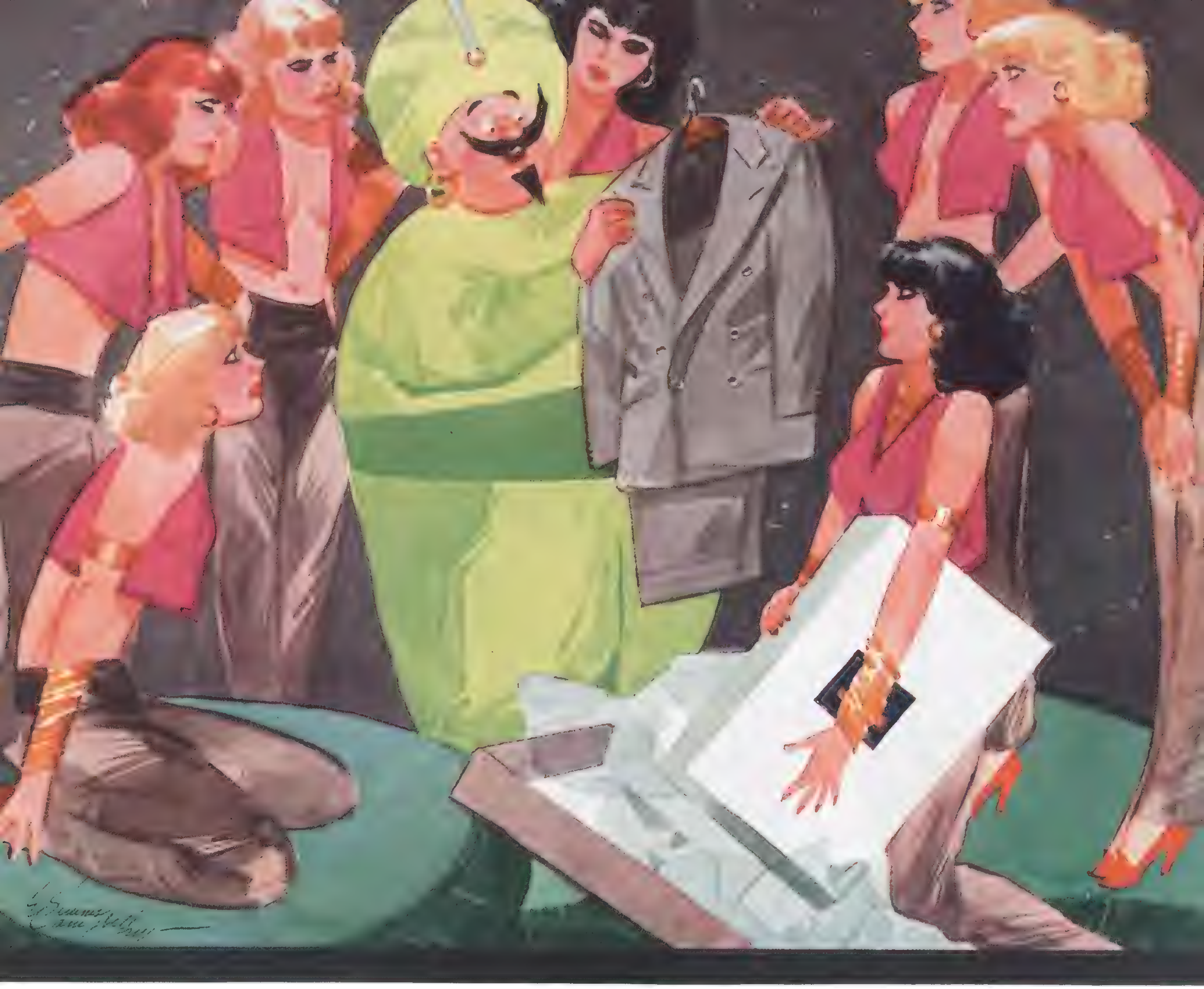
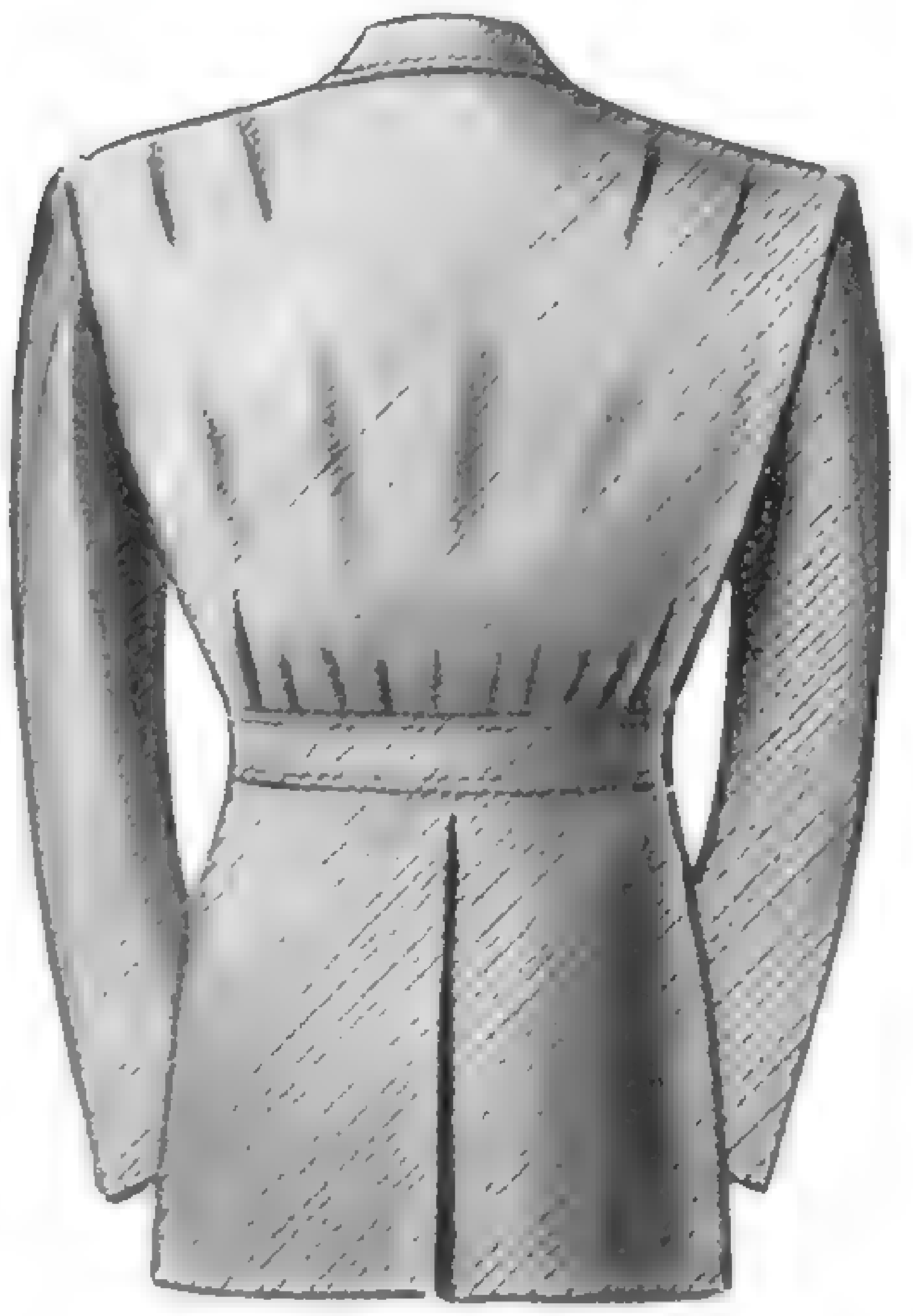


"Now, that's my idea of real beauty!"

A young man's idea of perfection in sport clothes—the "Blouse Back" suit. It's new, it's different—from the knife plaits at the shoulders to the deep center vent. The gathered fullness of the back gives it its name; acknowledged style-leaders everywhere give it its stamp of authenticity.



AND to return the compliment, the little Sultan is *our* idea of a real judge of beauty . . . But he holds no monopoly on good taste. On this side of the globe American men are changing to new Hart Schaffner & Marx spring styles. American women are inspecting the colorful fabrics, the distinctive styling and needlework with admiration and envy. And the sentiments expressed above in a Turkish harem are being echoed in countless American homes . . . *You'll* join in the chorus when you see what's waiting for you . . . at America's leading stores for men.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

On the Blue Water

A Gulf Stream Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Certainly there is no hunting like the hunting of man and those who have hunted armed men long enough and liked it, never really care for anything else thereafter. You will meet them doing various things with resolve, but their interest rarely holds because after the other thing ordinary life is as flat as the taste of wine when the taste buds have been burned off your tongue. Wine, when your tongue has been burned clean with lye and water, feels like puddle water in your mouth, while mustard feels like axle-grease, and you can smell crisp, fried bacon, but when you taste it, there is only a feeling of crinkly lard.

You can learn about this matter of the tongue by coming into the kitchen of a villa on the Riviera late at night and taking a drink from what should be a bottle of Evian water and which turns out to be *Eau de Javel*, a concentrated lye product used for cleaning sinks. The taste buds on your tongue, if burned off by *Eau de Javel*, will begin to function again after about a week. At what rate other things regenerate one does not know, since you lose track of friends and the things one could learn in a week were mostly learned a long time ago.

The other night I was talking with a good friend to whom all hunting is dull except elephant hunting. To him there is no sport in anything unless there is great danger and, if the danger is not enough, he will increase it for his own satisfaction. A hunting companion of his had told me how this friend was not satisfied with the risks of ordinary elephant hunting but would, if possible, have the elephants driven, or turned, so he could take them head-on, so it was a choice of killing them with the difficult frontal shot as they came, trumpeting, with their ears spread, or having them run over him. This is to elephant hunting what the German cult of suicide climbing is to ordinary mountaineering, and I suppose it is, in a way, an attempt to approximate the old hunting of the armed man who is hunting you.

This friend was speaking of elephant hunting and urging me to hunt elephant, as he said that once you took it up no other hunting would mean anything to you. I was arguing that I enjoyed all hunting and shooting, any sort I could get, and had no desire to wipe this capacity for enjoyment out with the *Eau de Javel* of the old elephant coming straight at you with his trunk up and his ears spread.

"Of course you like that big fishing too," he said rather sadly. "Frankly, I can't see where the excitement is in that."

"You'd think it was marvelous if the fish shot at you with Tommy guns or jumped back and forth through the cockpit with swords on the ends of their noses."

"Don't be silly," he said. "But frankly I don't see where the thrill is."

"Look at so and so," I said. "He's an elephant hunter and this last year he's gone fishing for big fish and he's goofy about it. He must get a kick out of it or he wouldn't do it."

"Yes," my friend said. "There must be something about it but I can't see it. Tell me where you get a thrill out of it."

"I'll try to write it in a piece sometime," I told him.

"I wish you would," he said. "Because you people are sensible on other subjects. Moderately sensible I mean."

"I'll write it."

In the first place, the Gulf Stream and the other great ocean currents are the last wild country there is left. Once you are out of sight of land and of the other boats you are more alone than you can ever be hunting and the sea is the same as it has been since before men ever went on it in boats. In a season fishing you will see it oily flat as the becalmed galleons saw it while they drifted to the westward; white-capped with a fresh breeze as they saw it running with the trades; and in high, rolling blue hills the tops blowing off them like snow as they were punished by it, so that sometimes you will see three great hills of water with your fish jumping from the top of the farthest one and if you tried to make a turn to go with him without picking your chance, one of those breaking crests would roar down in on you with a thousand tons of water and you would hunt no more elephants, Richard, my lad.

There is no danger from the fish, but anyone who goes on the sea the year around in a small power boat does not seek danger. You may be absolutely sure that in a year you will have it without seeking, so you try always to avoid it all you can.

Because the Gulf Stream is an unexploited country, only the very fringe of it ever being fished, and then only at a dozen places in thousands of miles of current, no one knows what fish live in it, or how great size they reach or what age, or even what kinds of fish and animals live in it at different depths. When you are drifting, out of sight of land, fishing four lines, sixty, eighty, one hundred and one hundred fifty fathoms down, in water that is seven hundred fathoms deep you never know what may take the small tuna that you use for bait, and every time the line starts to run off the reel, slowly first, then with a scream of the click as the rod bends and you feel it double and the huge weight of the friction of the line rushing through that depth of water while you pump and reel, pump and reel, pump and reel, trying to get the belly out of the line before the fish jumps, there is always a thrill that needs no danger to make it real. It may be a marlin that will jump high and clear off to your right and then go off in a series of leaps, throwing a splash like a speedboat in a sea as you shout for the boat to turn with him watching the line melting off the reel before the boat can get around. Or it may be a broadbill that will show wagging his great broadsword. Or it may be some fish that you will never see at all that will head straight out to the northwest like a submerged submarine and never show and at the end of five hours the angler has a straightened-out hook. There is always a feeling of excitement when a fish takes hold when you are drifting deep.

In hunting you know what you are after and the top you can get is an elephant. But who can say what you will hook sometime when drifting in a hundred and fifty fathoms in the Gulf Stream? There are probably marlin and swordfish to which the fish we have seen caught are pygmies; and every time a fish takes the bait drifting you have a feeling perhaps you are hooked to one of these.

Carlos, our Cuban mate, who is fifty-three years old and has been fishing for marlin since he went in the bow of a skiff with his father when he was seven, was fishing drifting deep one time when he hooked a white marlin. The fish jumped twice and then sounded and when he sounded suddenly Carlos felt

Continued on page 184

The Godly Warrior

A symbolic portrayal of the intolerant puritanism that is an early augur of fascism

by THOMAS MANN

• FICTION •

Munich was radiant. Above the gay squares and white columned temples, the classicistic monuments and the baroque churches, the leaping fountains, the palaces and parks of the Residence there stretched a sky of luminous blue silk. Well-arranged leafy vistas laced with sun and shade lay basking in the sunshine of a beautiful day in early June.

There was a twittering of birds and a blithe holiday spirit in all the little streets. And in the squares and past the rows of villas there swelled, rolled and hummed the leisurely and entertaining traffic of that easy-going charming town. Travellers of all nationalities drove about in the slow little droschkies looking right and left in aimless curiosity at the house-fronts; they climbed and descended museum stairs. Many windows stood open and music was heard from within: practising on piano, cello or violin—earnest and well-meant amateur efforts; while from the Odeon came the sound of serious work on several grand pianos.

Young people, the kind that can whistle the Nothung motif, and fill the pit of the Schauspielhous every evening, wandered in and out of the University and Library with literary magazines in their coat pockets. A court carriage stood before the Academy, the home of the plastic arts, which spreads its white wings between the Turkenstrasse and the Siegestor. And colorful groups of models, picturesque old men, women and children in Albanian costume, stood or lounged at the top of the balustrade.

Indolent, unhurried sauntering was the mode in all the long streets of the northern quarter. There life is lived for pleasanter ends than the driving greed of gain. Young artists with little round hats on the backs of their heads, flowing cravats and no canes—carefree bachelors who paid for their lodgings with color-sketches—were strolling up and down to let the clear blue morning play upon their mood, also to look at the little girls, the pretty, rather plump type, with the brunette bandeaux, the too large feet and the unobjectionable morals. Every fifth house had studio windows blinking in the sun. Sometimes a fine piece of architecture stood out from a middle-class row, the work of some imaginative young architect; a wide front with shallow bays and decorations in a bizarre style very expressive and full of invention. Or the door to some monotonous façade would be framed in a bold improvisation of flowing lines and sunny colors, with bacchantes, naiads and rosy-skinned nudes.

It was always a joy to linger before the windows of the cabinet-makers and the shops for modern articles-de-luxe. What a sense for luxurious amusing nothings, and significant line is displayed in the shape of everything! Little shops that sell picture-frames, sculptures and antiques there were in endless number; in their windows you might see those busts of Florentine women of the Renaissance, so full of noble poise and poignant charm. And the owners of the smallest and meanest of these shops spoke to you of Mino da Fiesole and Donatello as though he had received the rights of reproduction from them personally.

But on the Odeonsplatz, in view of the mighty loggia with the spacious mosaic pavement before it, diagonally opposite to the Regent's palace, people were crowding round the large windows and glass show-cases of the big art shop owned by M. Bluthenzweig. What a glorious display! There were reproductions of the masterpieces of all the galleries in the world, in costly decorated and tinted frames, the good taste of which was precious in its very simplicity. There were copies of modern paintings, works of a joyously sensuous fantasy, in which the antique seemed born again in humorous and realistic guise; bronze nudes and fragile ornamental glassware; tall, thin earthenware vases with an iridescent glaze produced by a bath in metal steam; editions de luxe which were triumphs of modern binding and presswork, containing the works of the most modish poets, set out with every possible advantage of sumptuous elegance. Cheek by jowl with these, the portraits of artists, musicians, philosophers, actors, writers, displayed to gratify the public taste for personalities. In the first window, next the book-shop, a large picture stood on an easel, with a crowd of people in front of it, a fine sepia photograph in a wide old-gold frame, a very striking reproduction of the sensation at this year's great international exhibition, to which public attention is always invited by means of effective and artistic posters stuck up everywhere on hoardings among concert programs and clever advertisements of toilet preparations.

If you looked into the windows of the book-shop your eye met such titles as *Interior Decoration Since the Renaissance*, *The Renaissance in Modern Decorative Art*, *The Book as Work of Art*, *The Decorative Arts*, *Hunger for Art*, and many more. And you would remember that these thought-provoking pamphlets were sold and read by the thousand and that discussions on these subjects were the preoccupation of all the salons.

You might be lucky enough to meet in person one of the famous fair ones whom less fortunate folk knew only through the medium of art; one of those rich and beautiful women whose Titian-blond coloring Nature's most sweet and cunning hand did not lay on, but whose diamond parures and beguiling charms had received immortality from the hand of some portrait-painter of genius and whose love-affairs were the talk of the town. These were the queens of the artist balls at carnival-time. They were a little painted, a little made up, full of haughty caprices, worthy of adoration, avid of praise. You might see a carriage rolling up the Ludwigstrasse, with such a great painter and his mistress inside. People would be pointing out the sight, standing still to gaze after the pair. Some of them would curtsey. A little more and the very policemen would stand at attention.

Art flourished, art swayed the destinies of the town, art stretched above it her rose-bound sceptre and smiled. On every hand obsequious interest was displayed in her prosperity, on every hand she was served with industry and devotion. There was a downright cult of line, decoration, form, significance, beauty. Munich was radiant.

A youth was coming down the Schellingstrasse. With the bells of cyclists ringing about him he strode across the wooden pavement towards the broad façade of the Ludwigskirche. Looking at him it was as though a shadow passed across the sky, or cast over the spirit some memory of melancholy hours. Did he not love the sun which bathed the lovely city in its festal light? Why did he walk wrapped in his own thoughts, his eyes directed on the ground? No one in that tolerant and variety-loving town would have taken offence at his wearing no hat; but why need the hood of his ample black cloak have been drawn over his head, shadowing his low, prominent and peaked forehead, covering his ears and framing his haggard cheeks?

What pangs of conscience, what scruples and self-tortures had so availed to hollow out these cheeks? It is frightful on a sunny day, to see care sitting in the hollows of the human face. His dark brows thickened at the narrow base of his hooked and prominent nose. His lips were unpleasantly full, his eyes brown and close-lying. When he lifted them, diagonal folds appeared on the peaked brow. His gaze expressed knowledge, limitation and suffering. Seen in profile his face was strikingly like an old painting preserved at Florence in a narrow cloister cell, whence once a frightful and shattering protest issued against life and her triumphs.

Hieronymus walked along the Schellingstrasse with a slow, firm stride, holding his wide cloak together with both hands from inside. Two little girls, two of those pretty, plump little creatures with the bandeaux, the big feet and the unobjectionable morals, strolled towards him arm in arm, on pleasure bent. They poked each other and laughed, they bent over with laughter. They even broke into a run and ran away still laughing, at his hood and his face. But he paid them no heed. With bent head, looking neither to the right nor to the left, he crossed the Ludwigstrasse and mounted the church steps.

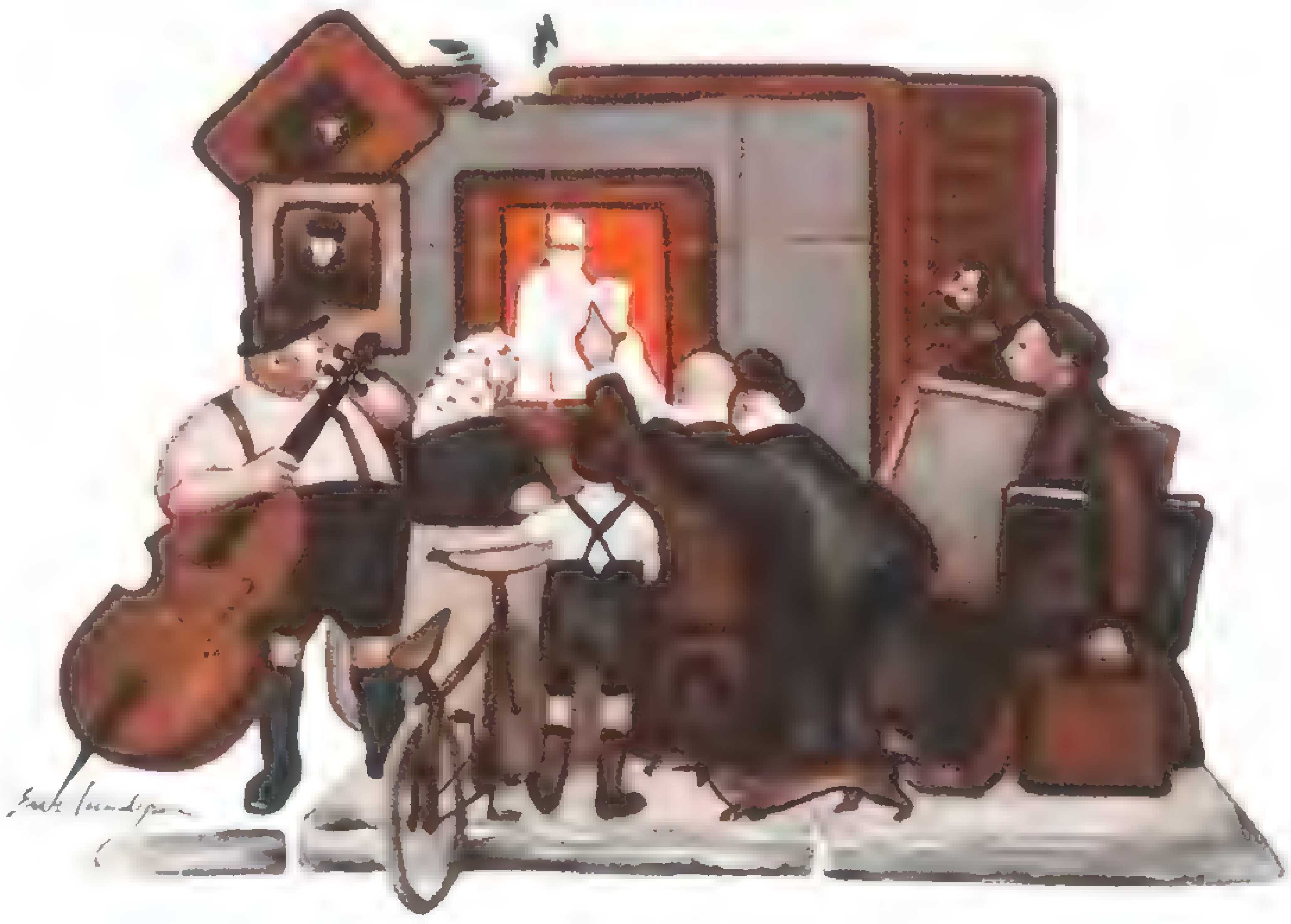
The great wings of the middle portal stood wide open. From somewhere within the consecrated twilight, cool, dank, incense-laden, there came a pale red glow. An old woman with inflamed eyes rose from a prayer stool and slipped on crutches through the columns. Otherwise the church was empty.

Hieronymus sprinkled brow and breast at the stoup, bent the knee before the high altar and then paused in the center nave. Here in the church his stature seemed to have grown. He stood upright and immovable, his head was flung up and his great hooked nose jutted domineeringly above the thick lips. His eyes no longer sought the ground but looked straight and boldly into the distance, at the crucifix on the high altar. Thus he stood a while, then retreating he bent the knee again and left the church.

He strode up the Ludwigstrasse, slowly, firmly, with bent head in the center of the wide unpaven road, towards the mighty loggia with its statues. But arrived at the Odeonsplatz he looked up, so that the folds came out on his peaked forehead, and checked his step, his attention being called to the crowd at the windows of the big art shop of M. Bluthenzweig.

People moved from window to window, pointing out to each other the treasures displayed and exchanging views as they looked over one another's shoulders. Hieronymus mingled among them and did as they did, taking in all these things with his eyes, one by one.

He saw the reproductions of masterpieces from all the galleries in the world, the priceless frames so precious in their simplicity, the Renaissance sculpture, the bronze nudes, the exquisitely bound volumes, the iridescent vases, the portraits of artists, musicians, philosophers, actors, writers; he looked at everything and turned a moment of his scrutiny upon every object. Holding his mantle closely together with both hands from inside, he moved his hood-covered head in short turns from one thing to the next, gazing at each a while with a dull, inimical and remotely surprised air, lifting the dark brows which grew so thick at the base of the nose. At length he stood in front of the last window, which contained the startling picture. For a while he looked over the shoulders of people before him and then in his turn reached a position directly in front of the window.



The large red-brown photograph in the choice old-gold frame stood on an easel in the center. It was a Madonna, but an utterly unconventional one, a work of entirely modern feeling. The figure of the Holy Mother was revealed as enchantingly feminine and beautiful. Her great smouldering eyes were rimmed with darkness and her delicate and strangely smiling lips were half parted. Her slender fingers held in a somewhat nervous grasp the hips of the Child, a nude boy of pronounced, almost primitive leanness. He was playing with her breast and glancing aside at the beholder with a wise look in his eyes.

Two other youths stood near Hieronymus, talking about the picture. They were two young men with books under their arms, which they had fetched from the library or were taking thither. Humanistically educated people, that is, equipped with science and with art.

"The little chap is in luck, devil take me!" said one.

"He seems to be trying to make one envious," replied the other. "A bewildering female!"

"A female to drive a man crazy! Gives you funny ideas about the Immaculate Conception."

"No, she doesn't look exactly immaculate. Have you seen the original?"

"Of course; I was quite bowled over. She makes an even more aphrodisiac impression in color. Especially the eyes."

"The likeness is pretty plain."

"How so?"

"Don't you know the model? Of course he used his little dressmaker. It is almost a portrait, only with a lot more emphasis on the corruptible. The girl is more innocent."

"I hope so. Life would be altogether too much of a strain, if there were many like this *mater amata*."

"The Pinakothek has bought it."

"Really? Well, well! They knew what they were doing, anyhow. The treatment of the flesh and the flow of the linen garment are really first-class."

"Yes, an incredibly gifted chap."

"Do you know him?"

"A little. He will have a career, that is certain. He has been invited twice by the Prince-Regent."

This last was said as they were taking leave of each other.

"Shall I see you this evening at the theatre?" asked the first. "The Dramatic Club is giving Machiavelli's *Mandragala*."

"Oh, bravo! That will be great, of course. I had meant to go to the Variete but I shall probably choose our stout Niccolo after all. Goodbye."

They parted, going off to right and left. New people took their places and looked at the famous picture. But Hieronymus stood where he was, motionless, with his head thrust out; his hands clutched convulsively at the mantle as they held it together from inside. His brows were no longer lifted with that cool and unpleasantly surprised expression; they were drawn and darkened; his cheeks, half shrouded in the black hood, seemed more sunken than ever and his thick lips had gone pale. Slowly his head dropped lower and lower, so that finally his eyes stared upwards at the work of art, while the nostrils of his great nose quivered.

Thus he remained, for perhaps a quarter of an hour. The crowd about him melted away but he did not stir. At last he turned slowly on the balls of his feet and went hence.

But the picture of the Madonna went with him. Always and ever, whether in his hard and narrow little room or kneeling in the cool church, it stood before his outraged soul, with its smouldering dark-rimmed eyes, its riddlingly smiling lips—stark and beautiful. And no prayer availed to exorcize it.

But the third night it happened that a command and summons from on High came

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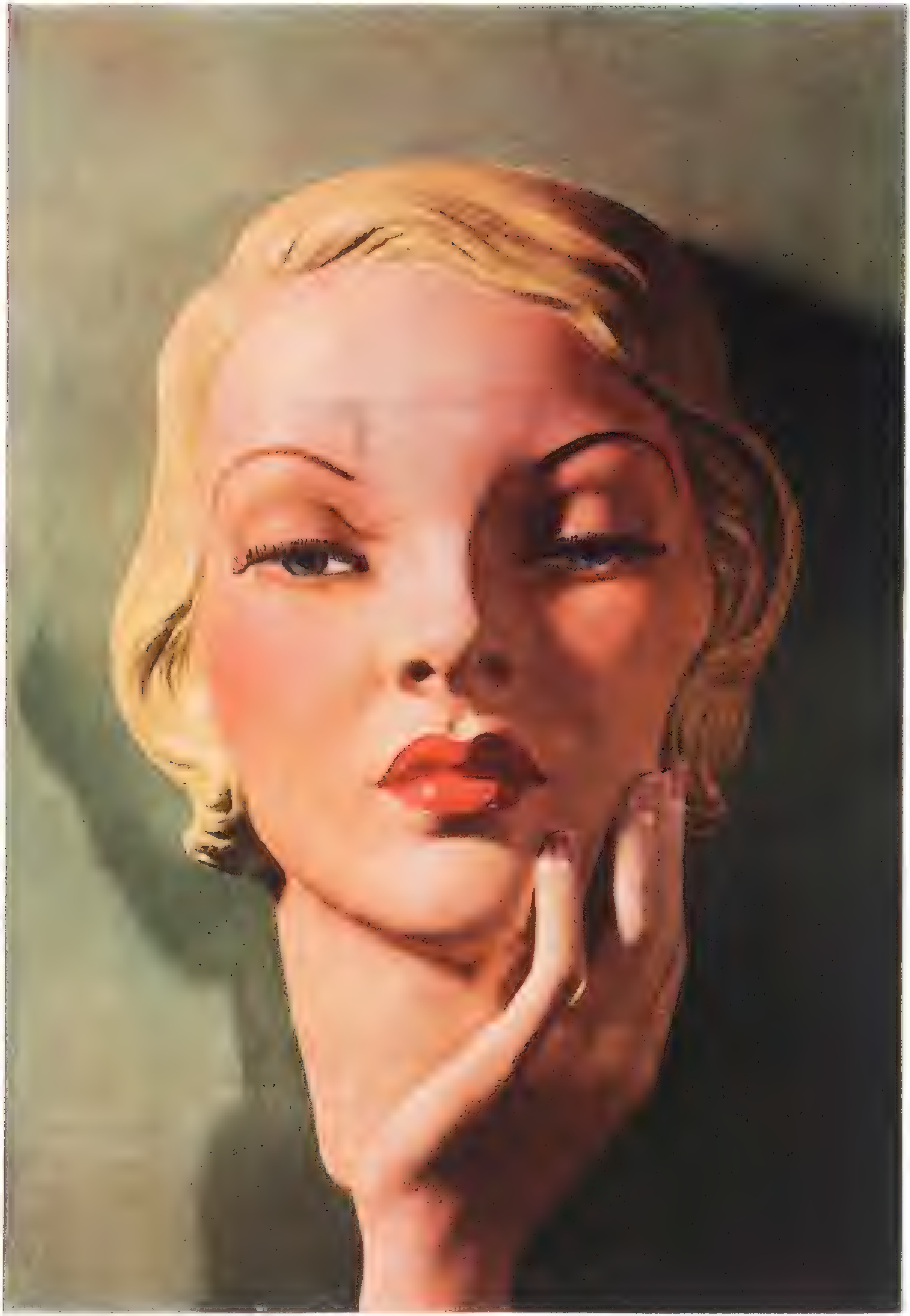

MASK BY H. LIEDLOFF

FEMININE FACE CARDS No. 4: FRESH HOT BUTTER-BLONDE

The gold rush begins with one glimpse of a little blonde head like this, butter-yellow and quite possibly butter-soft, but luscious to look at, and provocative with promise of a low melting-point. For here are certain outward signs of inner-glow—full lips, high cheekbones and far apart eyes—three things to rocket the expectations of the questing male, three plus marks on the form-chart of the connoisseur. Almost felinely female, she's all-woman, utterly "she." Not a pal, not the good fellow type, no particular asset in either salon or saloon, a liability on a fishing trip and a bust on a golf course, though a beauty on the beach. Helpless outdoors. But a boudoir acrobat. Prime quarry of the eternal chase.

She's No Longer Faithful If—

Bringing up the "if"—not to say a thousand times "if"—that tells a man what he least likes to know

by MARCEL DESAGE

• ARTICLE •

1 You are reading the evening paper and call her attention to the headlines MAN SHOOTS HIS MISTRESS AND HER LOVER. She turns pale and changes the conversation.

2 You suspect a certain shady and talkative gentleman of being her lover. The three of you are together. During the conversation she slightly underlines the word "gentleman," does it several times. "You are a gentleman aren't you." She is afraid of him. He talks too much.

3 She does not return home with the bracelet she wore when she left the apartment this morning. You call her attention to the fact. "I have left it at the jeweler's to be repaired," says she. In several days it returns. The jeweler has repaired nothing. She forgot it, but went back to fetch it . . . from the apartment in which she forgot that she owned it.

4 He is a "friend of the family," the next most familiar face of your household, and it is perhaps only natural that she should know more about his romantic affairs than you. One day, however, this mysterious knowledge of hers is no longer up to date. She pumps you lightly but tenaciously about the latest affair of your friend. Curiously, and for the first time in years, he has told you all about it, "it" being the little actress of a current play. Your mistress turns a little white. He has left her, and he wants her to know it: she had better stop ringing him up, too, otherwise he will hint even more broadly, that for some time, she too has been his mistress.

5 Before she married you or came to take her abode with you in sin, her only friends were men, and she was notorious for her dislike of women. Now, however, she meets a woman whom you never see but whom she sees day in and month out. The woman friend has problems which often need to be discussed and the brow of your pretty little mistress is often wrinkled with care. Life has taken on a more serious aspect. She spends a great deal of time with "her."

6 She has been unpunctual all of her life, but she suddenly starts to develop an unheard-of punctuality. She says that she will be home at six, and she is home at six.

7 She had been indifferent for months or even years, but she suddenly develops an unheard-of tenderness for you and the worries of your special world. Last week, however, your best masculine friend has ceased to come to your house, for no good reason whatsoever. Formerly he came to see you every day.

8 A certain friend of yours has always been a very nice chap, very well behaved, courteous to your opinions and your foibles, and a perfect gentleman in your house, in which he appears often. He is married, and in a distant and perfectly proper way your mistress admires and respects him. His wife is ill and undergoes a serious operation, and he is worried and lonely, and your mistress is worried too, and often indeed during these months of illness does she go to see the sick woman. One day his wife is well, and your friend no longer calls, as is no more than to be expected. However, weeks later, you call attention to the fact that he has not appeared at all, and you are somewhat surprised by your mistress's faint but unmistakable irritation with this fact. "Oh him! He is tied to the apron strings of his wife."

9 She has never wept. But now she cries easily, at the cinema, or while she is in bed with a novel of frustrated and secret love, such as *Wuthering Heights*.

10 She has always been naturally secretive, but she now leaves all of her correspondence around openly for you to read. But once upon a time you inadvertently open one of her letters, and doesn't she make a terrific scene about it. "You do not trust me . . . well, then, you can read everything!" She throws heaps of letters before you. Her life is ultra open and above board. Still she meets the mail man first.

11 She has never taken any interest in bridge, motoring, polo, or golf, but suddenly she takes a terrifying interest in one or another of these, or in something equally as thrilling that keeps her away from home for long and protracted periods. Whatever it is, it is very evidently doing her a great deal of good: she is, in fact, a new woman, with a new flash in her eye, and a new bounce to her step.

12 She has always loved Mozart, Bach, and Strawinsky. Last night, however, you heard her playing Ravel, Schumann, *and* Chopin.

13 For a number of years she has not been interested in her appearance, but she suddenly has the hairdresser and the beauty salon completely change her over into another and different woman, decidedly much much gayer: she also becomes a furious participant of weight-reducing sports. In some elusive way, however, all this does not seem to be meant for you.

14 You are dumbfounded when out of Christmas or birthday season she makes you (upon your own money) an elaborate present. She has eased her conscience.

15 She has always been as healthy as a young horse, but she suddenly, in the early twenties, develops "heart attacks," accordingly you must be very careful with her, catering to her every whim; you must be especially cautious not to bring on another "attack" by an undue and unjust fit of jealousy. Your doctor is mystified, and advises Xray, which, mysteriously, is never quite taken. She suddenly sickens, really loses weight, and becomes nervous and irritable. Your business is pressing, and you cannot possibly go to Bermuda, but she does, and alone. Later your detective agency with branches all over the world will tell you that "he" went to Bermuda two weeks earlier, but with that girl from the now defunct *Scandals*. Your mistress was really ill, but her illness was the illness of desperation. There is no case; you take her back; she becomes well; and you both live happily ever after.

16 She hardly ever puts on a bold make-up, but today she came home with flaming overemphasis upon her lips and cheeks, and with a breezier, bravado manner, as well. If you look at her when you know that she does not think you are looking (mirror) you will see that she looks at you anxiously.

17 She has never been apparently jealous. She has been jealous at various times in the history of your family life, but she would rather have bitten out her tongue than admit it. Lately she has

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The Tall Coorter

When Big Jim returned from conquering the world it was a good thing Sheila was a nurse

by SEAN O'FAOLAIN

• FICTION •

If you went today into Ballindore Madhouse and asked for the matron you would meet a woman tall as a candle, dark-eyed, with a wide, merry laugh. She walks like Pride. Her nickname is The Coorter.

They gave her that name when she was a young probationer in the Madhouse because she alone, of all the nurses there, was willing to coort (or court, or flirt, or make love, or whatever bad or good meaning you like to put into the word by the way you say it), within the precincts of the House. All the other nurses, male and female, did their courting in the town whose turf-tang sometimes came to them on the wind from the clustered cabins a mile away. For though they might be, all of them, and mostly were, a bit soft in the head, from so long attending on people who were a small bit softer, they were none of them so daft as to think of marrying another like themselves—unless perhaps, when they were getting on in years, one pension might think of marrying another pension. But that was not courting, only sound common-sense.

The Coorter was tall, then as now, so very tall that she seemed to sway like bullrush; but she was strong, and when any man felt her waist in the crook of his arm it was firm as a bullrush pith. She had hair that was black as night and her eyes were like two holes burned in a blanket—she was tawny-skinned. Her mouth was wide and loose and it quivered like water under wind. Her name was Sheila Considine—as it still is, for she never married—and she came from a parish in East Galway where, if the truth were told, there are a great many people who should long since have been put into the grey, damp building where she has spent her life tending many like them.

Not that she would "coort" everybody, even in her flightiest days. The male for "coorter" in that Madhouse is "bruiser," but no "bruiser," except two men only, ever dared touch her. The first was Jim Motherway, an early flame, a six-footer from near her own townland: a fisherman's son, a Gaelic speaker, a wild colt with curls on his brow and two bright bull's eyes. He had been a bit too wild, however, and while she was still a bit of a girl he had left the place suddenly for America—it had something to do with a knifing affair in one of the town pubs and she had not heard from him for years after. Then she had flirted one summer with the young doctor who came as deputy for old Jollop-and-Wather, the Resident Medical Superintendent: after him she did a strong "line" with Mousey Murphy, the clerk of the stores, until, true to the traditions of the place, he jilted her for a midwife. Then came the years of The Troubles and with them her best and gayest days; that was when it was dangerous to as much as walk the roads, what with ambushes and Black and Tans firing wildly over the hedges, and the "boys" taking refuge in the asylum, and the nurses hiding them during raids. She knew everybody, then, and everybody said she was the pluckiest girl in the place, and it was like her to fall madly in love with a young Sinn Fein councillor who always stayed the night whenever there was a Board Meeting. She lost him, too: he was brought into the mortuary one day with a couple of .45's through the forehead.

After that she quietened down, content to do her courting with another attendant in the asylum—Frankie Leydon, a soft, quiet lad from the town, a millionaire every first of the month, all-in-all with his fellow-nurses, and a pauper, avoided by them and cursing them, to the next payday. When the "bruisers" saw them together they smiled mockingly. "That's the wild goat," they said, "spancelled to the tame goat." Or they said, "Milady must be near the end of her tether when she's taking up with Milord." Or they said, looking at the wrinkles around her mouth, "Ah, well—maybe she has her eye on his pension!"

During those years she and Frankie Leydon so arranged their duties that they were together at work, and together when they were free; though it was she who arranged it, because if he was too easy-going to arrange anything she liked it in him that he was gentle and quiet, not like the rest of them, and she was able to help him at his duties. He was not strong; he had the gentle blush of a consumptive; big bright eyes; febrile hands. She would sit beside him on the bench up in Ballarat—their name for the high open yard where the better-behaved lunatics took the air—and, ignoring the babbling and screaming and mad laughter around them, she would talk and talk, and he would listen.

Far away a little spire broke the emptiness of the rock-greyed plain: it wavered a little in the miasma of heat and distance. Farther still the peaks of the West Connaught ranges might be fogged with summer rain, always passing across them like steam. In the lulls of the gabbling about them, he would hear over the wall the houghing of a ploughman or the swish of his share, or the squawk of far-flown gulls. A boat like a speck on one of the lakes. Her voice, heard in snatches. He would have a newspaper spread on the ground between his feet, and a cigarette in his palm that dangled between his knees for fear Jollop-and-Wather should take them by surprise. One day she snatched the paper and let it fly with the spring wind. She laughed and chucked him under the chin. "Well, Frankie, you ould slowbags" she cried at him, "don't you agree with me?"

He had not heard what she said so he let his eyes rove slowly along the back-wall where on one vast bench a row of old women clicked their needles over socks whose tops were already yards long. A young woman rose from the bench, took one step forward and screamed with delight—"I'm Mary Molo-o-oney from half-way to Ballinro-o-be, Whoop, Ho-o-o-o!" Then stepping back like a soldier she sat down again: she had never been known to say anything else. Another ancient woman was striding up and down, saying in a low, sad voice, without rest, "The cake is baking, the cake is baking, the cake is baking. . . ."

"Aye, sure," he said.

"But amn't I right to go away?" she challenged.

He rubbed his palms together, painfully.

"Where did you say, this time?" he asked.

"London."

"To see the Queen?" he teased.

"Oh, God, I *am* right!" she started off again. "They'd get on anyone's nerves. There's not a man among 'em. Not a man. Is there one solitary man, I ask you, with a bit of go in him? One solitary soul in the place I can talk to but yourself?"

"Aye, sure," he said, with content.

"A lot of clod-hoppers!" She put on a whining voice and imitated their western drawl. "Waiting for their *bit of a pinsion.* Looking for *a nice little wife* in Ballindore—*with a little purseen*

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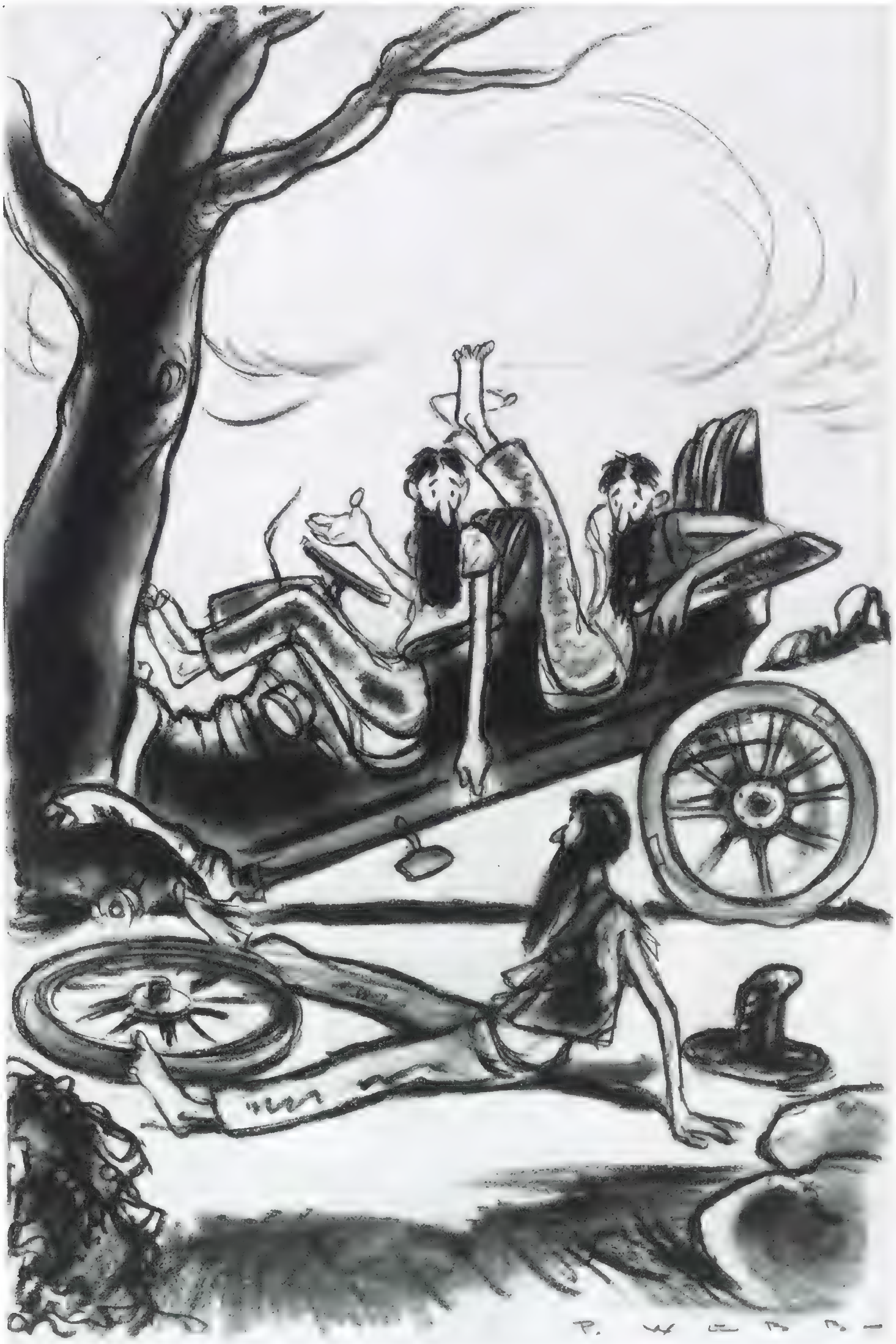
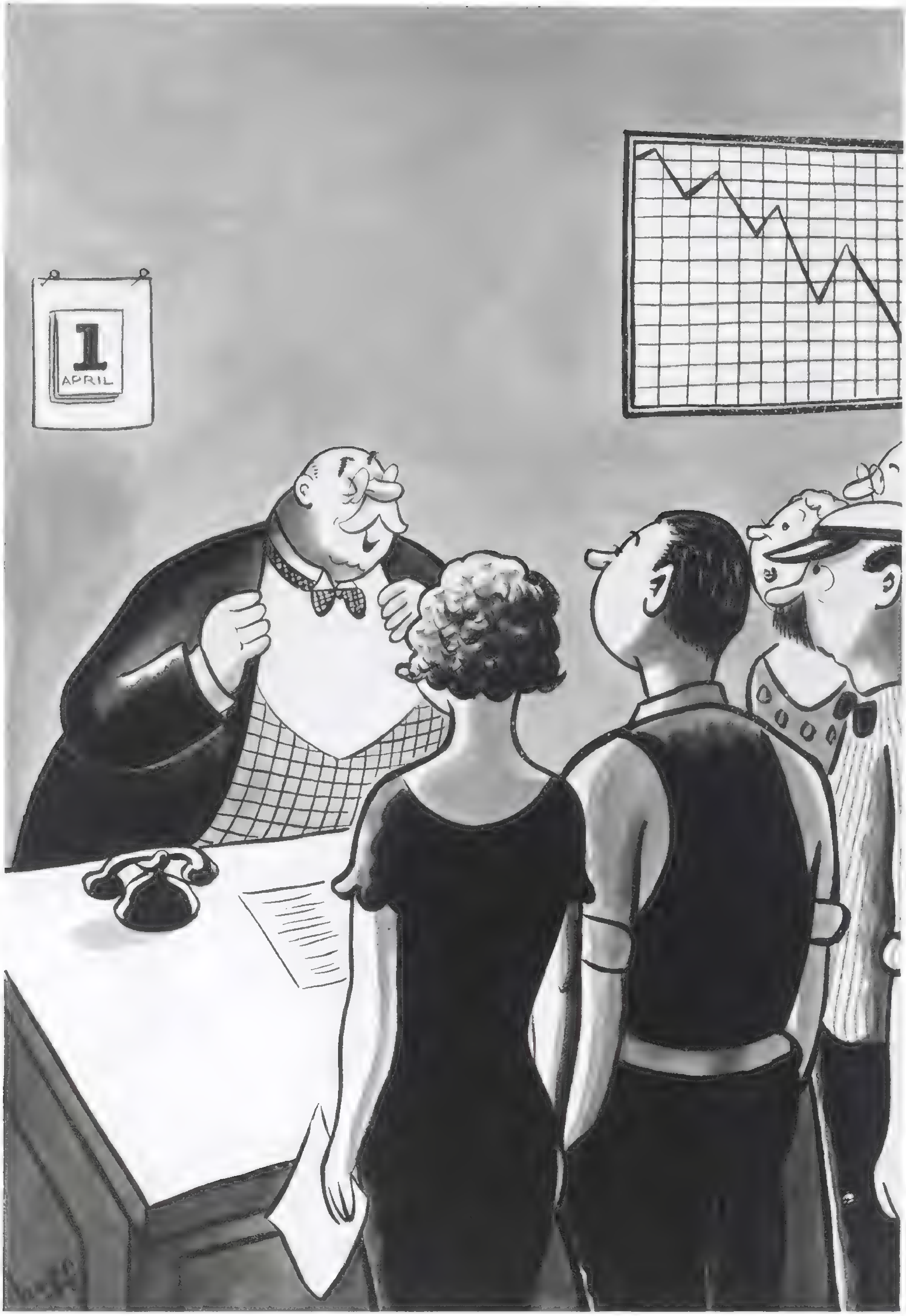


"I didn't know Paw fixed the brakes, Willy—shucks—I could stopped 'er hed I known thet"



"The Board of Directors has just voted a ten per cent raise in salary for everybody—April Fool!"

Handle with Care

Vivisection of a hardening soul by one who had no use for anaesthesia on himself

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• ARTICLE •

I HAVE spoken in these pages of how an exceptionally optimistic young man experienced a crack-up of all values, a crack-up that he scarcely knew of until long after it occurred. I told of the succeeding period of desolation and of the necessity of going on, but without benefit of Henley's familiar heroics, "my head is bloody but unbowed." For a check-up of my spiritual liabilities indicated that I had no particular head to be bowed or unbowed. Once I had had a heart but that was about all I was sure of.

This was at least a starting place out of the morass in which I floundered: "I felt—therefore I was." At one time or another there had been many people who had leaned on me, come to me in difficulties or written me from afar, believed implicitly in my advice and my attitude toward life. The dullest platitude monger or the most unscrupulous Rasputin who can influence the destinies of many people must have some individuality so the question became one of finding why and where I had changed, where was the leak through which, unknown to myself, my enthusiasm and my vitality had been steadily and prematurely trickling away.

One harassed and despairing night I packed a brief case and went off a thousand miles to think it over. I took a dollar room in a drab little town where I knew no one and sunk all the money I had with me in a stock of potted meat, crackers and apples. But don't let me suggest that the change from a rather overstuffed world to a comparative asceticism was any Research Magnificent—I only wanted absolute quiet to think out why I had developed a sad attitude toward sadness, a melancholy attitude toward melancholy and a tragic attitude toward tragedy—*why I had become identified with the objects of my horror or compassion.*

Does this seem a fine distinction? It isn't: identification such as this spells the death of accomplishment. It is something like this that keeps insane people from working. Lenin did not willingly endure the sufferings of his proletariat, nor Washington of his troops, nor Dickens of his London poor. And when Tolstoi tried some such merging of himself with the objects of his attention it was a fake and a failure. I mention these because they are the men best known to us all.

It was dangerous mist. When Wordsworth decided that "there had passed away a glory from the earth" he felt no compulsion to pass away with it, and the Fiery Particle Keats never ceased his struggle against T. B. nor in his last moments relinquished his hope of being among the English poets.

My self-immolation was something sodden-dark. It was very distinctly not modern—yet I saw it in others, saw it in a dozen men of honor and industry since the war. (I heard you, but that's too easy—there were Marxians among these men.) I had stood by while one famous contemporary of mine played with the idea of the Big Out for half a year; I had watched when another, equally eminent, spent months in an asylum unable to endure any contact with his fellow men. And of those who had give up and passed on I could list a score.

This led me to the idea that the ones who had survived had made some sort of clean break. This is a big word and is no parallel to a jail-break when one is probably headed for a new jail or will be forced back to the old one. The famous "Escape" or "run away from it all" is an excursion in a trap even if the trap includes the south seas, which are only for those who want to paint them or sail them. A clean break is something you cannot come back from; that is irretrievable because it makes the past cease to exist. So, since I could no longer fulfill the obligations that life had set for me or that I had set for myself, why not slay the empty shell who had been posturing at it for four years? I must continue to be a writer because that was my only way of life, but I would cease any attempts to be a person—to be kind, just or generous. There were plenty of counterfeit coins around that would pass instead of these and I knew where I could get them at a nickel on the dollar. In thirty-nine years an observant eye has learned to detect where the milk is watered and sugar is sanded, the rhinestone passed for diamond and the stucco for stone. There was to be no more giving of myself all giving was to be outlawed henceforth under a new name, and that name was Waste.

The decision made me rather exuberant like anything that is both real and new. As a sort of beginning there was a whole shaft of letters to be tipped into the waste basket when I went home, letters that wanted something for nothing—to read this man's manuscript, market this man's poem, speak free on the radio, indite notes of introduction, give this interview, help with the plot of this play, with this domestic situation, perform this act of thoughtfulness or charity.

The conjuror's hat was empty. To draw things out of it had long been a sort of sleight of hand, and now, to change the metaphor, I was off the dispensing end of the relief roll forever.

The heady villainous feeling continued.

I felt like the beady-eyed man I used to see on the commuting train from Great Neck fifteen years back—men who didn't care whether the world tumbled into chaos tomorrow if it spared their houses. I was one with them now, one with the smooth articles who said:

"I'm sorry but business is business."

Or:

"You ought to have thought of that before you got into this trouble."

Or:

"I'm not the person to see about that."

And a smile—ah, I would get me a smile. I'm still working on that smile. It is to combine the best qualities of a hotel manager, an experienced old social weasel, a headmaster on visitors' day, a colored elevator man, a pansy pulling a profile, a producer getting stuff at half its market value, a trained nurse coming on a new job, a body-vender in her first rotogravure, a hopeful extra swept near the camera, a ballet dancer with an infected toe, and of course the great beam of loving kindness common to all those from Washington to Beverly Hills who must exist by virtue of the contorted pan.

The voice too—I am working with a teacher on the voice. When I have perfected it the larynx will show no ring of conviction except the conviction of the person I am talking to. Since it will be largely called upon for the elicitation of the word "Yes," my teacher (a lawyer) and I are concentrating on that, but in extra hours. I am learning to bring into it that polite acerbity that makes people feel that far from being welcome they are not even tolerated and are under continual and scathing analysis at every moment. These times will of course not coincide with the smile. This will be reserved exclusively for those from whom I have nothing to gain, old worn out people or young struggling people; They won't mind—what the hell, they get it most of the time anyhow.

But enough. It is not a matter of levity. If you are young and you should write asking to see me and learn how to be a somber

Continued in center of page 202

In the Big Town

An older fellow finds the right way to teach a fresh punk the meaning of shame

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

• FICTION •

THE kids, who were throwing the ball to each other on the street that evening sometimes missed it and it rolled along the sidewalk past Chuck Millar, the big fellow, who was talking to Bill Maguire. Chuck, who was on his way home from work, had stopped the ball a few times with his foot and had kicked it back. But the last time he tried to kick it the ball glanced off his toe and rolled out on Seventh Avenue.

The one who had thrown the ball, a curly haired kid about eleven years old, yelled, "Why didn't you leave it alone? You don't have to chase it."

Chuck said lazily, "Don't get fresh, sonnie. Shut up."

"I don't have to shut up," the kid said.

"Go on and chase your ball. You'll lose it."

"You kicked it. Why don't you chase it?" the kid said.

"Who's the fresh kid, Chuck?" Maguire asked.

"I haven't seen him around here," Chuck said. He grinned, and wanting to have some fun he stamped his foot on the sidewalk as though he were leaping after the kid, and then he and Maguire laughed when the kid, ducking blindly, swerved out on the road.

Scowling and backing a little further away the kid yelled out suddenly, "Yeah . . . Annie." Then he shouted it louder, "Annie . . . Annie Millar."

Chuck's heart was beating unevenly when Maguire asked, "Why did he call you Annie?"

"I don't know," Chuck said, but when the curly haired kid had turned around Chuck had suddenly remembered his face from those days in the old town he had left three years ago. When he was very young some of the fellows at school had begun to call him Annie because once when he was walking home with some bigger boys and girls and they were passing under a chestnut tree he had looked up and seen the chestnuts hanging among the leaves and had cried out to one of the bigger girls, "Will you get me one, Annie?" The curly haired kid was far too young to remember why they had called Chuck "Annie"; he only knew that three years ago whenever a fellow Chuck's own age in the town wanted to get him sore he called him "Annie."

Going up to the kid slowly, Chuck said, "Do you want a kick in the pants, you little runt?"

"Kick him in the pants anyway for good luck," Maguire was calling.

The kid, crouching and looking sturdy, started to clench his fists just as Chuck shot out his hand and grabbed him by the collar. "You're not to get fresh around here, you understand? You're to shut your trap and keep it shut," Chuck said. He had no intention of hurting the kid; he simply wanted to scare him. But when the kid started flailing with his fists and then began to kick Chuck in the shins there was nothing for Chuck to do but slap him on the ear two or three times. Yet the kid never stopped yelling, "Annie . . . Annie . . . Annie Millar."

"Shut up, do you hear," Chuck was mumbling, and then all of a sudden he felt such a hatred of the town where he had grown up and where this kid had lived that he gave him a vicious slap on the head, a hard boot on the pants and a shove that sent him sprawling on the sidewalk.

Whimpering and screwing up his face in pain as he sprawled on the sidewalk the kid screamed, "Leave me alone . . . Annie." And when Chuck, grabbing him again by the collar, hauled him up on his feet and began to shake him, he yelled out wildly, "Everybody in Middletown knew what you and your people were like and they'll find out around here too." His collar was just about torn from his shirt, but he had a lot of courage, and even while Chuck held him by the throat he still spluttered till he got a hard slap on the mouth. Then he began to whimper and he was beaten and he limped away, sobbing, with his fists up to his eyes.

"I can't figure out why you're so sore," Maguire said to Chuck. "Why didn't you just give him a boot in the pants and let it go at that?"

"He's too damn fresh," Chuck said, and while he watched the kid limping away the cry, "They'll get wise to your people around here too," still was echoing within him. Then as he relaxed and tried to smile at Maguire he felt a terrible ache of sadness, for on that summer evening the row of houses, the grocery store on the other corner, all the street noises and the whole neighborhood seemed to belong to the happiest part of his life that he wanted to preserve and have grow day by day.

"What did he mean about Middletown?" Maguire asked.

"I can't figure it out at all," Chuck said. And when Maguire's silence made him feel awkward, he said, "So long, Bill. See you tonight at the cigar store."

At home Chuck's mother had his dinner on the table waiting for him. His father, who was sitting by the window with his reading glasses down at the end of his nose, usually ate his dinner before Chuck came home because he was a night watchman on a construction job and liked to sit around for a while reading the paper before he put on his coat and picked up his lunch pail and went out to work. Since they had moved to the city, from the time Chuck was sixteen till now when he was nineteen, he had become the head of the house. His mother and father admired the way he had worked hard selling automobile accessories, and they loved him and asked his advice about everything.

Chuck came in and sat down at the table and watched his father fuss with the paper and move his finger slowly down the column as he read it, and as he looked a long time at his mother who was moving slowly back and forth from the table to the kitchen, he wanted to blurt out, "Why did you let everybody have such an opinion of you in Middletown? I want to talk about it." Yet his mother and father looked so contented and it was so peaceful in their home that evening that he couldn't bear to mention it.

He was eating his dinner when they heard someone knocking on the door. His mother opened the door and the tall, grim faced woman who was there, said crisply, "How do you do, Mrs. Millar." She was holding the curly haired kid firmly by the shoulder. His eyes were smeared with dirt and his bare scratched shoulder showed where his shirt had been torn away from his collar.

Mrs. Millar's face was full of alarm as she said, "Good evening, Mrs. Hertzenhorn. What's the matter with Sammie?"

With her bright, angry eyes Mrs. Hertzenhorn stared straight across the room at Mr. Millar, who was taking off his glasses hastily and getting them caught on one ear as he stood up to speak to her. "Glad you dropped in, Mrs. Hertzenhorn," he was saying. The woman, looking away in contempt, didn't bother speaking to him.

In that crisp, sarcastic tone Mrs. Hertzenhorn said, "I just wanted to show you that my big, hulking son, Sammie, was fighting with your little boy, Charlie. Take a look." She thrust Sammie out at arm's length and made him feel cheap and like a child because they all stared at him. With a mean and heavy irony she said, "And Sammie has come to apologize for beating Charlie, Mrs. Millar."

In her bewilderment Mrs. Millar turned to Chuck, who wouldn't look at her nor get up from the table. Her eyes began to show how astonished and hurt she was and how helpless she felt. The sullen anger that was beginning to show so strongly in her son's face amazed her, and she said timidly, "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Hertzenhorn. I don't know what happened. It's a shame that your first visit to us had to be like this."

"Now just a minute," Mr. Millar said stubbornly. "Maybe Chuck wants to have his say about this." Standing uneasily to one side he had accepted fully the fact that the woman hadn't spoken to him. As he rubbed the stubble on his cheek he seemed to be trying to grasp why he should be thrust suddenly face to face in such a challenging way with a woman who belonged to the part of his life that he wanted to forget.

"Ask your own bully of a son about it. I just wanted you to see Sammie," Mrs. Hertzenhorn said. "Now you've seen him we'll go. Come on, son." She waved her hand in an easy gesture of contempt for the Millar family. "I just wanted you to see your son's handiwork," she said, and she jerked at Sammie's arm to make him follow her.

Sammie was big enough to resent the way he was being exhibited, so he kept his head down, and when he went out with his mother he pulled his arm away quite indignantly.

With her hands up to her head Mrs. Millar cried, "Oh, dear me, oh, dear me, why did this have to happen to shame us? The first time that woman comes near us she has a chance to come like this and just when everything was going so well. Son, tell me what happened."

"Sammie was playing catch on the street and I booted his ball back to him and because it didn't go straight he called me 'Annie,' so I kicked him in the pants and then he yelled that people would get wise to us around here like they did in Middletown."

"Oh, they will, will they?" Mr. Millar said aggressively.

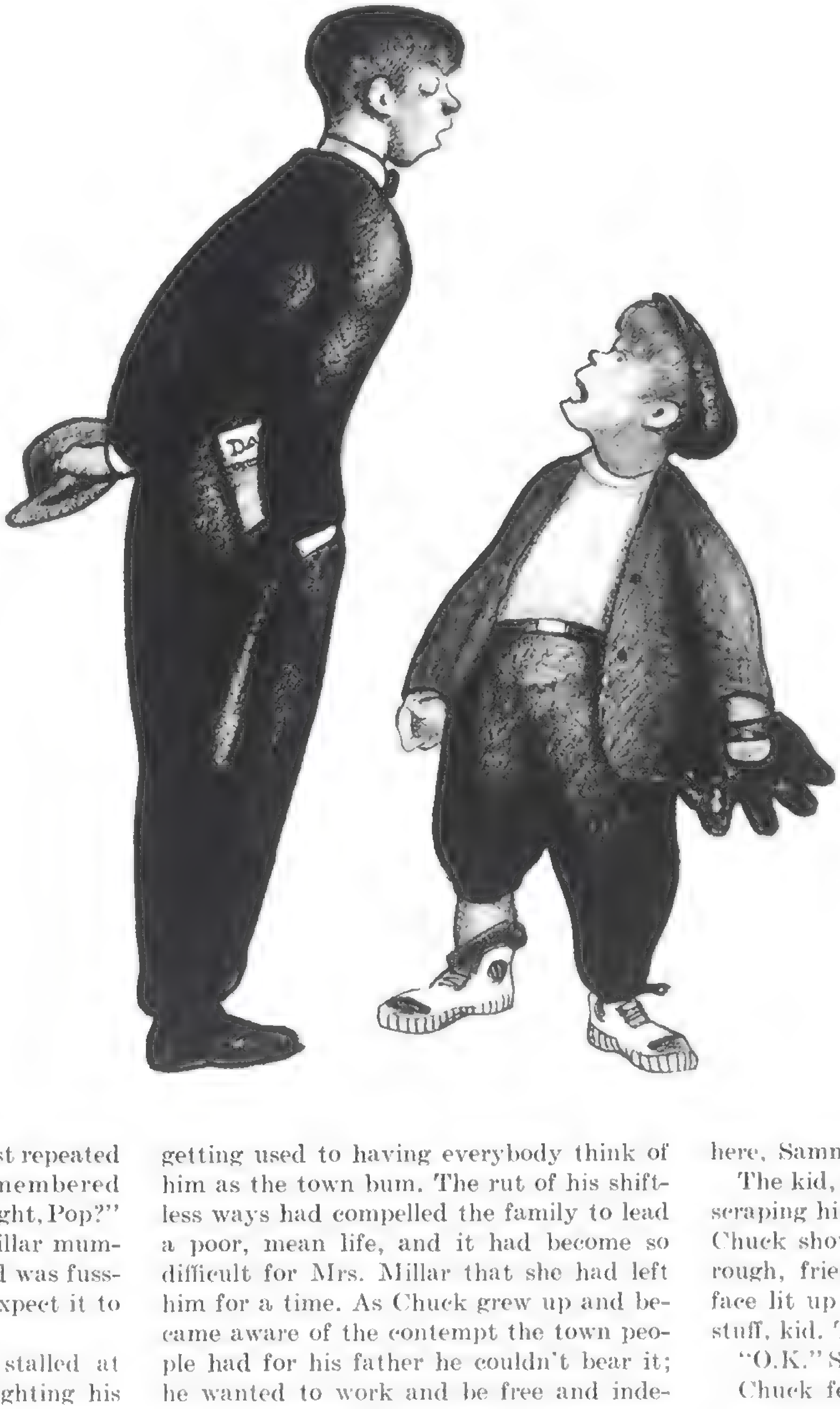
"You shouldn't have minded that, son," Mrs. Millar said.

"I never could stand those Hertzenhorns and that woman with her mouth almighty," Mr. Millar was shouting.

In a soft, pleading tone Mrs. Millar said, "Go on to work, Pop," and her husband knew she was warning him not to enrage Chuck. Sitting down and folding her hands in her lap the mother said, "Sammie didn't mean anything, son. He just repeated something he might have remembered hearing someone say. Isn't that right, Pop?"

"I guess that's right," Mr. Millar mumbled. He had put on his coat and was fussing with his hat as if he didn't expect it to fit him.

For a little while longer he stalled at the door, having a hard time lighting his pipe, then he muttered, "Your mother's right. Maybe there's no use bothering about it, Chuck." Looking up suddenly with a half ashamed smile, he said, "I kind of think that woman was really putting the finger on me when she came around here." Then his face was full of a shy apology that could not be spoken because he hardly understood it himself.



"Now, Pop, that woman didn't say anything to you at all," Mrs. Millar said.

"I know, but she made sure I was here."

"You'll be late, Pop."

"So long, son."

"So long, Pop," Chuck said, feeling that his father, who was hesitating humbly was really saying with his half closed eyes, "I gave your mother a lot of trouble in my time. A lot of people haven't had much use for me." Then he waved his hand and went out to his work and they listened till they heard the last of his footsteps.

"I hope this didn't keep him late," Mrs. Millar said, and she turned away slowly from her son, for she knew he was trying to recall their life in the town during the years when he had been growing; his father had become a lazy idler around the town hotel doing odd jobs for the price of a drink and getting used to having everybody think of him as the town bum. The rut of his shiftless ways had compelled the family to lead a poor, mean life, and it had become so difficult for Mrs. Millar that she had left him for a time. As Chuck grew up and became aware of the contempt the town people had for his father he couldn't bear it; he wanted to work and be free and independent; he had kept begging his mother and father to move away from the town.

While his mother was sitting there turned away from him, waiting patiently for him to express his resentment, he thought suddenly, "What the hell. I'm not a kid. I'll never mention it to them," and getting up he said jerkily, "I'm not hungry. I'm going down to the corner to get a paper."

On the way down to the corner he saw Sammie, the curly haired kid, leaning against the newsstand, trying to listen in on the conversation of three big fellows, who had just come up from the subway; they were three big, hard, confident city fellows, Eddie Cummings, Pat Costello, and the big Italian, Tony Canzano, who was an amateur boxer. While the three fellows argued about fighters, the curly haired kid, edging closer, listened eagerly, wishing he were bigger and that they knew him, wishing that at least he had long pants on. He had washed his face and combed his hair and he had a clean shirt on.

The closer Chuck got to the kid the more he hated him. He hated his shining snub nosed face, and he cried out within himself, "Why did the little runt have to move in around here? He'll go shouting around the neighborhood."

Looking up, the kid realized that Chuck was close to him, and with his head averted he began to edge away, terribly ashamed of the way his mother had dragged him to the Millar place and exhibited him like a helpless little boy.

Chuck saw the look of shame on the kid's face and he began to feel terribly eager, but Tony Canzano was calling, "Heh, Chuck, come here. What are you doing tonight?"

Chuck said, "Wait a minute."

The kid, hearing the big guys calling and seeing them waiting for Chuck to join them, started to shuffle away, but he could not help looking back once shyly, for he was full of disappointment.

"Heh, kid," Chuck called, hiding his own eagerness in the way he made his voice sound contemptuous. Going up to the kid, he said softly, "Listen, kid, I knew you were a fresh punk, but I thought you had some guts for your size."

"Aw, I didn't want my old lady to haul me into your place."

"You got to be a lot tougher than that around here, Sammie," Chuck said.

The kid, who would not look up, went on scraping his foot on the ground. But when Chuck shot out his hand and gave him a rough, friendly push on the shoulder his face lit up eagerly. "You've got plenty of stuff, kid. Take care of it." Chuck said.

"O.K." Sammie said, looking very pleased.

Chuck felt almost weak with relief. As he turned and looked up Seventh Avenue at the way the lights were gleaming on the windows of the towers it was like looking over a great city he knew had become his own and in which Sammie and his people were lost, or unimportant. "Gees, it's a big town," he thought, and he swaggered with joy as he went over to his friends who were waiting for him. ##

Some Like It Hot...

There's no smoke but lots of fire when the man who plays the slide trombone takes off

by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

▪ ARTICLE ▪

A CONNOISSEUR of hot jazz, president of a recently formed organization known as the United Hot Clubs of America, was in Chicago to run some swing music into the hot groove for the English and Continental record trade. The chances are if you're in the right town, no matter how large, you can find a hot musician though his name be as obscure to the public as that of Peck Kelley, the Texas pianist plugged by Jack Teagarden. Aware of this, he questioned a negro musician of Chicago's south side. Did he remember Meade Lux Lewis who recorded *Honky-Tonk Train Blues* about eight years ago? The musician said, Did he remember?—Lewis was his best friend!

Meade Lux Lewis was at work in a garage, directing the full play of a hose on a slightly dusty car. Yes, he said, he worked there, and, no, he had to admit, he hadn't played *Honky-Tonk Train Blues* in seven or eight years. He'd try a hand at it—two hands—if that was what was wanted. It was. And that was how *Honky-Tonk Train Blues* happened to be re-recorded lately.

Perhaps the most amazing case of rediscovery has to do with Sidney Bechet, the New Orleans negro whose talent on reeds had become something of a legend, due to the limited number of records on which he played. Bechet had received considerable attention in the hot journals of England, France, and Belgium. He was known as the man who had shown some things about reeds to Shields (Dixieland) and Rapollo (New Orleans Rhythm Kings). He was known even better as having conquered the continent playing clarinet with Jim Europe's fabulous agglomeration of American negro musicians. He had been mentioned, readers will recall in these columns. Nevertheless, Bechet was making a modest living in Harlem not as an expert on reeds but as a tailor!

One day a friend called at his flat. A little black and white kitten that knew the taste of Creole gumbo was doing a flying trapeze act on the portieres. Bechet seemed worried. "I've got to find a home for this kitten," he said; "I'm going on the road with Noble Sissle." That was something of a surprise, the visitor observed, since not long ago the primary concern seemed to be the last instalment on a soprano saxophone. What had happened? "I used to work with Noble," Bechet said, "and this boy who owned the sax was in the band; I wrote Noble about it and he said he had been wanting to get in touch with me."

More interesting than the re-discovery of individual talent is the continual discovery of talent in name bands, known in trade circles as "popular orks." The field is so wide that it would be impossible to list all of the promising material. In this search every hot musician is a scout and every name band a fertile field, whether it be acting well-behaved on a "pop" tune or serving up corn-on-the-cob with a pre-war label.

There is less professional jealousy here than in any other field. For instance, Jack Teagarden of Whiteman's band has more trombonic proteges than you could shake a baton at. Carl Kress and Dick McDonough who are often featured on radio programs, not only record hot guitar duets but are close friends. The only difference of opinion they had was ironed out when they found that they were *both* right. It concerned a Whiteman record of Cole Porter tunes which had, originally, a reference to Huey Long. Dick claimed he had made the "date" and proceeded to show how he had chorded it. Carl Kress then took up the guitar and said, no, that he had made the "date" and this was how it was spliced. They phoned the Whiteman office and learned that they had both made the "date." One was called in on the first "take" that, due to references to the Kingfish—something about picturing Louisiana without him—was discarded after the death of Huey Long. The other was called in to make the record finally released.

The search for hot talent that goes on continuously has no ulterior motive. Musicians no longer make enough from recordings to feel competitive about it. What they are interested in is playing with gents who know their way to town and have a reason for going there. This explains, alike, their reverence for the sincere talent of a Bix or a Joe Oliver, and their eagerness to listen to new men. Some of them are not averse to listening to the *Suite from Pulcinella* and agreeing, when M. Falcone swings out in the *Duetto*, that that's a jazz trombone. Maurice Van Praag, personnel manager of the Philharmonic, agrees that it's jazz trombone phrasing and confirms that it's played precisely as Stravinsky scored it. The beautiful tone and the rhythmic felicity, however, are the accomplishments of M. Falcone. These are accomplishments that every jazz trombonist will admire. from Buck Weaver of the renowned Georgians to Jack Lacy of Benny Goodman's band. The man who plays the slide trombone has, however, to cultivate an additional talent to play *hot*. He must be capable of creating his own "variations on theme," knowing that the art lovers will cry "corn" if he assumes merely to play tag with the melody. For the seasoned player this requires no effort but is a natural and uninhibited tendency. What else could have induced Tom Dorsey, night after night, to drive to New York from Glen Island Casino (Dorsey Brothers Orchestra) merely to sit in with the boys at the Onyx Club where the patrons wanted the stuff off the griddle and not, as it were, *souffle*.

The peak of the carousal incognito is of course the record date. Here there is no color line and you are tops whether you play in the Rainbow Room of Radio City or in a cellar in the Bronx. That is, if you play *hot*. Add to this set-up a bit of swingage folk music instead of a "pop" tune and the boys have already forgotten that the scene is a prosaic recording studio where the control man is apt to tell them to "quit building a house," and the hour is about noon, tantamount to grayest dawn for a musician. The urge to swing is, as the French critics express it, terrific. The "take" light flashes on and the cast of characters for *Apologies* and *Sendin' The Vipers* (Mezz Mesirow's band, Victor 25019) goes into action.

Mezz, an old Chicagoan*, has credit for this record band but the baton is absent, Mesirow preferring a clarinet. He sits in

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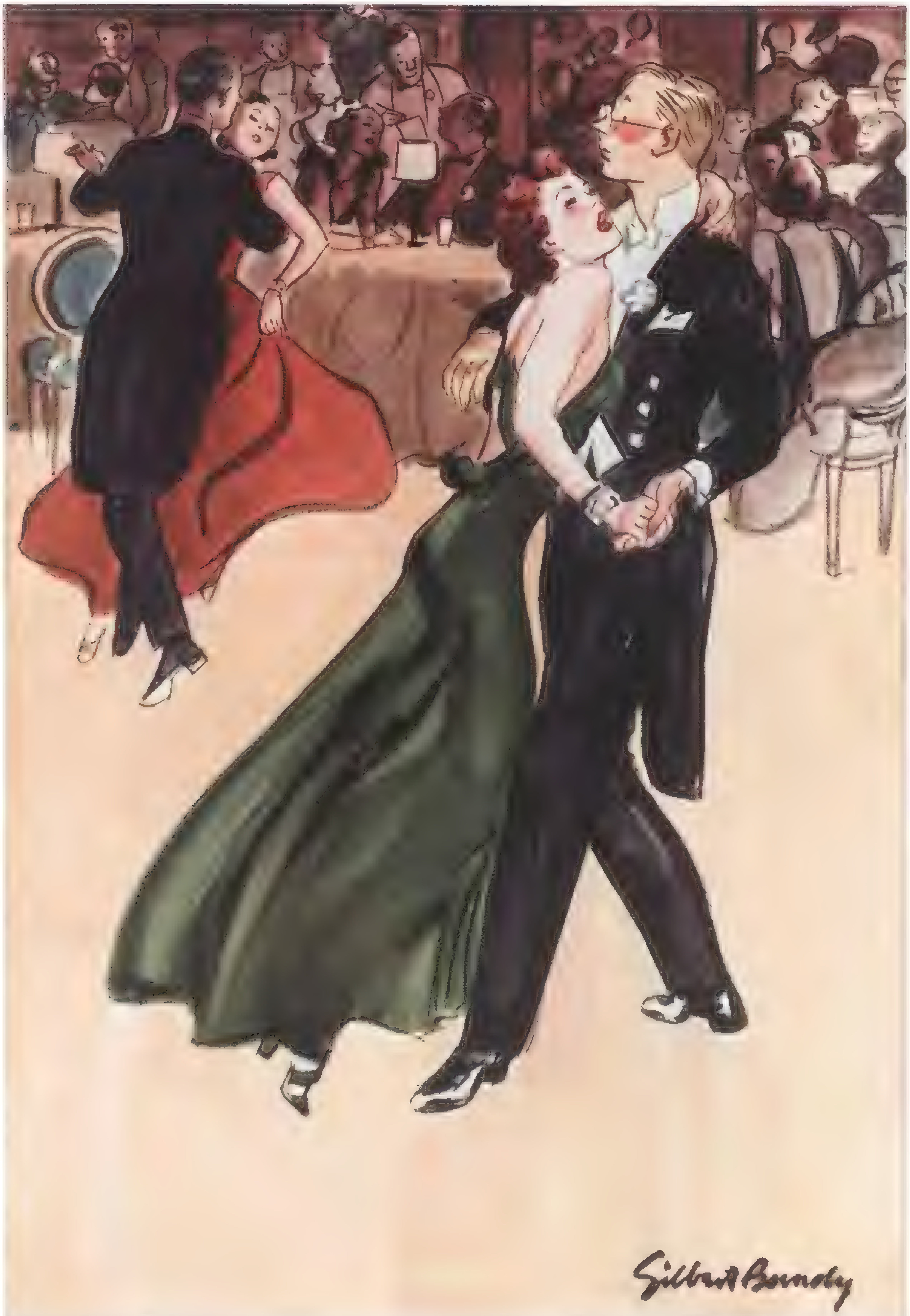
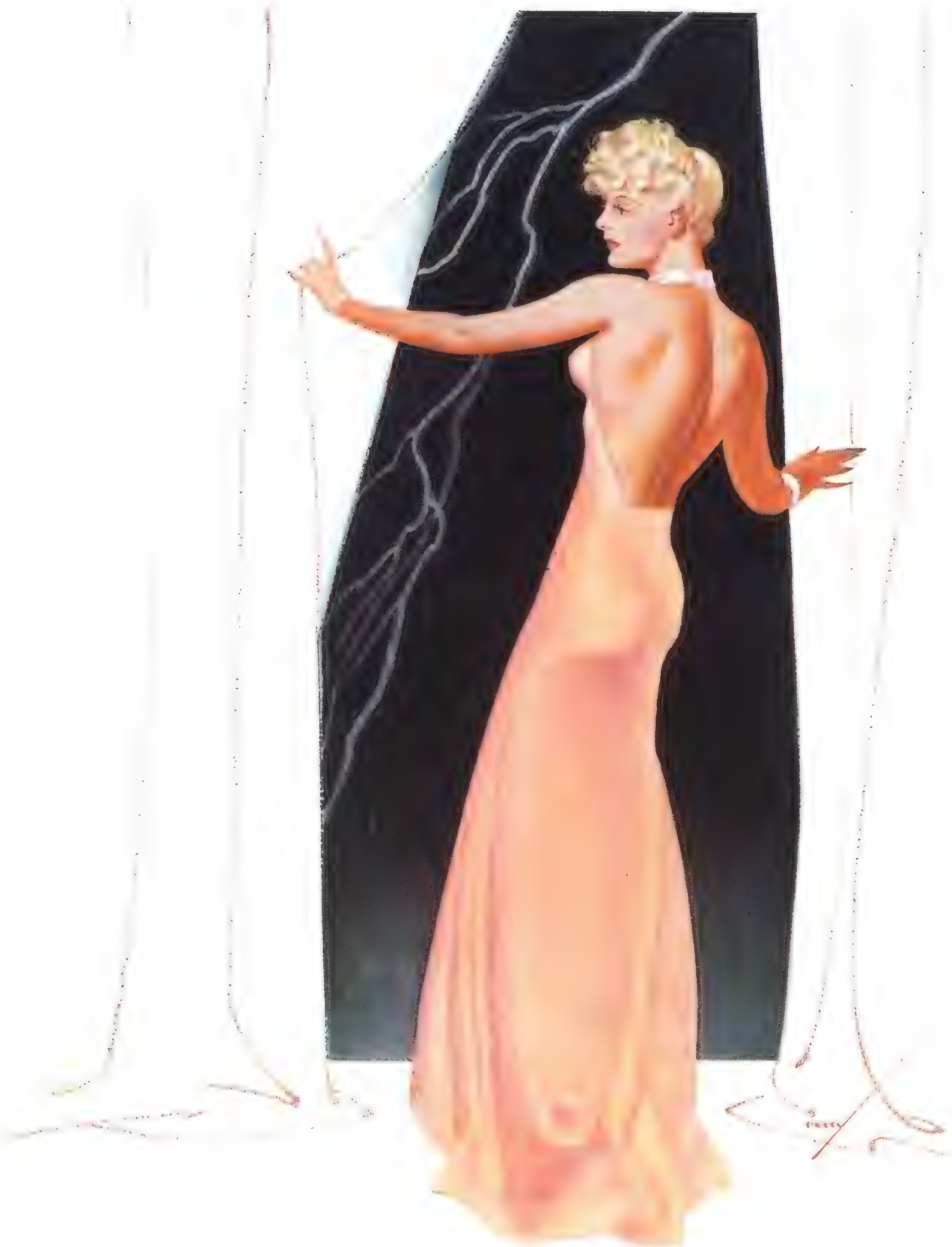
*CHICAGOAN: Specifically, one who was in the record band, Condon & McKenzie's Chicagoans or Chicago Rhythm Kings. More generally, one who plays "Chicago" style, or a band playing this style. True Chicago style derives from the Dixieland style of New Orleans, modified by others. Red McKenzie tells this story of its origin. Some Chicago boys divulged their opinion that the hot output was getting to be all smoke and no heat. Asked what they themselves were capable of they admitted they could swing a bit. Seeing that they were inflamed with the true zeal, Condon & McKenzie got them together on a few record dates. Teschmaker, Lanigan, Spanier, Krupa, Sullivan, Freeman, MacPartland, come readily to mind and these, plus a few others, constituted the "Chicagoans." Red McKenzie paused on his way to a recording studio to talk of the Mound City Blue Blowers (which he had led) and other historic bands. Complimented on his own part in making jazz history Red said, "I don't know how important that is but there's a guy living over there in that hotel"—this was on upper Seventh Avenue, in the Fifties—"who's done a lot for jazz. I mean Eddie Condon."


Gilbert Bundy

"Tell me I'm not playing with fire, Harold"



"Thanks for the hospitality, Mr. Grover, but I don't mind going home in the rain"

Mysterious Cosmic Rays

In the stratosphere, or miles undersea, science couldn't get away from them, or catch them

by GEORGE W. GRAY

ARTICLE

The electroscopes began it. They wouldn't behave—or perhaps they couldn't. It became necessary to find out what was ailing them, or whether an electroscope was really the sober law-abiding trustee and holder of electricity it was supposed to be, or something else quite different. Out of such detective work a new presence was discovered, a strange, invisible, but superlatively active demon of energy—the ubiquitous cosmic ray.

Ubiquitous, says my dictionary, means "everywhere present." That describes cosmic rays. They beat upon the Earth from every direction. Nothing is exempt from their toll. No creature is immune to their prying darts. While you have been reading these paragraphs several hundred cosmic rays have plowed through your body.

Metals are hammered into atomic eruption by their impacts, and what may happen to the lighter atoms of flesh and blood we can only surmise. Cosmic rays may be benefactors, the aiders and abettors of life, or they may be destroyers, the insidious enemy of all that breathe, or they may be of no biological consequence—we do not know. The speculation, however, gives to the mysterious radiation a temptingly personal aspect. It provides for our table-talk a new and tantalizing *if*. Instead of blaming our tempers and other idiosyncrasies on the heat or the humidity or the depression, we may find in the cosmic rays a new alibi. Possibly evolution is speeded by the incessant bombardment. The idiot may be the casualty of some cosmic-ray collision with the living atoms of heredity—and similarly the genius may be the accidental outcome of a more fortunate mutilation. It has even been suggested by one authority that the crust of the Earth may be the product of the cosmic-ray's battering of primeval metals—a theory which would give to the radiation a primary place in the moulding of worlds and therefore of planetary features, including man.

You may wonder that this bombardment could go on for untold ages, and only yesterday be discovered. Our knowledge of cosmic rays is a thing of the 20th century; it dates back hardly twenty-five years; and, as I have said, the electroscopes began it.

A cat's back is a familiar form of electroscope. Stroke its fur and you charge it with electricity. The hairs of the fur stand on end with the charge, but bring the tip of your finger near, there is a sudden crackling and the flash of a spark as the load passes off and is dissipated, while the erect hairs settle down. But cats are temperamental, and for reliable laboratory service the pioneer electricians invented the gold-leaf electroscope. Here a thin piece of gold-foil substitutes for the fur, and when charged stands out from its insulated support, erect and bristling with electrical potential.

It was this gold-leaf electroscope that the early explorers of radium turned to as an aid to their researches. Radium is perpetually shooting out its gamma rays; these rays smash the air particles they collide with, thus electrifying the particles and causing them to flow to the gold-leaf and discharge it. The radiologists found that the time required for the gold-leaf to settle down was an index to the intensity of the radium rays.

But was it a precise indicator? If they could be sure that the discharge was due solely to the electrical particles actuated by the radium, and that no other influence was affecting the apparatus, then they could rate the intensity of the bombardment directly in terms of the behavior of the gold-leaf.

So tests were made. An electroscope was completely insulated, and isolated from all known sources of electrification. Then it was charged. Theoretically, it ought to hold that charge indefinitely. But after a few days the gold-leaf began to droop, and eventually its charge had disappeared. Trial after trial demonstrated that no amount of insulation or isolation would stop this strange loss. It was called "the natural leakage," and physicists were able to compute its magnitude and allow for it. But computing an unknown does not explain it, and many were the speculations on this odd behavior.

A favorite theory attributed the natural leakage to the natural radioactivity of the Earth. The rocks and soil possess their small quota of radium and other radioactive metals, even the air carries finely attenuated amounts of radon gas, and the radiations given off by the exploding atoms of these elements might account for the leak. But three inches of lead will stop the most powerful known gamma ray; so an electroscope was sheathed in leaden plates several inches thick, in addition to the protection of its insulation. The leakage was slowed down somewhat, but it continued as before. A group of Canadian experimenters sledded an electroscope far out onto the frozen surface of Lake Ontario. Six feet of water will stop all radium rays; here the thickness of water and ice was several hundred feet, but this unusual protection did not avail. The charged gold-leaf slowly settled down.

How high up in the air could this strange influence reach? Father Theodore Wulf, a Jesuit priest in Paris, carried an electroscope to the top of the Eiffel Tower and found that it continued to discharge at that height, 984 feet. Then, in Switzerland, A. Gockel loaded an electroscope into the basket of a balloon and found that at the three-mile level the gold-leaf still leaked. Certain observations prompted him to suggest that the effect might be expected to increase with altitude.

Stimulated by these experiments, the German physicist V. F. Hess engaged a larger balloon and attained a higher altitude. And Hess came down with an amazing report of fulfillment of Gockel's prediction. Not only did the electroscope continue to discharge at the ceiling of his flight, but the discharge steadily increased as he went up. Hess concluded that the invisible influence "enters our atmosphere from above."

These reports were disquieting to the custodians of knowledge. Many doubted the accuracy of the experiments. Another German, W. Kohlhörster, determined to make a definitive test. He procured a very large balloon, installed an extremely sensitive electroscope, and ascended to a height of nearly six miles. His more precise measurement over a much longer range of altitude completely confirmed Hess's result. There could be no doubt about it: the higher the balloon rose, the more rapidly did the charge on the electroscope ooze away.

The World War arrived shortly after these events, and further investigation was set aside by the more insistent demands of the Great Madness. Perhaps if any of the military minds had been aware of the tremendous energies resident in cosmic rays, they might have been captivated by the possibility of harnessing the rays for war purposes, and research might have advanced still farther. For while the total amount of heat brought to the Earth by cosmic rays is less than that of starlight, the energy of the individual ray is unbelievably great. Thus, when a cannon ball is moving at its greatest velocity, the energy of its motion averages less than one electron-volt per atom—but cosmic-ray encounters recently photographed show that some of the rays are endowed with energies of ten thousand million electron-volts and more. Imagine cosmic rays concentrated into a beam!

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MAN RAY, PARIS

ANTHEIL: A MAN RAY VIEW OF A MANY SIDED JACK OF ARTS

He's thirty-five now, who was *l'enfant terrible* of modern music at twenty-two; who has known everybody from Joyce, James to Joyce, Peggy; lived everywhere and done everything; had four different ballet premières last season and three films, two of them by Hecht and MacArthur; has written two operas and is writing a third, has an eye on the opera-movie form next; has appeared all over Europe as a concert pianist; haunts shooting galleries and plays poker with reporters in police stations; lives in the Fifties just off Fifth; is sufficient psychologist to convince Miriam Hopkins that he is a phenomenal fortune teller; now brings to these pages his most consistently fascinating hobby, the parlor-bedroom-and-bath sport of amateur endocrinology.

Glands on a Hobby Horse

Some day glandular adjustments may remake man in the superman's image and meanwhile glands make a hobby

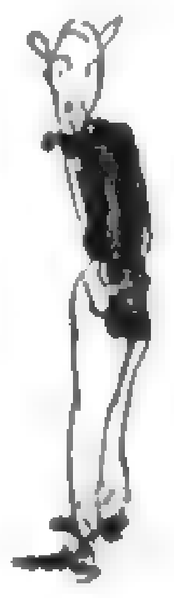
by GEORGE ANTHEIL

• ARTICLE •

I HAVE a glandular hobby. I hope that no one will misunderstand and file me back into that cabinet containing the *dossiers* of young men who just having had their first long and soulful look into the glandular facts of life say "Oh boy *am* I going to make a hobby of this!" The glands whereof I speak are the endocrine ones—not the prostate especially, but rather those special ones which make our hair kinky or make it straight, which give us a horsey or a boney face, or with better luck an oval handsome one, or any one of a hundred other instantly recognizable features of an over or under-functioning glandular system. If you have hair upon your chest, the chances are that your are an adrenal-centric, but if you have no hair upon your chest but plenty upon your legs, it might well mean that you are a good pituitary. Some one or two glands of your body have swung over your body chemistry to a special glandular emphasis, typing you as surely as a fingerprint. If your hair is straight and not curly, you may well have an adrenal deficiency which means that you do not get mad fast enough, and you will not poke back fast enough if someone takes a poke at you. Likewise if and when you do get sore, be it an hour or a day, you will then be murderous. Kinky Hair, on the other hand, will get over his anger quickly; his anger is balanced and normal. If the young lady with whom you are dining tonight dyes her hair red, curls it, talks baby talk, and has bright hyperthyroid eyes and a beautiful symmetrical body in the bargain, watch out, particularly if she is your mistress. She is a thorough capable and dangerous gland-type masquerading as a harmless one, and you will live to rue the day you met her. Her wide open eyes are particularly wide open to your weaknesses.

If I am sitting with Mr. John Smith and feel an overpowering irresistible desire to paste him one upon the beezer, I will invariably first cast a swift glance at his hair, and if possible his skin. I am not in the pugnacious habit of taking a swing at desultory acquaintances, but nowadays, whenever an important point is to be decided I unconsciously take in the general endocrine situation. This is not only my pleasure and my hobby, but upon many an occasion it has proved useful. If Mr. John Smith had had kinky hair, for instance, I would be more than ever sure to lead with my left, for no matter how little he expected it, John Smith will come back at me with that marvelously coordinated lightning-speed-quick-anger of the adrenal centered person, for instantly, before my swing is even half finished, there will pour into his bloodstream minute quantities of the same kind of juice as the juice which arches a cat's back and sets her every hair on end the instant she sees a dog. If I am not very fast and very careful his return swipe at me will land me into the middle of my luncheon engagements next week.

Sometimes I go with Louis to prize fights or burlesque shows, or we just sit at the little French café in the bottom of the Hotel St. Moritz. Louis is one of the world's greatest endocrine authorities, and an old pal from the Berlin inflation days of 1922. Many a time, in those days, have we taken out Strawinsky, or James Joyce and others to dinner and put them through the works—an endocrine analysis little known to them. But nowadays we just sit around watching people, I as an amateur and Louis as final authority, trying to call our shots from a distance, and checking up upon more immediate acquaintance or later information. We will walk into Madison Square Garden and sit down at a fight. Both Louis and I lead too busy lives to keep *au courant* of the fight game, so naturally we don't know X from Z. We don't know the set up, but Louis will lean over to me and say "If the fellow in the red pants doesn't score a knockout in the second round Black Pants will knock him out in the third." Then I look the boys over with high powered little binoculars and see that Red pants has kinky hair but that he also has freckles, a sure sign that he has had some permanent or transitory adrenal inadequacy or catastrophy in the past, and my discovery of the freckles in combination with other points about his skin (notably a certain flabbiness at the armpits and other points where the skin folds) tell me surer than fate that if Red Pants is going to win this fight, he'd better do so in a hurry, for he will have no second wind. Black Pants is a fine thyroid-pituitary; his skeleton structure balances nicely, his muscles are the sleek thyroid horsey kind, and he will still be fresh in the eighth round and hitting harder than in the first. In other words when his speedometer registers over sixty, his carburetor taps another energy feedline and redoubles his speed. Subsequent events prove the truth of Louis's prediction—Red Pants is K.O.ed in the third.



We go to the revues too, for there is nothing Louis likes so much as a balanced and swaying line of chorus beauties. To him they represent a kind of glandular perfection. Robust, active, straight-nosed, high-bridged, rather "poppy" eyes that are "big" and brilliant, pearly translucent enameled teeth, and superbly perfect symmetrical bodies, they are also sexually well articulated hyperthyroid females, which means that they are just a little bit more susceptible than other women; it also means, as a matter of fact, that one often finds among them the most sexually vicious and interesting of the dangerous sex. Nevertheless, let me add hastily, the adrenal, pituitary and even thymocentric women have their points and a good frizzy haired tawny skinned adrenal often makes up by easy-starting ability for whatever she may lack in staying power over the stretch.

In connection with the arts, if one happens to be a composer, the endocrine glands fascinate not only because their study forms a useful approach to almost every human being, but principally because Louis claims that through the treatment and manipulation of the endocrine glands we shall some day soon be able to produce genius by synthesis. In fact, granted the material of an initial healthy birth, the child's glandular balances can be developed from the first pineal and thymus stages to any particular type or mixture of types. I, an "endocrine amateur," see no reason why this should not be possible. Almost all of our great statesmen are splendid pituitaries of some kind or another, and there is certainly a strong infiltration of thymus into the glandular personalities of each one of our living geniuses. Likewise recent investigations and statistics show us that Sing-Sing is full of thymocentrics whose thymuses have hogged the picture of their chemical personalities; Sing-Sing as a matter of fact, if one will except a few angry quick-shooting-second-degree-murder thugs, is almost a thymus capitol. Push a genius a little further up the thymus alley, take away his other glandular "compensations," and you have a crook. Little slips like this deter us for the moment from taking away the Privilege of God, but it is eventually inevitable that

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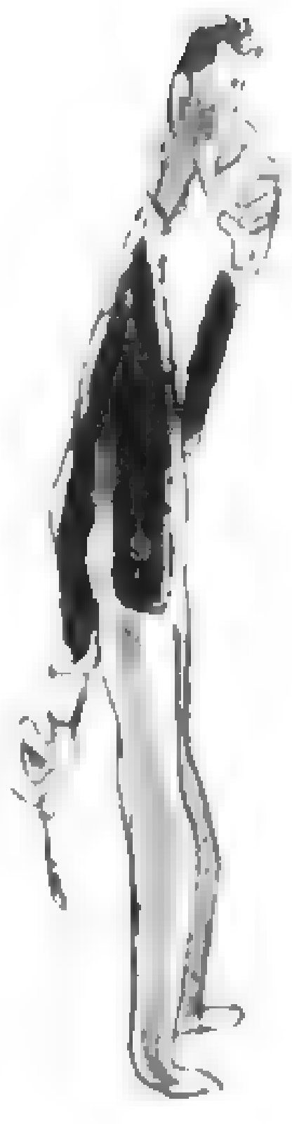
Interlude, Macdougal Alley

In the manner of sophisticated maidens whose pet exhibition is their utter lack of inhibition

by AMRAM SCHEINFELD

• SATIRE •

"THE door opened and there stood a young goddess holding a smoked whitefish . . ."



That was how Pomeroy Warpole described it later.

He was at work in his studio in Macdougal Alley. Macdougal Alley, to anyone who knows his New York, is the one-block streetlet back of Mrs. Whitney's pink museum, near Washington Square. It is paved with cobblestones and lined with little one and two-story studios which fifty years ago housed some of the most cultured carriage horses in New York. Now it is tenanted by serious-minded arty people, (disregarding the man who beat up a blonde in a tragic early-morning fight last year) and among the most serious of them is Pomeroy.

Pomeroy, who looks upon modernity as a religion, is an expert in modern arts and crafts. You know those new chairs with the chromium billiard-ball motif? He designed them. He is tall and thin, with straggly ashen hair and watery blue eyes. His business card is printed on thin wood veneer. If you didn't know him better, you'd think his face was made of thin wood veneer, too.

Pomeroy was working on an ultra-modern label for a cod-liver oil preparation when it happened. There was a quick knock on the door, and without a by-your-leave it opened, and there stood this beautiful young girl, a goddess if ever there was one, straight and slim in a blue dress, her alabaster, classical face framed by raven tresses that came down in a bang over deep-set gray eyes. And, by its tail, she was holding a smoked fish. She stood there in the doorway, calmly appraising Pomeroy, motionless except for the arm which dangled the fish.

Suddenly, through the circle made by the other arm posed lightly on her hip, there popped a head with tousled red hair and a face alive with freckles and staring round eyes.

"Is he safe?" asked the Harpo Marxish head.

"He looks like we can trust him," observed the girl with the fish. Pomeroy had been rooted to his drawing board, not saying a word.

"We'll come in if you promise to protect our honor," said the dark young goddess.

"Or even if you won't," chimed in the other, coming out from behind. She was much shorter and plumper than her friend, and not at all goddess-like. The two walked across the threshold and into the room. Pomeroy could see now that they were about fifteen years old, and that he'd really never seen them before.

"We were just passing by," said the dark one, as her first attempt at explanation.

"Oh?" said Pommy.

They paid no attention to him, but walked around sniffing, squinting and poking their noses into everything. Pomeroy was hypnotized by their utter nonchalance.

"Are you an artist, or do you prostitute yourself for gain?" said one, and "You don't really enjoy doing this, do you?" said the other, almost simultaneously, so that he couldn't tell which was saying which.

Pomeroy pulled himself together.

"Might I ask, young ladies, who you are and what you're after?"

"You should have said, 'Whom you are!'" exclaimed the dark one.

"No, 'who' is right!" rejoined the red-head.

"It doesn't matter—he's positively insulting. He hasn't even offered us a seat!" And at that, for no reason, they burst into laughter. It was so infectious that Pommy had to join in.

"Well, well," he said, "and *now* will you explain?"

"You tell him," evaded the goddess. "I want to toy with this fish."

Pommy turned to the red-head.

"Oh, why we came here?" she pouted. "That's simple. We were just poking around in this alley and we wondered whether anybody lived in these funny places. I dared Butch to knock on a door, and she did. She's Butch. I'm Nutsy."

"How do you do?" nodded Pomeroy. "I'm—uh—I'm Mr. Warpole."

"We expected somebody more interesting," remarked the red-head. Pomeroy could think of nothing to say to that.

"Where did you get *that* thing?" he finally asked, pointing to the fish, with which the dark girl was occupying herself.

"Over on Second Avenue. They were selling them on a pushcart, and this one looked so cute—and passionate. I adore it." She moved over to her girl friend.

"May I borrow it a minute, Butch?" She took the fish and held it up to Pomeroy.

"Look at his eyes. Wouldn't you say they have character?"

"I think they look like his," the dark girl broke in, indicating Pomeroy. "Exactly the same expression."

Pomeroy began to get indignant.

"Young ladies," he said, "do you mind telling me if you do anything else besides going around insulting people?"

"Oh, yes," said the goddess. "We go to school. The Millden school. You've heard of it?"

"No."

"Well, it's very nice. They give our individualities a chance to develop."

"And don't forget our impulses," added the red-head.

"Yes, and our impulses—we're always encouraged to follow them. This was one. It was on account of last night."

"Last night?" questioned Pommy, warming up.

"Yes, because my parents were narrow-minded and wouldn't let me go to a burlesque show with Nutsy. They made me stay in, while they went to the opera. So I called up Nutsy and she came over and helped me forget."

"We drank a bottle of cognac," Nutsy brightly confided.

"—And some crême de menthe and gin and rye and Benedictine. We got very stinko."

Pommy frowned.

"And what did your parents say to that?"

"Oh, we were asleep when they came home. They wouldn't know. We drank things from a lot of different bottles so we could add water and they'd look the same. It's really much better for pop and mom, diluted. Their kidneys, you know."

"—And so," took up the red-head, "we felt pretty awful this morning. We thought we ought to expiate. So we ate a lot of fresh vegetables and then took a walk to ponder about life."

"Ponder *on* life, idiot!"

"Anyway, we walked through the East Side, among the poverty, and bought the whitefish."

"You mean to say," said Pommy, "you walked all the way here, through the streets, carrying it like that?"

"It wasn't a bit heavy," said Butch, the goddess. "We carried it between us. Like this."

She picked up its tail, and they stood solemnly holding the fish, she by its tail,

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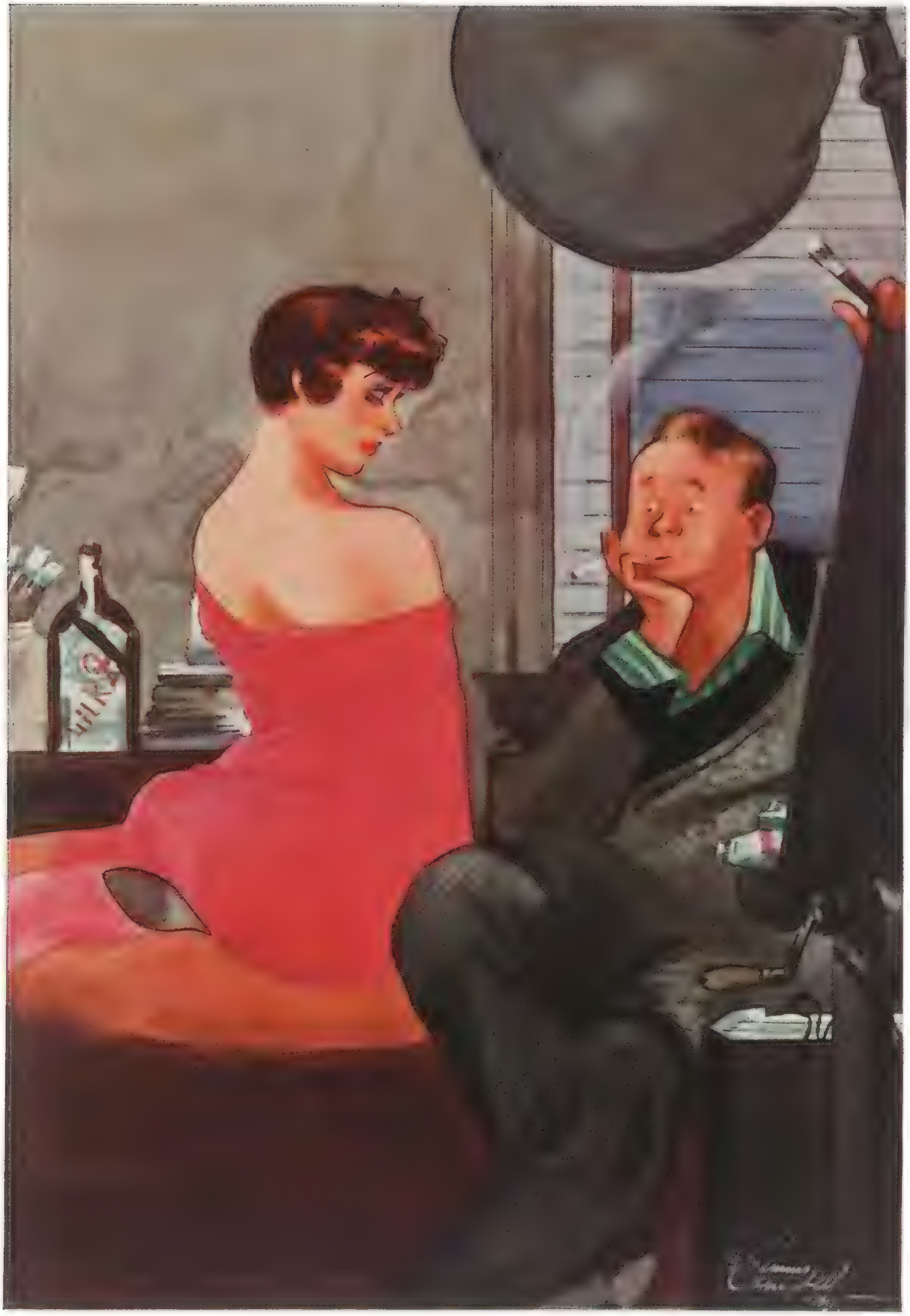
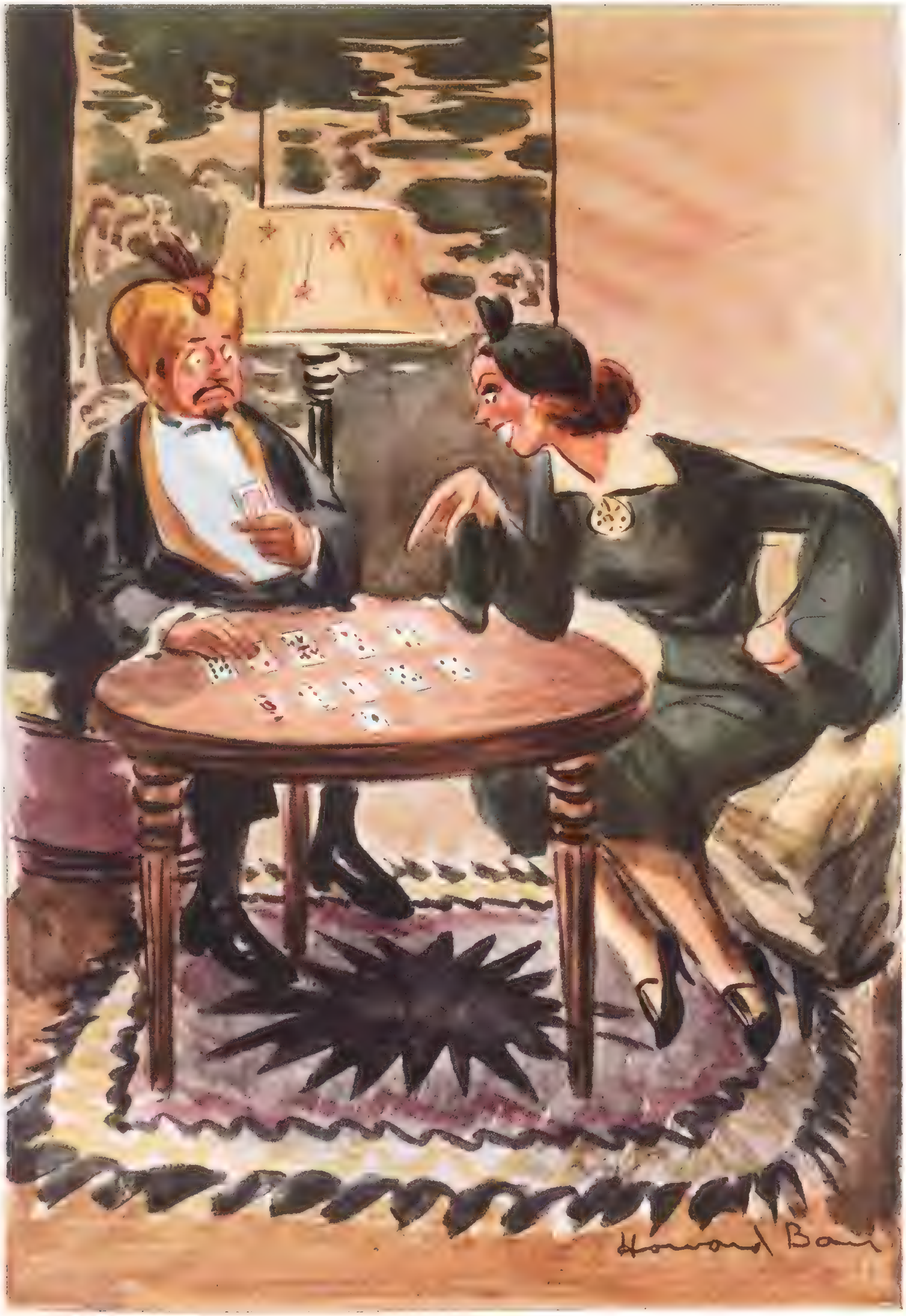


"Something's wrong with me—I wanna paint!"


Howard Baer

"But I already have a broker and a penthouse!"

The Camera Eye

Time: the early post-war period; subject: an ex-soldier's job-hunt; treatment: a verbal photomontage

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

• SEMI-FICTION •

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If you are annoyed by program notes at symphony concerts, then you ought to skip this and get into the text itself. But* ESQUIRE's *plain readers have complained in increasing numbers and with rising violence about the difficulty of Dos Passos prose. Hence this note on how to read it. First, do not insist upon making consecutive sense of every phrase and sentence as you go along. The effect is as cumulative as that of music or painting. Second, remember that this is the verbal equivalent of the inclusive technique of photography, registering apparently irrelevant and even distracting detail for the sake of achieving a complete atmospheric approximation of reality. Third—at the risk of harming the show by giving a scenario—here is a reduction of the piece to the simplest terms of synopsis: The man's approach to New York recorded both in terms of sensory impressions and of memories thus induced; (interlude: the classified ads); he recalls other positions offered and opportunities presented in the past; he "gets the job," in which he is a clumsy misfit; (interlude: our business civilization in terms of advertising, popular songs, crime and/or success stories); he goes to a Greenwich Village party, where the hostess classifies him as inhibited; he inclines toward a career as a soapbox agitator but is inhibited by honest doubt; he feels money-lust, remembers chances that might have made money, pleasures that money would have bought; he walks the tawdry streets, within the sight, the very smell, of money money everywhere, nursing a growing sense of inferiority, of kinship to all the other misfits of our crowded politico-social-business set-up which leaves walking-room only for those who are diseased by doubt.*

THROAT tightens when the redstacked steamer swerves shaking in a long curve, churning up a greenmarbled wake past the red lightship, and the spine stiffens with the chill that blows across the scarcely-stirring slatecolored swell

of the remembered offshore Atlantic.

In the West jag of framehouses above invisible land and spiderweb rollercoasters and the chewingum towers of Coney and the freighters with their stacks way aft and the blur beyond Sandy Hook

and the smell of saltmarshes warmclammysweet,

and the remembered bays and the silvery inlets barred with trestles and the put put put before day of a gasoline motor way up the creek and the raked masts of bugeyes in front of the straight tall pines above the white beach,

and the limeycold reek of an oysterboat in winter,

and the creak of rockers on the porch of the scrollsaw cottage, uncles' voices, poker-faced stories told sideways out of the big mouth (from Missouri and who took no rubber nickles);

and the redskin in the buffalorobe selling snakeroot tonic in the oratorical flare of redfire and the hookandladder clanking down the street while the firemen with uncles' faces pull on their rubber coats;

and the crunch of whitecornmuffins and coffee with cream gulped in a hurry before traintime and the smooth powdery feel of new greenbacks;

and the whack of a cop's billy cracking a skull and faces blurred with newsprint of men in jail;

and the whine a shriek of the buzzsaw and the tipsy smell of raw lumber and straggling through slagheaps through fireweed through wasted woodlands, the shantytowns, the shantytowns.

What was the use of burying hated years in the latrinestench at Brocourt under the starshells

if today the crookedfaced customsinspector with the soft tough kidding pokerface talk, the burring speech, the funnypaper antics of thick hands jerking thumb (So You brought home French books, didger?) is my uncle?

YOUNG MAN WANTED

Oh tell me how long
I'll have to wait

OPPORTUNITY

young man for hosiery, underwear and notionhouse, assistant in order department, first class penman accurate at figures, energetic hardworker for setting dies in powerpresses for metal parts, exceptional opportunity offered a designer of misses cloaks and suits, good opportunity for a hustler familiar with design equipment and operation of a chlorine plant must thoroughly understand refrigerating and electrical apparatus

canvasser, flavorchemist, freight elevatorman, house salesman, insurance man, invoice clerk, jeweller, laborer, machinist, milling machine man, shipping clerk, shoesalesman, signwriter, solicitor for retail fishmarket, teacher, timekeeper, tool and diemaker, tracer, toolroom foreman, translator, typist, windowtrimmer, wrapper

Do I get it now or must I hesitate?

opportunity for young man for office,
young man for stockroom,
young man as stenographer,
young man to travel,
young man to learn

Oh tell me how long

THE unnamed arrival,

who had hung on the pommel of the unshod white stallion's saddle

a full knapsack,

and, leaving the embers dying out on the windy Syrian hills where the Agail had camped, that morning when suddenly dawn sharp shining cracked night off the ridged desert like the shell off a walnut, had ridden through apricot orchards into the city,

shaved off that beard in Damascus;

but this evening in the softer climate of the Levantine coast the kind officials are contemplating further improvements:

scarcely bathed he finds himself cast for a role, provided with a notavoidable tie carefully tied by the viceconsul stuffed into a boiled shirt a tailcoat too small a pair of dress trousers too large which the kind wife of a kind consul general gigglingly fastens in the back with safetypins which immediately burst open when he bows to the High Commissioner's lady (faulty costuming made the part impossible to play) and the patentleather pumps got lost under the table during the champagne and speeches.

But again the journey's end: the arrival in Manhattan, the position offered, the opportunity presented, provided with a name in the form of a forsomebodyelse tailored dresssuit of a carefully polished eighteencarat articulation in the form of a collarbutton digging into the adamsapple while a wooden image croaks down the long table at two rows of gentlemen of the profession who wear their tailored names in print

Gentlemen I apologize. It was the wrong bell. It was due to a misunderstanding that I found myself on the stage when the curtain rose. The poem I recited in a foreign language was not mine. In fact it was someone else who was speaking. It was not I in the uniform, a lamentable error, the service record was lost, the gentleman so badly using the typewriter, hemming and hawing in the swivelchair is somebody else;

whoever it was who equipped with false whiskers was standing outside the door in the rainy street, peeping through the keyhole, escaping over the transom, popping out of sight down a manhole,

the pastyfaced young man in borrowed clothes wearing a readymade business opportunity, provided with a tailored headline and a red carnation

is most assuredly not

the holder of any of the positions for which he made application at the employmentagency.

When a man gets tired of walking, riding a bicycle or riding in streetcars, he is likely to buy a Ford.

Ships in de ocean

Rocks in de sea

Just as soon as his wife discovers that every Ford is like every other Ford and that nearly everyone has one, she is likely to influence him to step up into the next social group of which the Dodge is the most conspicuous example

Blondheaded woman

Made a fool outa me

Then as the family grows and the individual progresses economically the next natural step is to the strata a few hundred dollars above. Then the individual is inclined to buy a car of the Buick class

Continued in center of page 112

Extremely Foreign Affairs

On the dangers of those arts which descend to the level of giving only mild satisfaction

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Some months ago there was a mild upheaval in one of the departments of this magazine; you may remember that Mr. John V. A. Weaver retired as dramatic critic and then, after a brief lapse, the present incumbent, Mr. Van Wyck Potter came in. I was the lapse. For a few weeks, I doubled in brass. I reviewed the current plays once and then, for another ten days or so covered the openings in case Mr. Van Wyck Potter was going into the shoe-business instead. He didn't and that left me, so to speak, with an overstock of play-reviews on hand. I certainly do not intend to unload them on you now. As my memory courses back, the only one I'd have had any great pleasure in writing about is the George White Scandals at which I laughed steadily until I was told that I was a vulgar fellow for laughing, when I laughed more. When a producer puts Bert Lahr and Willie Howard next to each other, in the two funniest acts since W. C. Fields stopped working for Flo Ziegfeld, he has my vote as an incautious, but generous man. If the comedy, outside of these two acts, is based almost entirely on the defect which many patent medicines and some monkey-gland experts offer to cure, that is more novel than funny, but at least it isn't finicky and intellectual and I am tired of finicky and intellectual fun in musical shows. And when the ingratiating Rudy Vallee, whom you cannot dislike, awkwardly does a very good imitation of Fred Allen, you've got the makings of a show. Mr. Lahr's act is the one about the absent-minded and short-sighted professor who demonstrates the making of a soup while he broadcasts and Willie Howard's is the immortal quartette in which he sings a little and pays attention to his neighbor's abounding bosom—the only question about this one being whether it is as funny as it was when Willie Howard did it first or ten times funnier. The latter, I think.

What really impressed me about my sojourn in the legitimate theatre was the quantity of dull, amateurish, ill-conceived, and trivial stuff put upon the stage. So far as I know, no one thought differently; the plays came and went unhonored. (Of course there were a couple of sound plays in that period, but reviewing them is not my business. My business now is to imagine myself a paying patron and to imagine my rage, night after night, after being done out of three hours of comfort at home, thirty minutes of good radio stuff, or the modified delight of a double feature at my neighborhood movie.) I began to think that only those who never come to New York really get the best of the theatre, because they get only successful plays, New York acting as a sieve to separate the sheep—and apparently using its audiences as the goats. I have a pretty low opinion of half a dozen of this year's successes, but at least if you go to them, you have something to talk about; the undistinguished failures in the theatre are the ones which break you down. And which may ultimately break down the theatre as a whole.

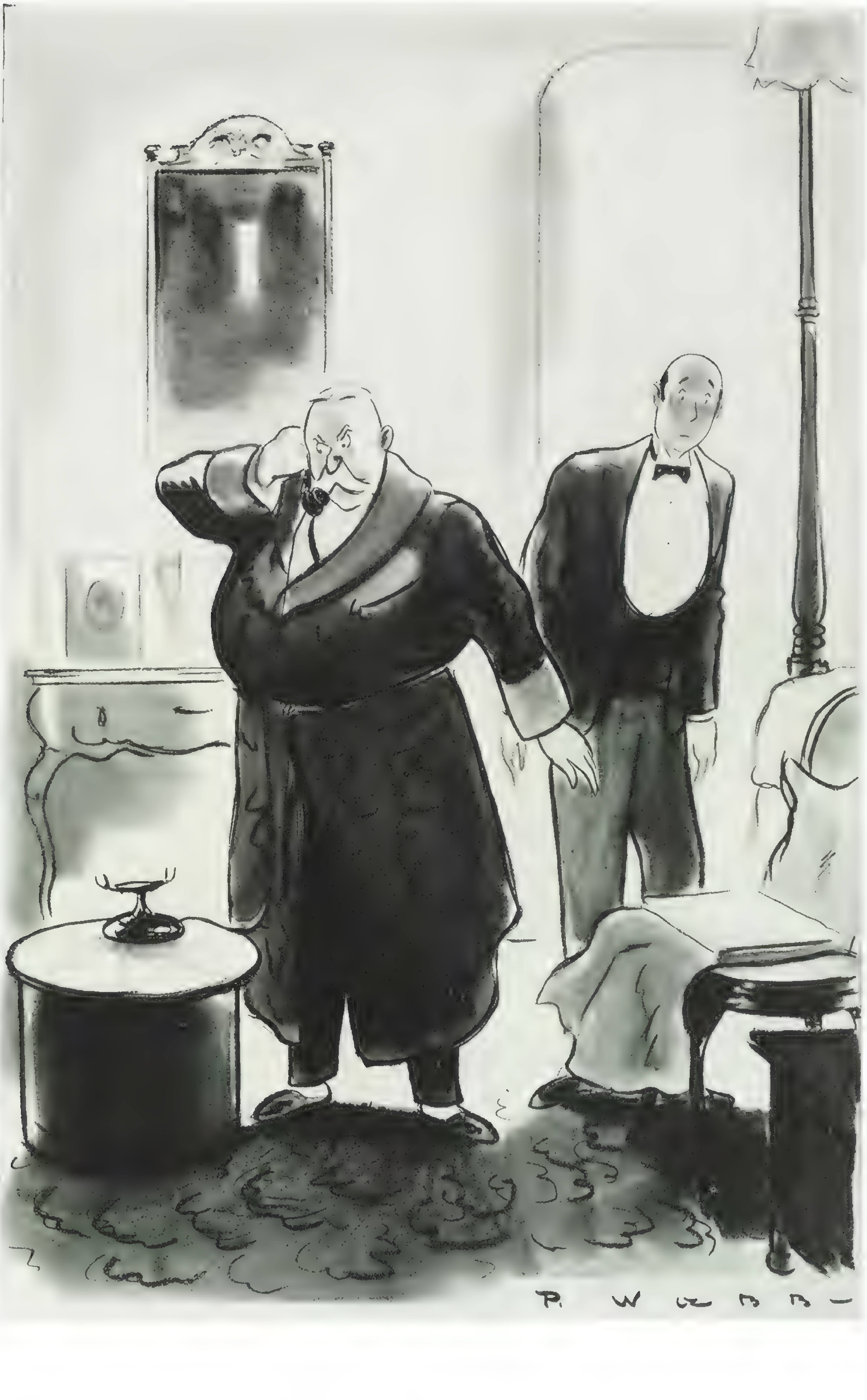
The producers go merrily on as if unaware of new competition since 1910. The managers, I believe, have a sort of protective association, protecting themselves perhaps against ticket speculators and labor unions; but they need protection from other managers more than anything else. They ought to prevent plays from being produced; they might have a small fund on hand, to give producers about $25,000 not to open their plays. It would pay them, I am sure, because every bad play that stays open for three weeks creates a sizable audience of theatre-haters. This has been going on for a generation and the dear old managers still do not seem to know that they are living on what is left of an older generation—the generation to whom going to the theatre was virtually automatic. Go to an average show, in its second or third month, and you will find the audience composed of men and women who went to see Maude Adams and the plays of Eugene Walter. New audiences are only drawn in by spectacular hits; they may be pleased enough, but their automatic response to the idea of going out for entertainment is going to the movies. The theatre audience which supported average shows has vanished.

And if you think that is all gravy for the producers of movies, think for a minute that the stage had five thousand years to create its automatic response, whereas the movies have had a little over twenty and that, already, the movies face competition in the radio. When I suggest that the theatres set up a fund to discourage production, I merely touch the surface; for the producers of pictures need a much bigger fund and need to discourage an even higher proportion of productions. The big important movies are getting better and better, month by month, so that now a list of the ten best movies, all of them successful, reads like a roll of honor and brings back memories of greater delights than the corresponding list of ten best plays. But the average movie is just holding on and is sending its customers out into the streets not actively dissatisfied, but not remarkably pleased. The patrons have killed time without being bored; they have had the pleasure of being away from home; they have seen, perhaps, a Silly Symphony and a good news reel. But a few hundred visits to the double-feature houses, with no more satisfaction than this, will create in turn a generation not given to leaving the fireside and the radio. The automatic "going to the movies" will also vanish. Then—and by the way, not till then—will Hollywood be in trouble.

If I am not mistaken, several other arts are in the same danger—the danger of giving mild satisfaction to their patrons, unaware of other rivals. A few months ago I went through several art museums, in middle-size American communities. Where special exhibits had been arranged, the results were nearly always good. Adore modernists or hate them, it does not matter. The Van Gogh show which became a stampede at the Museum of Modern Art in New York could probably become a success, both snob and popular, in any American city. But the big general exhibitions were nearly all bad, and in spite of good art-ballyhoo, men and women wandered through the rooms getting headaches and obviously having not any pleasure, but the satisfaction of knowing that they could say, later, that they had been to the exhibition.

Now a century ago, about all the color you could get was in paintings. This is a low and vulgar point, not to be mentioned in the same breath as significant form, but I suspect that it has value. Nowadays we have color not only in magazine illustrations, but in movies and in electric lights; the eye gets satisfactions outside of the gallery walls. The average American citizen

Continued in center of page 165



"Hello—the laundry—what's the idea?—a dozen diapers—no shirts!"

If He Could Only Cook!

Learn all the recipes lightly, then throw them away and open your mind to wines and spirits

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

ANY man should be able to fry an egg. And perhaps cook himself a cup of coffee. I once knew a fellow who became ill at a farm house in Connecticut and he had to send for his estranged wife to come and take care of him. Result, he was up and about in a week but the dis-estrangement lasted for many months. And it was a pretty moon before he got her out again. It wasn't much trouble after that for me to persuade him to sneak in a course in simple cooking in a night school.

Inferiority No. CX718-A in the American male set-up is that there is something sissy about knowing how to cook. Come to think of it, I've never seen a cook in a pansy bed or rather a pansy in a cook's bed. Oh well, you know what I mean. Some of the best men I've known have been cooks and vice versa. That other hack writer, Havelock Ellis, will undoubtedly tell you that the highest civilizations were those where all the nobler arts were left to the men and the women folk went out and brought in the wood, rounded up the flocks and did the spring plowing.

Your correspondent rates himself as a fair catch-as-catch-can cook. And on inspired occasions he can even forget the can and turn out something neat and novel. As a kid, on days when it was too wet for shinny and not cold enough for skating, he would prop himself on the stool that sat in the corner between the old Beckwith range and the kitchen table (long before the days of gadgets), and watch the pumpkin pies or the mince meat go into the oven. He was the despair of his mother who sadly shook her head and predicted a career in a lunch wagon. As I recall the days, that outlook was far more enticing than any other on the horizon. However, three weeks as cook's assistant on a two hundred mile trail in the Rockies, feeding twenty hungry kids, estopped that ambition. Then at the start of the war, your correspondent's feet and eyes belonged to the enlistment category that indicated "mess duty." For a month I sweated in a night school trying to learn to cook. But all I can remember from that is a pretty dietician who taught the class and her phrase that "spinach is the broom of the stomach." As I joined the non-spinach brigade, that training was not of much value.

I not only am a non-spinach cook but almost a non-rule Escoffier. A recipe is all right for a starting point, to help you decide if the result is to be crepe suzettes or ham and eggs. But experience is the thing that counts. Learn the rules lightly and then throw them away, one at a time. Only then can you take the real creator's pride in your dish and put it out as a little thing of your own. It's like painting. Matisse couldn't have got anywhere if he hadn't sat those long hours in the Louvre copying Delacroix. The real artist adds his own interpretation to the matter at hand; and if the metier is the kitchen range, his dash of this or that is as individual as the painter's brush stroke.

Another point on which I am not orthodox, is the matter of wine and spirits. All cook books were undoubtedly printed by the Temperance Tract Society. They, with their instructions for a wineglass full here and a spoonful there! The only thing that stops me is the bottom of the bottle. For the life of me I can't see why if the injection of a glass of wine is good, that of several glasses of the same wine is not better. Try it out anyway and reach your own level.

My early days reveal nothing in the fancy cooking line, outside of the only way to cook fowl or game: in mud or bread dough as the Indians did. Ours was the dryest of all dry states and the only spirits in cooking I recall is the time around Thanksgiving when I would be sent down to the druggist for a pint of brandy and a quart of sherry. The latter was for the plum pudding and the former for the hard-sauce. I believe my discovery of liquor as a piquant addition was during the latter phase of prohibition. By that time I had learned a system of getting pure grain alcohol from the druggist. There was a Saturday Night Club, meeting as the crap games do, roving from place to place. The magnet in this case of course, was the supply of liquor. Well, you had to give them something to eat, and eventually it took the form of a sukiyaki. You cut up a lot of celery, onions, mushrooms, a green pepper or two, a slice of diced bacon, fresh tomatoes or canned ones and then put the stuff together in a large skillet or pan and put it over the electric hot plate, if you cook over a bulb as I do. (Regular fires are best of course but us city slickers can't be choosey.) When the thing got under way I added some sugar, some salt and whole black pepper and one peppercorn with half the seeds removed. Then when no one was looking I'd fill the pan with grain alcohol. (Nowadays you could use white wine.) Well, I'm telling you—

My second great discovery was Virginia Ham, Ill Manor. (It was named after my country place which first saw it tried.) If you have met Virginia ham in its real habitat, between Richmond and Norfolk in the peanut belt, you know what to expect. Don't be content with something the butcher passes off on you. Write down for one, preferably to Norfolk or one of those adjacent villages. Ask for one that has been buried for some time. I had one such with a pedigree, one cold February day. I scraped off the patina and put it in a large pot. Then I added two quarts of good native claret (Burgundy would do as well.) It weighed about seven pounds so took over three hours to cook. When it was tender, and falling from the shank, I took it out, flossed up the exterior with whole cloves and brown sugar, poured back the juice it had been cooking in, and then added one large can of sliced pineapple. (It just happened to be the only item of canned goods surviving the winter in the empty house.) Baking takes only long enough to melt the sugar. Take it out of the stove and then have the guests draw lots as to which ones can have three helpings and which guests can remain to the end.

There used to be a little place along the quai on the Ile Saint Louis called Cafe of the Mariners. It finally got into the guide books, worse luck, and I don't know whether it still stands or not. But in my time it was frequented by those intrepid sailors who braved the Seine. For a half dollar you got a little hors d'ouvre, a soup, a half lobster, chicken, with potatoes souffle and then a bit of cheese and coffee. But the chicken! It was worth going miles to get. I once watched it made but my efforts to duplicate leave something greatly to be desired. However, you may have better luck. Take a fat fowl, the size being determined by the number you serve, and prepare it for boiling. Heat about one quart of soup stock (the French prefer veal) and then put in the chicken with several small onions, and cook until tender. Toward the last add one pint of good white wine, Chablis preferred. Oh yes, there should be the usual bouquet of herbs, tied in a bag so that they can be removed. You will get something delicious if not equal to the original. Perhaps it was in the herbs which were grown in the cook's own garden in Brittany.

Filet of sole—Anyman . . . Believe it or not I've done this on an electric two-plater and each time seems better than the last. No doubt the original is in any cook book. My variant is more, and more, wine. Get some filet of sole (real lemon sole is well worth the added cost over flounder). Put it in a pan

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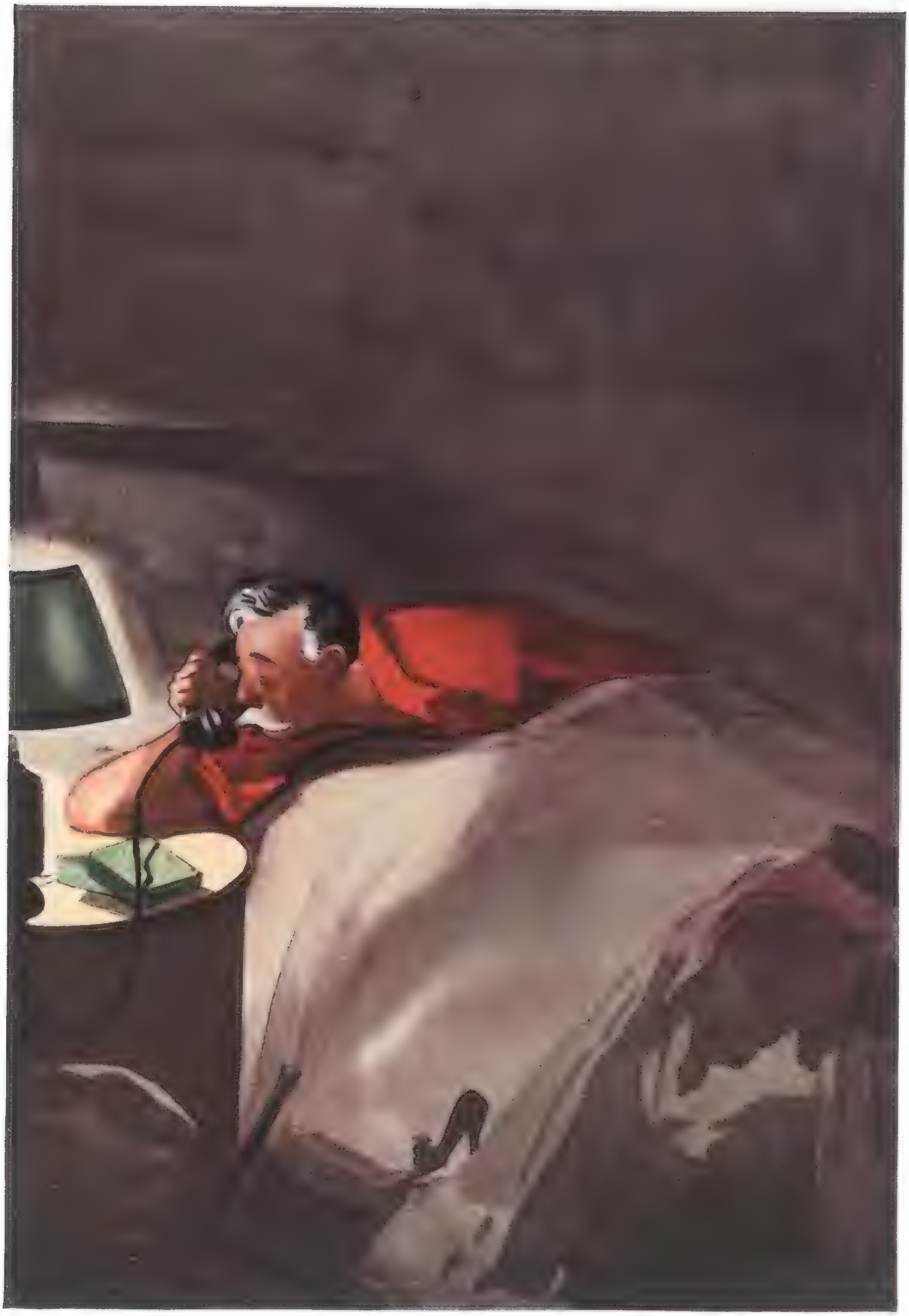
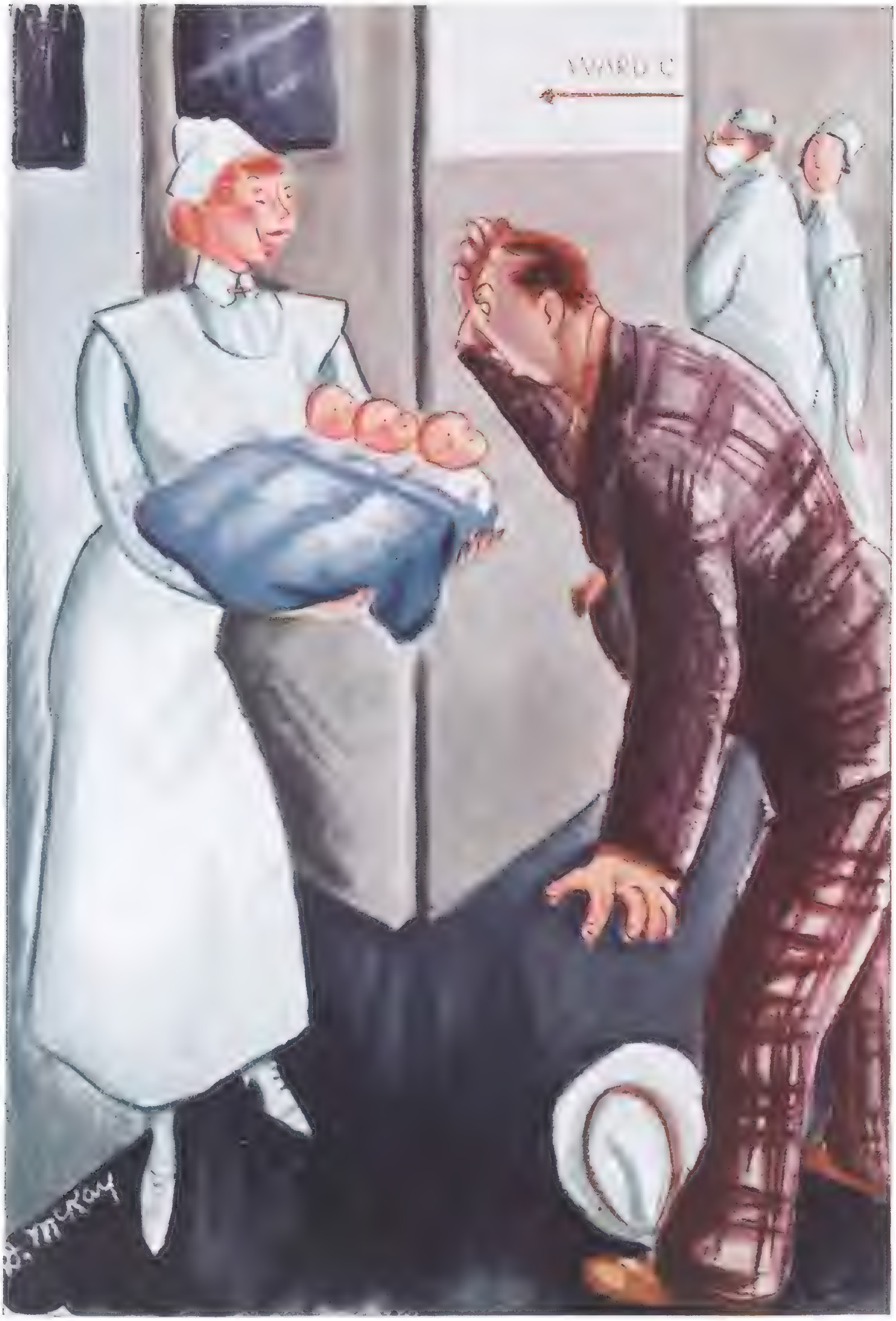


"If that's all Dillingham, I'll go back to my -er book"


WARD C
D. McKay

"Well, Mr. Hotchkiss! I guess you hit the jackpot this time!"

Hopping Horses

The Narcotic Bureau exposes widespread drugging of race horses known to track leaders

by FRANK G. MENKE

• SPORTS •

ALGERNON DAINGERFIELD, assistant secretary of the powerful Jockey Club of New York, said:—

"Some years ago, a veterinarian friend of mine determined to establish just how much speed could be generated in a thoroughbred by dosing him with a narcotic drug. There had been, for a long time, charges that unscrupulous trainers were hopping their animals, and that the horses thus driven to an abnormal frenzy, raced far beyond their normal speed, and outstepped runners which were not presumed to be in their class.

"The veterinarian gained possession of the horse with its career at about the end. The runner, according to report, had been a drug victim for some seasons. The doctor put an exercise boy on the horse for three different mornings and told the boy to work the animal at the fastest possible gait. The best time was 52 seconds for half a mile—woefully slow for a driving workout.

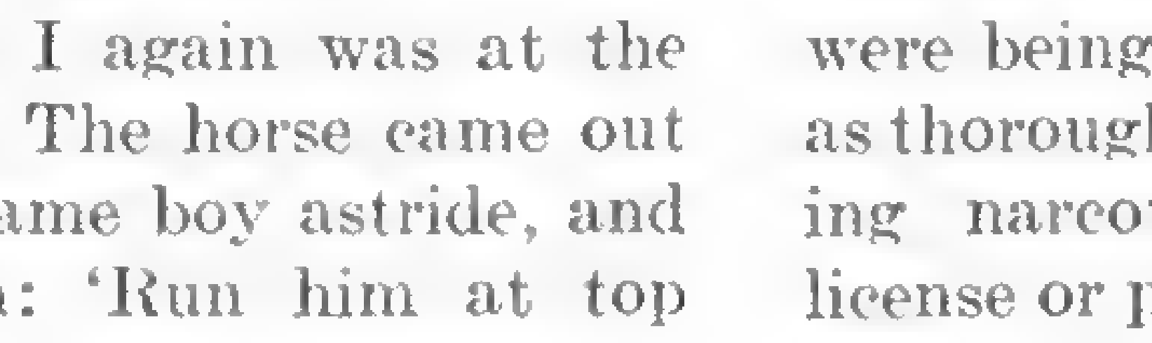
"The next morning I again was at the track with the doctor. The horse came out for the workout, the same boy astride, and the same order given: 'Run him at top speed for half a mile.' Turning to me, the doctor declared:—

"'I've given that animal a shot of narcotic. Now let's see what happens.'

"The horse ran the half mile in 48 seconds and was as full of wild energy at the finish as at the start. That proved to me that an ordinary race horse could be transformed into something of a speed marvel by dosing it with one or the other of the narcotics—morphine, heroin and other derivates of opium, or with cocaine.

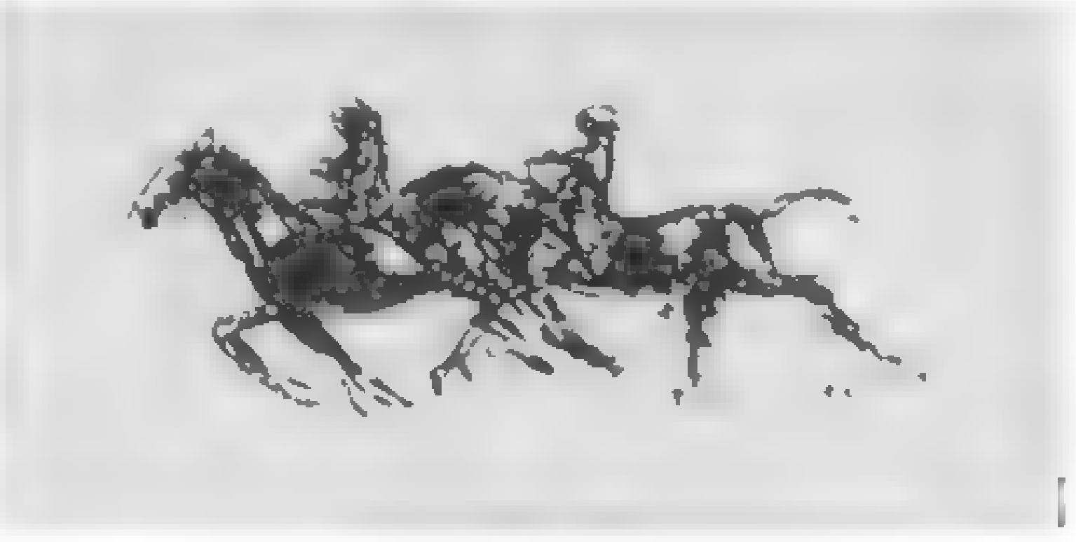
"Inasmuch as a fair sort of horse will step at the rate of 53 feet per second, the test proved that this animal, dosed with a narcotic, could beat his normal self about 212 feet in half a mile, or a matter of nearly 27 lengths, a horse being about 8 feet long.

The United States Government, through Harry J. Anslinger, Commissioner of Narcotics, and his agents now intend to smash the 'dope ring' which operates on various courses of the land, or, in failure, do a lot toward wrecking of the horse racing which has changed from a sport to a $500,000,000 business.



"The race track people pleaded with me after the 1933 raids to let them clean their own house," said Anslinger, a few weeks ago. "They feared constant action by the Narcotic Bureau would bring their business into disrepute. Our department had no such intention. What we aimed for was to halt horsemen from violating Federal Laws by using morphine, heroin, cocaine and other narcotics. Very gladly, I agreed to give the different racing commissions the opportunity to remedy the evil in their own way.

"Almost two years have passed since then. The Commissions have accomplished little or nothing. They have had their chance in full measure. They have failed. So the Narcotic Bureau shortly will start a new war on the use of narcotics on race horses and that will be a war to a finish."



Anslinger, detailing how his men learned about the widespread drugging of race horses stated:

"Over three years ago, our agents discovered that vast quantities of narcotic drugs were being carried into race tracks. Months of investigation followed with the astonishing result that close to 1500 horses were being doctored, many of them famous as thoroughbreds. Although every man having narcotics in his possession without license or prescription, violates the Harrison law, and is subject to imprisonment upon conviction, the horsemen brazenly ignored the law. The practice of drugging horses is so boldly performed in and around the stables. It was considered little more unlawful, or subject to fines or penitentiary consequences, than giving the animal a drink of water. Many horsemen openly administered drugs to horses.

"My men first reported the situation to me in late 1932 as result of visits to Maryland tracks. Instead of making immediate raids and arrests, I sent these men, posing as track loungers or itinerant trainers, to get more positive details. They went to New Orleans, to Florida, then back North when racing was resumed in the spring of 1933.

"Practically everywhere my men travelled they encountered the same situation—the liberal dosing of horses before a race—and the open boasts before turf contests that such-and-such a horse had been given a 'jolt' and was sure to do some 'flying.'

"Fear of detection by track officials didn't exist within them and, so far as the Narcotic Bureau was concerned—well, who and what was the Narcotic Bureau?

"My men got the names of the horses that were being jolted, the names of stable swipes who helped in the operation, the names of trainers and also the names of the owners. I was astonished by the owners' names brought to me because many were multi-millionaires and thoroughbred sportsmen and I knew that a million dollars wouldn't get them to agree to the drugging of a horse. Yet their animals ran—full of dope.

"The thing was being done, day after day, and my men generally fixed the guilt upon trainers, who need winning horses for success. The trainers for the very wealthy class of sportsmen receive an annual salary, and usually ten per cent of the purse a horse wins. Many of them are bettors, when they feel their horse is properly stimulated, and so it was distinctly to their advantage to win races by any means, even if they fouled the government laws.

"However, such trainers were not always successful. Only one horse can win a race no matter how many entrants are doped, the best prescription apparently being the determining factor.

"Our men stated that many trainers took pride in their own prescriptions, most of which they kept secret to themselves, as regards to ingredients. They even boasted among themselves as to how much speed their prescriptions could put in a horse. When one trainer was unusually successful, others tried to borrow or buy his 'prescription.'

"The prescriptions seized by our men when the raiding began showed that heroin was the most popular, because it could arouse, in the general average of horses, the most insane speed frenzy. As we know, the juice, or gum, taken from the poppy bud furnishes gum opium. From gum opium chemists, by a special process, derive their morphine. German chemists originated heroin, which is derived from morphine, but is four times more powerful.

"Years ago the United States Government halted the manufacture of heroin in this country. It was regarded as too powerful and dangerous. The only legitimate supply of heroin in the nation remains stored away in a few drug manufacturing companies' plants.

"Yet the trainers demanded heroin, and the smugglers supplied it from European and Oriental countries. There is an especial penal menace in handling heroin, even drug stores and doctors being barred from keeping it in their possession. An eighth of a grain, injected into the normal human, likely would bring death. But the horse trainers wanted it for their animals. They got it—and they used it in amazing quantity.

"The supply of illicit heroin in the country

Continued in center of page 206

The Tank

A fat man sits in his doorway and watches and waits because somebody up there might fall

by WILLIAM B. HARTLEY

• FICTION •

The stream twists away from the road behind a knob of pine trees and swings into sight again to pass beneath a frail bridge and appear on the other side of the road. The stream is low and filled with foam that presses the back of each boulder and flings long white threads around the edges. On every side rise the mountains, thunderous big mountains in this part of the state that thrust strongly against the sky.

Why is the color of the trees so intense this summer, why is the sky so brilliant, why shall I remember every bend of that stream, every green belly of those mountains? In Cobblestown the mill houses were built of gray stone and each house had a tiny brown yard around the doorstep. I was in Cobblestown for only two hours yet I could tell you all about those houses. Maybe it's because of the work we do—I don't know. Perhaps you see things more clearly when every working hour may be your last. The old fellow with the sickle leers at us all day, waiting for someone to make a mistake—just one mistake.

We are steeplejacks, tank jacks, risk workers. In the business they call us tramp jacks because we drift from town to town picking up jobs without previous contact. We have worked on steeples where the wood was slimy with the droppings of pigeons; we have repaired water tanks so rickety that the insurance inspector refused to climb them. In a burned-out steeple at Hollis Pond you could press a finger against some of the ten-inch beams and they would come crashing down in a cloud of soot, yet we rigged to those timbers and put the steeple together again. Here's a queer one: I was rigging a brick stack in Ravensdale on the Fourth of July and some kid set off a giant fire cracker in the mill yard. That kid will never know how close he came to having a dead body plop at his feet.

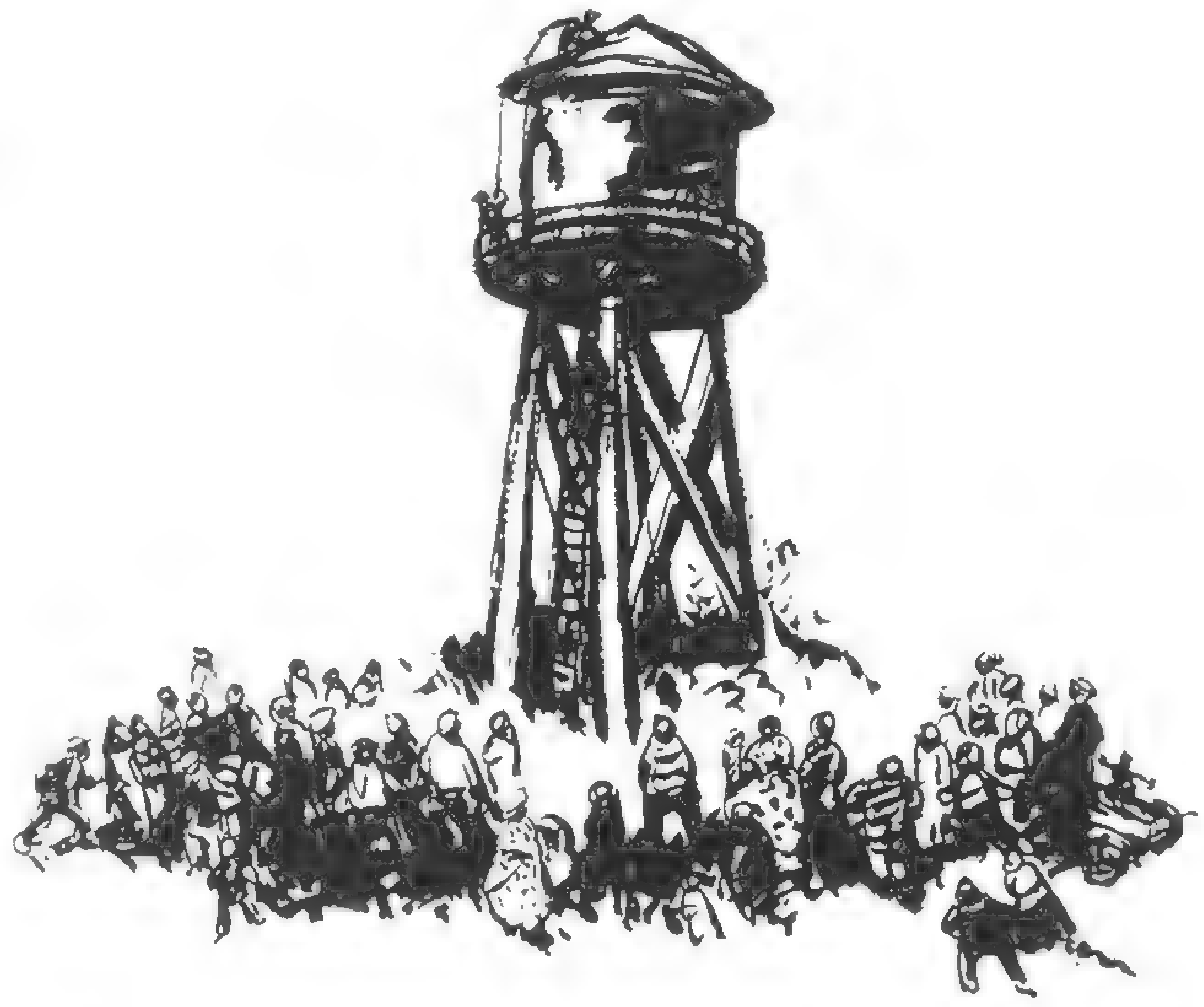
And now we are on the road again looking for what our luck will bring us. The tires whine on the hot tar and behind us the trailer rattles and lurches from side to side. Fatty, the little man with the face of an unhappy monkey, has gone to sleep on his arm; the arm is sick looking with specks of red paint. He mutters and gurgles wearily and his lips tremble with the vibration of the car.

The thin giant, Stretch, is driving. Although he is hunched behind the wheel his knees touch the dashboard and his hat grazes the roof, for Stretch has the longest arms and legs of anyone in the world: he looks like a man walking on bean poles. He munches a wilted cigar and stares drowsily at the twisting road. Stretch is a queer one; he would steal from his best friend if he thought he could get away with it. Even though you know that he is preparing to cheat you, you have to laugh with him at his own cleverness; you laugh so hard that you forget to curse him. A row of shrapnel scars drag at his cheek, holding his lips in a pleasant, frozen quirk. Stretch is a handsome gargoyle, a gargoyle with a twisted face and the mind of a wicked child.

"Are we going to eat tonight?"

"Sure, kid. You're damn well told we'll eat. We'll eat if we have to lift it out of a garden. Yes, yes."

The engine drones on a grade and the trailer coupling squeals and grinds. Fatty is whimpering in his sleep—perhaps he's dreaming about that steel ladder. I dreamt about it myself last night. We were unbuckling it from the frame of a water tank when it broke loose and fell. Fatty was on the ground; like a fool he ran in the wrong direction and the ladder missed him by inches, taking off a six-inch apple bough on the way down. It's quite a trick to dodge a ladder that weighs a thousand pounds and measures sixty or seventy feet.



Stretch is singing a dirty song—did you ever hear this one, kid? In the distance a black water tank appears suddenly in the middle of a nest of small factory buildings.

"Hey, Stretch, do you see what I see?"

"Jeepers! it's a big one, ain't it! That baby looks all of a hundred and twenty feet."

"Going to try it?"

"Sure, I'm going to try it. You know what the feller said when he met the farmer's daughter . . ."

The car swings across the asphalt to a dirt road. The tools in the trailer set up a terrific racket and Fatty, waking quietly, spits out a gnat and asks for a cigarette.

"What does he think he's doing now?" Fatty grumbles. "Can't even stay on a decent road. Can't even . . ."

"Shut up, Fatty. Maybe there's a job at the end of this."

The road turns and dives at a little bridge. In the mill yard there is a row of cars, ten or fifteen of them, lined against the wall of the mill. Although these mill people can't feed their children, they can always buy bright, cheap cars. Above everything towers the water tank, black, huge, dripping, outlined against the mountain foliage.

"Gimme the dispatch case, Fatty. Behind your head there."

There is a sign on each side of the trailer. One reads, "Harry J. Rowman, Metal Work Contractor, Specialist in Water Tanks, Stacks, Steel Construction." On the other side of the trailer it says, "Harry J. Rowman, Steeplejack Contractor, Specialist in Steeple Repairs, Roofing, Hazardous Stone and Wood Construction," but Stretch has parked the car cleverly with the tank sign facing the factory. On such things depends our living.

A few mill girls stare curiously from the windows, and Fatty winks amiably at them. One of the girls winks back.

"I bet they don't teach you how to do that at the University."

"Don't go laughing at the kid," Stretch says. "And don't go laughing at no University. Was I ten years younger I'd go to college, too. I'd work my way through with a deck of cards, me and the kid."

But Fatty is looking at the rust-stained body of the tank. He says, "She's a big devil. I don't like her. I don't like her a bit."

"The feller I'm going to talk to probably don't like her either. Those babies are a headache for everybody."

Fatty grumbles and sucks on his cigarette. A fat man with dirty white hair sits on a box in the shade of a doorway watching us. Stretch takes the dispatch case and swings across the yard toward the fat man.

"Good day, mister. Where can I find the

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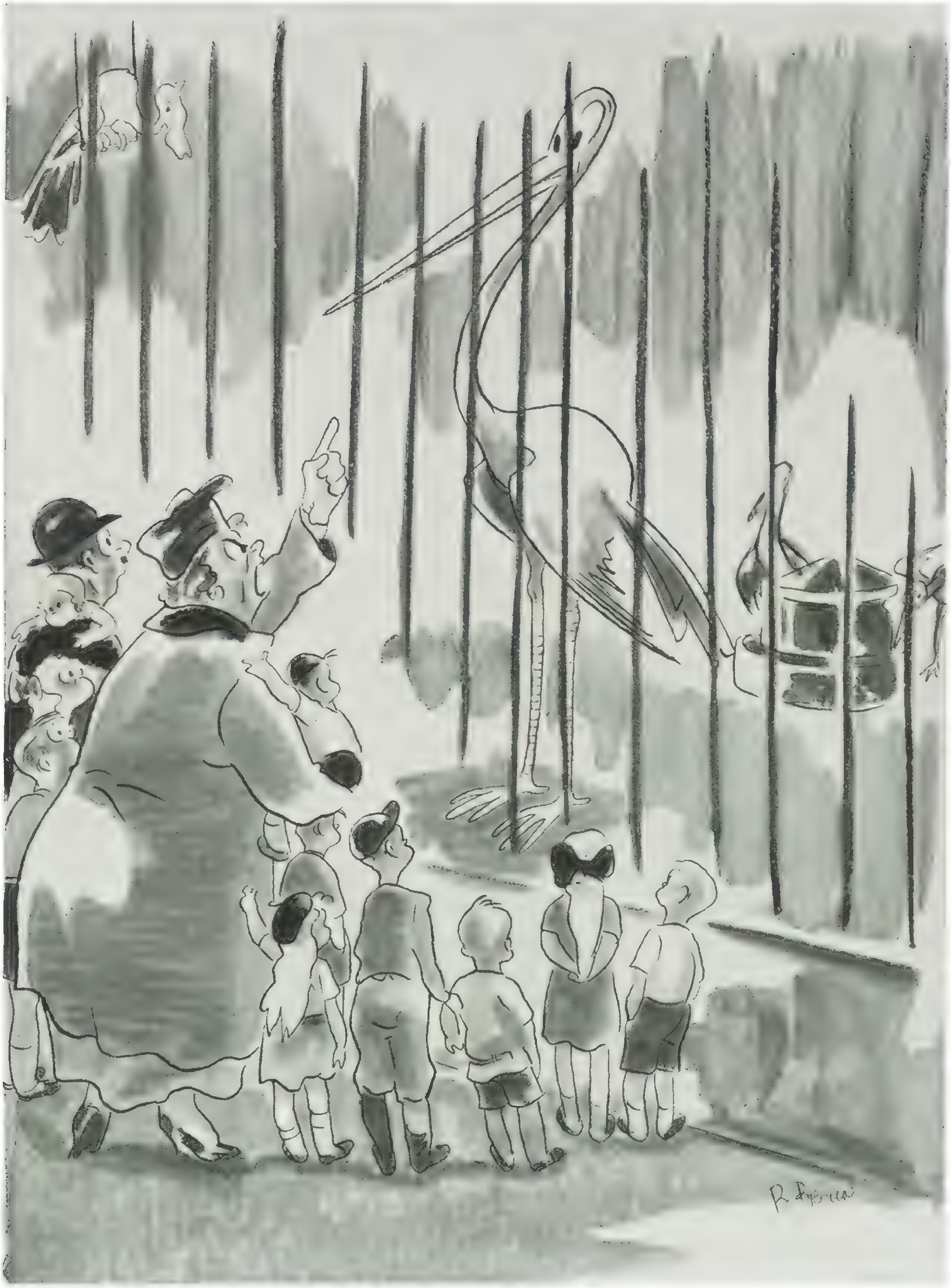

"I want you to let us alone"

I Get Divorced (Mex.)

The decree may be a little bit illegal but it is pretty sure to lead to the desired effect

by LYON MEARSON

• ARTICLE •

Good taste is the thing that you observe and that other people violate. The thing that brought that on is my desire to tell you about how I got myself a divorce in Mexico. Getting a divorce is something few people discuss in print when it concerns them personally. It appears there is a matter of good taste involved, but that consideration will hardly deter me. It seems to me that even if you concede that there might be something sacred about marriage, the same can hardly be said about divorce.

The place to start getting a Mexican divorce is in Paris. In all the world there is no more beautiful place to discuss the thing than the *terrasse* of the Deux Magots. Right across the street from your Pernod is the church of Saint Germain des Près, the twelfth century tower of which still stands; at sunset the level rays of the Paris sun strike the top of this tower, and you feel yourself in the presence of such loveliness as exists nowhere else in our day.

My wife and I had been separated for several years. We just could not make a go of it; I don't think either of us were very much at fault. Some marriages just peter out like that, getting thinner and thinner, until you find that nothing holds you together but a ceremony, a habit, and a scruple or two. The scruples were not mine, which will be no surprise to anyone who knows me. My wife did not believe in divorce, though we separated amicably enough by mutual consent. In fact she was even a trifle more mutual about it than I was. We let it go at that for some time, until Two came along and it began to matter to me. She later became Number Two, so I'm going to anticipate things a bit by calling her that. Which, unfortunately, gives away the happy ending.

Anyway, I wanted a divorce, so I put the matter up to my wife. She still did not believe in divorces . . . that is, she didn't believe in giving them. So I decided to try getting one in Paris.

You go to an attorney who, for a retainer, hires a lawyer who, for a retainer, has conversations with a judge. I skip several intermediaries and hasten to tell you that it was not until everybody had collected his retainer that the judge told the lawyer to tell the attorney to tell me that it would be impossible to get a divorce in Paris unless my wife made an appearance, or sent a sworn consent. This my wife refused, on principle, to do.

I asked everybody why they had accepted my money, since they had known all along it would not be possible for me to get the divorce I panted for. They said that since the United States of North America insisted on collecting that quite ridiculous war debt from France, living was *terriblement* high and one had to live, *n'est ce pas?* They were desolated at the necessity, because I was an exceedingly *gentille* person, not like an American of the North at all, but that's how Life was and I had better get used to it.

"Would it desolate you too much to soil your hands by returning some of my money?" I inquired mildly.

These Americans think of nothing but the Almighty Dollar, and how would I like it if I had five children and had gone through that terrible war.

I wouldn't like it, I indicated, and why was it worse to worship the Almighty Dollar than the Almighty Franc, and how would they like to take a good running jump into the lake in the Parc Monceau?

This conversation went on for some time, and eventually I went away before they charged me for it.

So, while sipping my drink and trying to think of a good phrase with which to describe the tower of Saint Germain des Près, I complained bitterly to a friend about the divorce laws in Paris and New York.

He was very sympathetic, since I had not yet paid the check. "Why don't you go to Mexico?" he asked. "I got one of my best divorces in Mexico."

"But I thought Mexican divorces were not legal in—" I began.

He smiled slowly, in the tolerant and pitying fashion that converts to a new religion smile at you because you don't understand. "Oh, of course, if you're going to talk about the *legality* of a Mexican divorce . . ." he made a gentle gesture of futility with his right hand. He did it well, too. You could see he had been practicing it for a long time.

"But if it isn't legal, what good is it?" I demanded. "It *isn't* legal in New York, is it?"

"Well, not exactly," he admitted. "It's true it's just a teensy weensy bit illegal, but then it's so cheap. What do you expect for three hundred dollars, anyway?" He looked at me challengingly and I suppose there must have been some good comeback to that crack, but just then I couldn't think of it.

APODERADO
JUAREZ

He leaned over confidentially. "Here, let's look into the essentials of this thing. You can't get a divorce in Paris, can you?" I shook my head. "And in New York there's only one legal basis for a divorce, isn't there?"

"Adultery," I said.

"You're quite bright today," he admitted grudgingly. "Now, you couldn't get your wife to—ah—"

"No, you couldn't," I said hastily. "Don't let's discuss that phase of it."

"All right," he said. "That leaves *you*, of course. I take it you could be induced to commit—"

"I don't see how you can even suggest such a thing," I said with the dignity for which I am famous. We were silent for a moment. "Well, even if I do . . ." I began tentatively.

"Stout fellow!" he smiled. "That's the spirit! Spoken like a true Americain du Nord. Don't you see, then she'll divorce you."

I looked at him with a touch of disgust, not much, just enough to show him how I felt about it in a well-bred way. "You're one of those men," I said, "who asks questions but doesn't listen to the answer. I've told you several times she won't sue for divorce. She doesn't care what I do. She's not interested in me."

"I can quite understand that," he commented. "Then you'll have to go to Mexico City and get it there. There's nothing left, don't you see?"

I shook my head. "If the divorce isn't legal," I asked, "how will it help me to get it? Now it's your turn to talk."

He moved closer and looked at our glasses speculatively. I motioned to the garçon. He asked us if we would another drink. I said we would another drink. He came hurrying along with the bottles and we mixed another drink. My friend took a long sip and gazed off over the top of the twelfth century tower. He seemed to bring himself back to earth with something of a jerk.

"It's a tricky point in law," he said. "You

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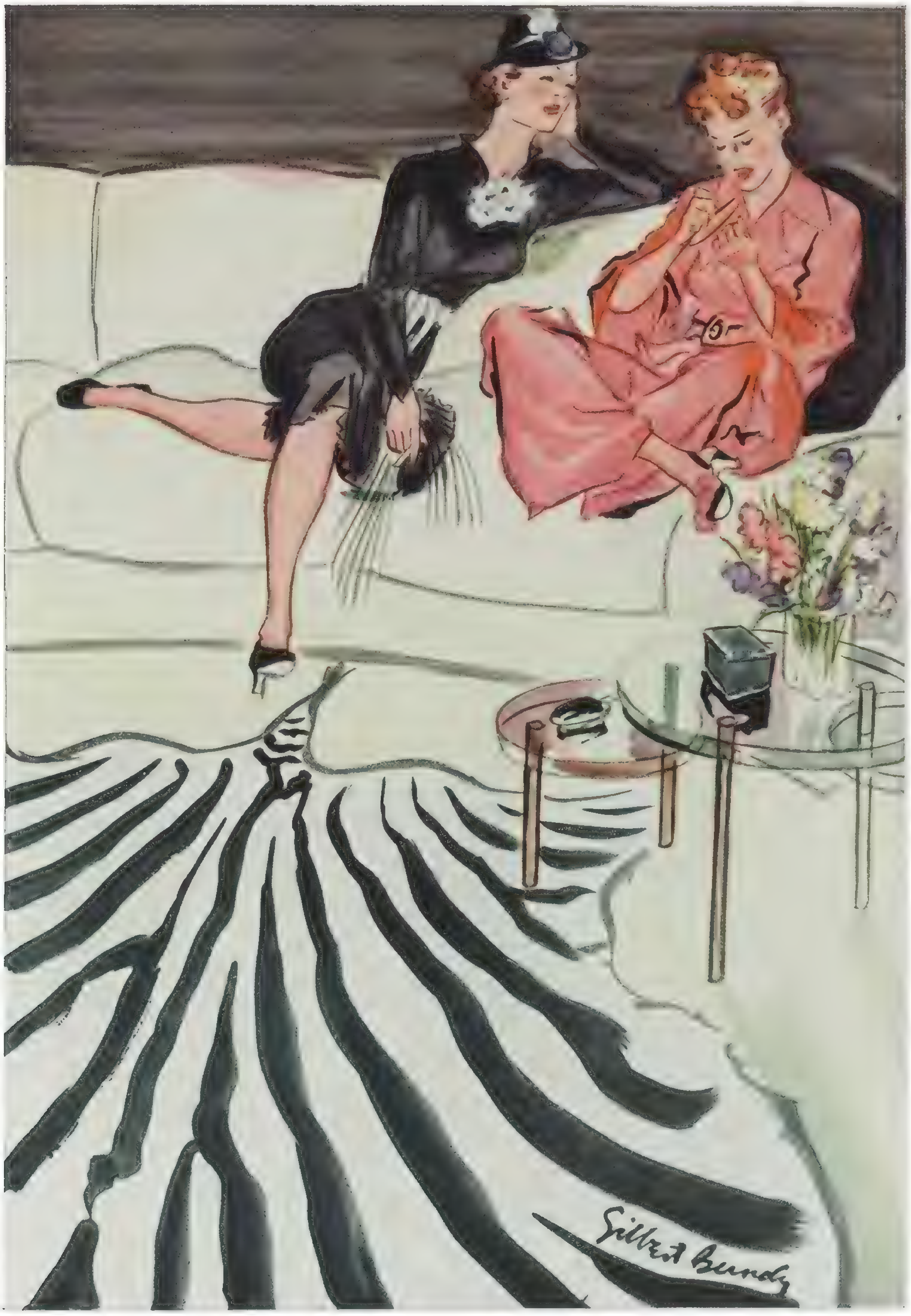
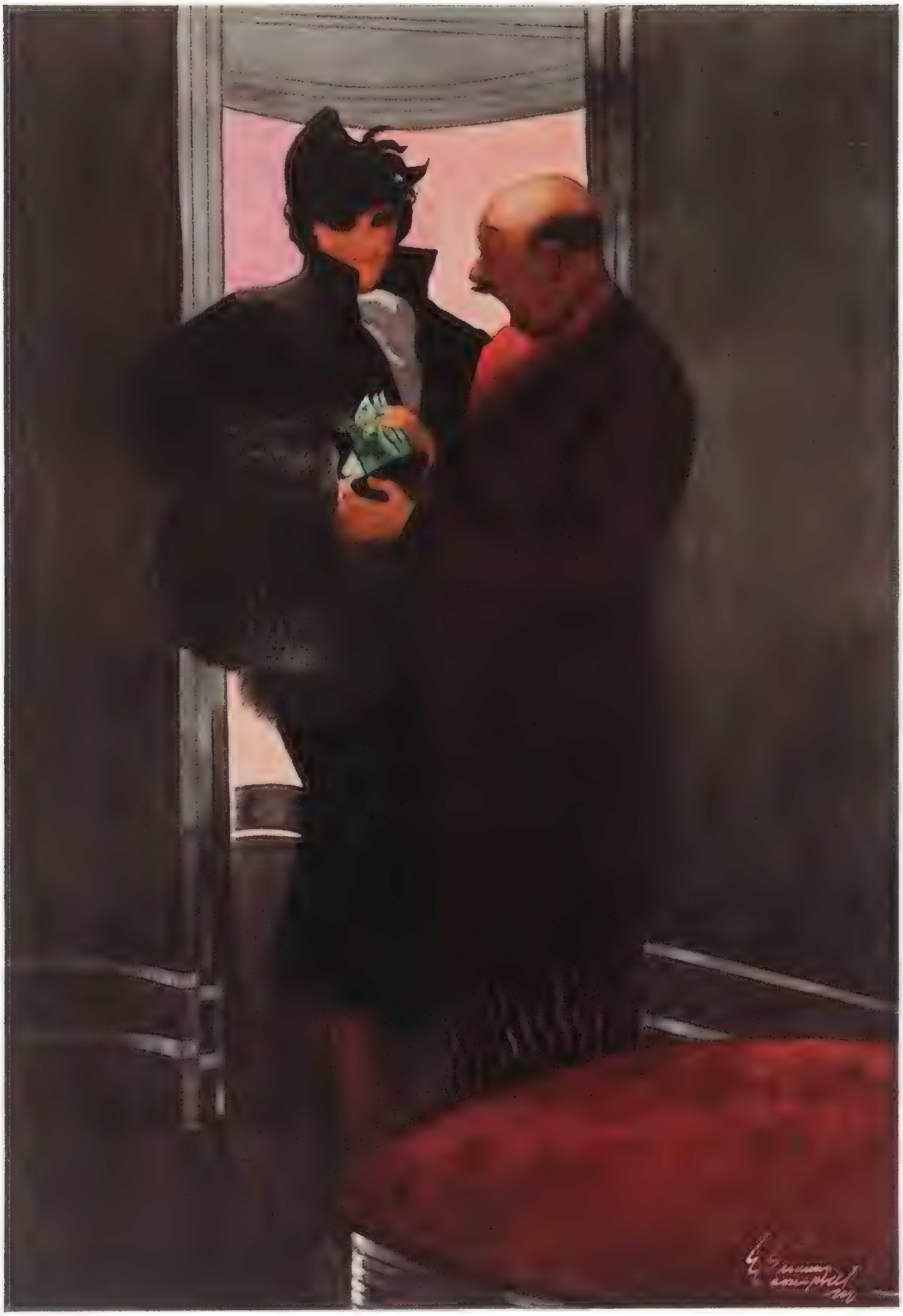

Gilbert Bundy

"Next month, if I keep going at this rate, will make a year that I've been faithful to Roger"



"Taxi fare? Why, that's train fare!"

An Unidentified Man

Intimate revelations about that unknown plodding genius, the man behind the headlines

by R. B. SULLIVAN

• ARTICLE •

Somebody always is writing pieces about lighthouse keepers, artificial butterfly salesmen, deep-sea divers or the man that the telescope company sends out to tighten up thumb-screws and squint through things when your 200-incher won't show anything except the mosquitoes flying around at the outer end. Even the artisans who set the little steel tongues in Jew's harps have come in for some nice publicity.

Special writers tramp the world for features about unusual occupations and the unusual persons who fill them. The National Geographic Society's magazine, which is sent gratis to every member of the Society, always is printing pictures of some suntanned desperado who is living at one of civilization's outposts and devoting his life to the ichneumon. Or you are reading the quarterly story about bravery in a leprosarium.

You probably know all about the mysterious white tribes of the Orinoco, and the Sunday feature sections have almost exhausted the possibilities of the unconventional sex life; fiction is suffering from a dearth of new situations and scientific literature has become so sensational that you no longer are surprised to learn what they'll do next.

But nobody ever writes anything about the copyreader—the man, anonymous and, for that matter, not even generally known to exist, who probably has more effect on your daily life than any single worker. That is, in a broad, sweeping way. Don't start to pin me down right at the start.

It is pretty doubtful that the average newspaper reader ever has heard of a copyreader, and it is almost certain that the normal citizen has little idea of the bloody brain sweat that is squeezed out daily for his edification and instruction all over the United States. Of course, there are isolated references, usually in a jocular vein, in fiction, but most people don't even know what a copyreader is. And there are thousands of copyreaders all over the country; several on every medium sized paper and from 15 to 30 on large papers.

With a view to clearing up this serious situation, I have prepared a short essay on the art. It is a labor of love and, should any copyreaders chance across it, I am sure they will forgive any little bitternesses, any little exaggerations to which I may have resorted to bring out highlights. It is but an attempt to explain and to glorify, if possible, a long unsung profession.

The only real way to begin is to point out the difference between a copyreader and a proofreader, because the two are bound up inextricably in the public mind, with the score about 20-0 in favor of the proofreader. When people ask me what I do I tell them I work for a newspaper. If they press for specific information, I say I am a copyreader. They usually say "Oh," and then let the matter drop, so I know they think I am a proofreader. But if anyone inquires further what a copyreader is, I launch into a long talk on the subject, at which they nod their heads vaguely and toy with their half-emptied glass, quickly falling into an abstracted mood until my voice trails away in a sob. Then they brightly change the subject.

O. K. Then here's the difference. Proofreaders—and I will not vouch for this, as I have never seen one, much less witnessed the results of their work in most papers—are kept in the composing room. From the typographic condition of most papers it would seem either that the proofreaders are blind, or that they are housed in a dark cave somewhere and never see the light of day except when they are brought to the surface, like the mules in a mine, to be shot because they are suffering from the bots or glanders. Other papers are a little cleaner, as the trade has it, and typographical accuracy seems to be the duty of an elderly, illiterate janitor who comes in after the last edition has gone to press and cleans up around the place before he writes the editorials for the next day. There are a number of papers which seem to be remarkably free from errors of type, and this I can attribute only to the offices of a good-natured fairy, because everything is against it.

But, to be brief, the responsibility of the proof room is to see that the incisive prose of the news room, the vivid word pictures written on violet typewriter ribbon by the sports department and the deathless literature ground out by the various feature writers appears in the paper in substantially the same order of letters, words and sentences as when the composing room received the copy to be set. Proofreaders check the type with the copy, seeing that each word misspelled by the star rewrite man and overlooked by the copy desk still is misspelled when the stuff gets into the paper. Proofreaders also serve as a deterrent for disgruntled linotype operators, who have been known on occasion to set a few lines of choice obscenity right in the middle of a woman's page feature, thus causing copies of that edition of the paper to become collector's items and retail for as much as $16.50.

In a word, the proofreader is connected with the mechanical staff of the paper, while the copyreader is on—and some say not of—the editorial staff.

Copyreaders are kept in the editorial rooms of the paper, which are, oddly enough, not where the editorials are written, but where the news staff is quartered. In passing, it might be remarked that this is odder still when it is recalled that the news columns of a paper are supposed to be strictly non-editorial and unbiased. But there's no use quibbling over that now.

Motion pictures have made the public familiar enough with a sort of dream news room, filled with telephones, tough city editors, lounging reporters and beautiful girl scribes. With the exception of the last item, this picture is in truth fair enough as a general background. It is true that there are telephones, editors and reporters and desks and chairs. There are a number of other things too. Copyreaders are among them.

On most papers the copyreaders usually sit at one large desk, often of a horseshoe shape, which in this case denotes ill-luck. The boss copyreader sits in the middle, or the slot, and is called the slot-man. The outer edge of the desk is called the rim, in that colorful phraseology so beloved of the craft.

It is the duty of the copy desk to edit all the news that goes into the paper and to write suitable headlines for same, in the shortest time possible. This sounds easy, and sometimes is, if you have a certain type of mind.

Now the copy desk is a world apart and the copyreader is of a race apart, and it is of this I wish to treat. I had better not say treat, I guess. It might be misunderstood. I will talk of the conditions on an average desk, on a metropolitan newspaper with, say, a copy desk staff of ten to fifteen men, not all of whom are there at one time,

Continued in center of page 122

“. . . Make Us Truly Thankful”

Our Lady of Guadalupe watches, and the Gobernador provides, so there'll always be food manana

by CHARLES L. PALMER

FICTION

MIGUEL, the labor contractor, looked up at the sodden skies.

“It will rain,” he said.

“Si,” answered Felicio, grinning in purely complimentary agreement.

“For three weeks it has rained,” complained Miguel. Felicio nodded confirmation of a fact everyone knew. “There will be no cotton picked this week,” Miguel went on.

“Si,” Felicio accepted the dictum stolidly. Miguel said when work was to be done and when it was not to be done. Miguel took his orders from Lal Singh.

“There will be little of the last crop left to harvest,” Miguel declared. “The bolls are beaten into the mud by the rain.”

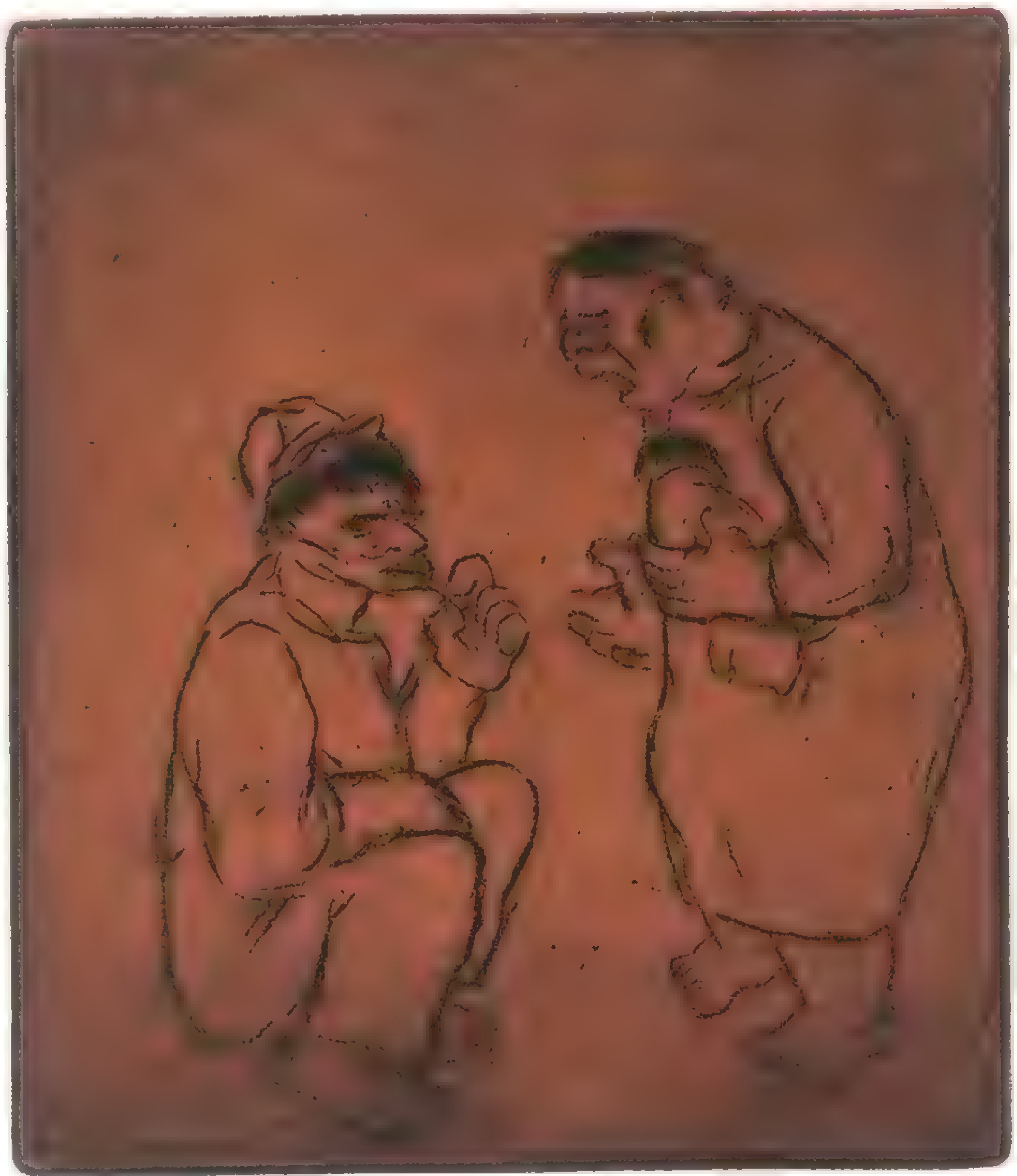
“It is the will of God,” Felicio replied. He grinned again; a conciliatory grin. Miguel had a knife scar running down his face from the corner of his right eye to his chin. It was well to be friendly with Miguel.

“Lal Singh will buy no more food if there is no more work,” the latter stated. “It is not well to go without food.”

Felicio smiled, his black eyes laughing. “He who sleeps, eats,” he said, quoting the proverb. “Besides, there is always food. It is now two weeks since our last supply, yet we eat. Concepcion will pray—her mother will pray to Our Lady of Guadalupe and there will be food.”

Miguel snorted his derision and went on. Felicio turned toward the door of his hut. He sat on the mud sill at the entrance of the open door. Inside, Concepcion, her sister and her mother were carrying on an animated conversation. Felicio rolled a cigarette, lit it, smiled and stared off into space. There was nothing to do. It was more pleasant sitting in the doorway than walking through the adobe, bending over, constantly bending over to reach the lower bolls on the cotton vines. He let the pleasure of his indolence ripple through him in a feeling of actual, physical delight. His battered felt hat was perched on the back of his head; his shiny black hair unkempt; his black eyes looked at nothing.

He puffed the smoke of his cigarette slowly, delighting in every inhalation. The hot smoke gave added warmth to his body; not the warmth of tequila, but a pleasurable warmth, nevertheless. He sat motionless for a long time.



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

“Felicio!” Concepcion called him.

“Si,” he answered without moving. She came to the door.

“Where is the wood?” she demanded. “We must have the wood. Since three days we have not enough meal for the tortillas. Since six days there have been no frijoles, no frutas, no carne. Now there are only huevos, and yet we have no wood. Would you starve your children? Would you have your children die in a foreign land? In a land where, God forbid, they could not even get a Christian burial, with a priest to say mass before the altar?”

Felicio waved his hand deprecatingly toward the community wood pile at the end of the row of huts.

“It is where it has always been,” he said.

“The wood must be cut,” Concepcion declared. “Is it that you ask me, who am big with child, to cut your wood? Must my mother totter on the way to her grave to get wood? You will not provide us with food. Must we also provide ourselves with warmth?”

“It is as God wills,” responded Felicio. He rose and walked over to the wood pile, busying himself for a few moments with the axe. When he returned with an armful of wood, a light rain was falling.

Dulcima, his sister-in-law, was seated by the stove nursing her baby. He placed the wood in back of the stove, a rusty, old-fashioned wood stove with two plates and a small oven. Its legs were missing and it was raised off the packed dirt that formed the floor of the hut by four jagged stones. Rusty stove pipe clung inebriately but tenaciously to the stove and pushed its way through a square of tin placed in the roof. In one corner was a broken bed with iron springs but no mattress and on it were tumbled blankets on which lay a baby in tattered clothes.

Against a wall was a folding canvas cot, also with rumpled blankets, and in one corner were two built-in bunks.

On a small table stood a bucket of water in which was a dipper. A small pot of water was boiling on the stove. Concepcion bent over the stove, stoking it with the wood brought by Felicio, who turned his attention to the far corner of the room where stood a piano lamp, unlit, its useless cord and socket plug lying aimlessly on the floor. Felicio lit a candle, the dim light revealing an image of Our Lady of Guadalupe ensconced beneath the lamp, as in a shrine. He knelt, crossed himself and started to murmur a prayer. There was a knock at the door.

Concepcion pushed the hair back out of her eyes and went to the door. Standing there was a rotund, genial man; he was a case worker for the California Department of Public Welfare. He spoke in Spanish.

“I come from the Gobernador of Alta California,” he said. “His Excellency has asked me to learn how things fare with our peons.” He smiled.

Felicio came to the door.

Concepcion started to speak, but Felicio interrupted her. This was a conversation between men. He was head of the house and he would maintain his authority.

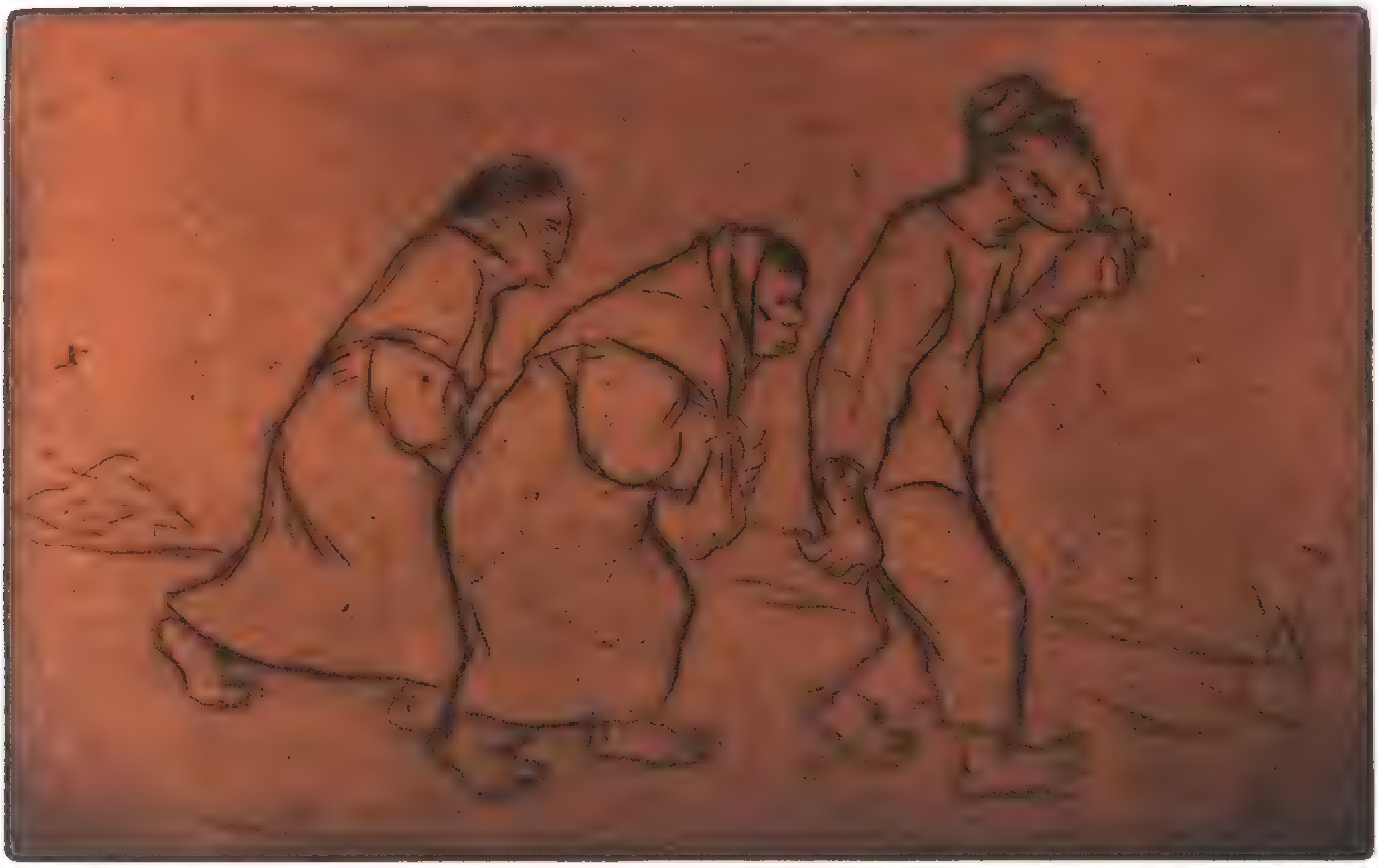
“His Excellency is well?” He asked the question ceremoniously.

“Well, indeed,” was the reply. “And with thee?”

“We have the rain; mucho rain,” Felicio responded. “It is not good, the rain. The cotton cannot be picked. We cannot work. We cannot get the food.”

“That is a matter of extreme regret. His Excellency recognizes that one must work to eat, and would have me ask—is there enough food?”

“We have the eggs,” Felicio



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

replied. "There is nothing else."

"Si. Huevos only," affirmed Concepcion. "For three days but eggs. Our mouths are sick with eggs and our bellies would be filled with real food."

"Peace, woman," Felicio admonished her. "This is talk for men."

Concepcion nodded and was still.

"Lal Singh," he went on, speaking to the visitor, "that man of India who operates this rancho—Lal Singh will not supply more food because the cotton is ruined. The rain has beaten the bolls into the mud. It is the will of God. His Excellency can make Lal Singh provide food?" he asked hopefully.

"No. But His Excellency can order that you be supplied with food from his warehouses."

"Gracias," Felicio responded. "His Excellency is generous. Will you not enter?"

"Thank you," replied the man. Dulcima and her mother scurried to straighten the room. Using the hem of her rather dirty dress, the older woman dusted the seat of a broken, badly repaired chair and offered it silently to the visitor. He sat down, his eyes taking in the details of the dwelling. Finally his eyes fell on the lamp, the shrine and the candle.

"May one ask," he queried, "what it is beneath which the Blessed Virgin reposes?"

"That," answered Felicio, "is the Americano furniture we will take back to Mexico to show we truly have lived in America Del Norte. Is it not beautiful?"

"Beautiful indeed," acknowledged the visitor. In his own mind he was sure he had never seen anything so atrocious. A piano lamp, an electric lamp, of a vivid green color throughout. Its tall stand was a succession of lathe turned knobs and spindles all enameled in a brilliant shade between apple green and emerald. One straight round section of the stand had been finished in a brilliant cloisonné of the same shade as the rest of the stand. The lamp shade, of sheer georgette crepe, also matched the stand in color and was covered with vivid garish flowers, painted in oil. It was shaped like a partially opened umbrella with the points of the ribs greatly exaggerated. From the lower edge of the shade hung strings and festoons of gilt beads.

There was no question but that, from the gaze with which he regarded the lamp, Felicio felt it his most prized possession.

"Beautiful, indeed," repeated the visitor.

"For it we have paid twenty-two American pesos," said Felicio, pridefully. "It is much too beautiful for such a place as this, but it is the proper shrine for Our Lady. In Parral, in our home, it will be of great interest and many will come for miles to see it. We will be people of great importance in Parral."

"Beautiful indeed!" Felicio's boasting was too much for Dulcima. "What good is beauty when we starve. Had not my sister's husband bought this lamp we would have meal for tortillas; we would have meat; we would have the gasoline to go back to Parral; we would—"

Concepcion turned on her sister with the energy of fury.

"Silence, ungrateful one," she commanded. "For two years in this land of strange people and strange ways has Felicio bought the food for you and your—"

"Be still!" Felicio turned on the women. "It is not seemly to act so before the representative of The Government. Besides, the lamp is beautiful."

"You would return to Parral, then?" asked the visitor. He ignored the argument. "Where is Parral?"

"Si, Senor," replied Felicio. "It is in Chihuahua."

"Perhaps His Excellency can arrange that also. But in the meantime you must have food. Tomorrow the trucks will leave Fresno to bring food, but it rains and perhaps they cannot get here because of the mud."

The visitor rose to take his departure.

"Gracias, Senor," Felicio answered. "You will thank His Excellency for us. It may be there will be no rain tomorrow. It is as God wills. Adios."

When the man had gone Felicio turned to Concepcion.

"You see," he said, "there is always food."

"This is a good country," volunteered the mother-in-law. "When one has no food, The Government sends one to inquire and the food is supplied. I do not think it well to return to Parral. Here one can eat without working."

"For Felicio that is excellent," answered Concepcion. "He would like never to work. There is need of more wood, lazy one. We will cook all the eggs tonight, and tomorrow we will fill our bellies with real food."

With the visitor gone, Felicio could no longer exert his authority. The odds were too great against him. He ambled slowly through the rain to the community wood pile.

When the morning broke the next day the rain had passed. The skies were clear, blue and limitless. To the west the dark blue hills of the Coast Ranges rose sharply against the horizon. To the east the distant peaks of the Sierra thrust snowy crags against the mounting sun. Underfoot, however, the adobe mud was slippery, tenacious, treacherous.

Anticipating the arrival of the truck with supplies, Felicio stood outside the door, looking across the flat plain of the San Joaquin Valley. For miles there was no house, no tree, nothing but unbroken levelness that seemed to disappear abruptly into the distant mountains. His watch was contemplative, rather than expectant.

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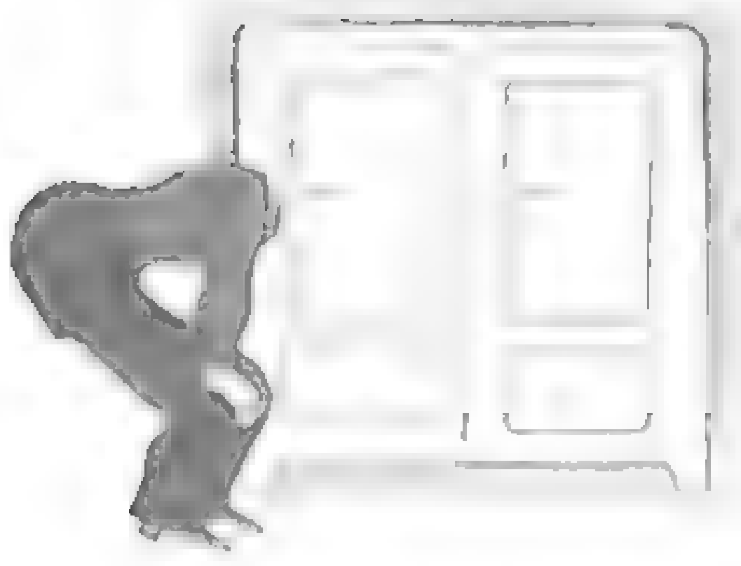
I Mix the Drinks

What happens to the light that lights when the icebox opens, when the icebox door is shut?

by W. B. LYTTON

• SATIRE •



We had new neighbors. To those of you who dwell in apartment houses it is just like saying it rained yesterday, or Herbert was drunk again, but to father who went from diapers to long pants; through matrimony and pneumonia and up to my own existence in the same old house it was like saying the Democrats were lousy, or that father was wrong about something. Or as old black William simply put it, new neighbors were just something new. Far away in father's mind was a dim recollection that there was something people ought to do when new neighbors moved in, but he had forgotten the routine. It had been a long time since such a thing had occurred on our block. Father phoned his good friend, Mr. Roach, and asked him what to do about new neighbors. Mr. Roach had spent the greater part of his life moving in and out of apartment houses. He told father to consult a lawyer; to take out liability insurance on the dog, and reinforce the bathroom curtains. Father felt that Mr. Roach had mistaken his good intentions, and phoned a Congressman friend of his for advice. The Congressman replied that new neighbors were perfectly legal and that father couldn't do anything about them. No one seemed to understand father's purpose towards new neighbors. At last, mother told him that it was a custom among nice people to entertain new neighbors. Then it all came back to father in a flash, and one night father phoned them. He invited them to drop over for a few informal cocktails.

The new neighbors were the Albert J. Hawks, and it was rumored around that Mr. Hawks was a shrewd and prosperous mining engineer. As father learned later, Mr. Hawks was a sceptic who believed in no one but himself. He was suspicious of all new inventions and preferred the bath tub to the shower bath. He had a particular dislike for safety razors. He bought Bell Telephone stock because he admired the company for not making radical changes. The telephone was still ugly and clumsy to operate. He liked his wife for the same reason.

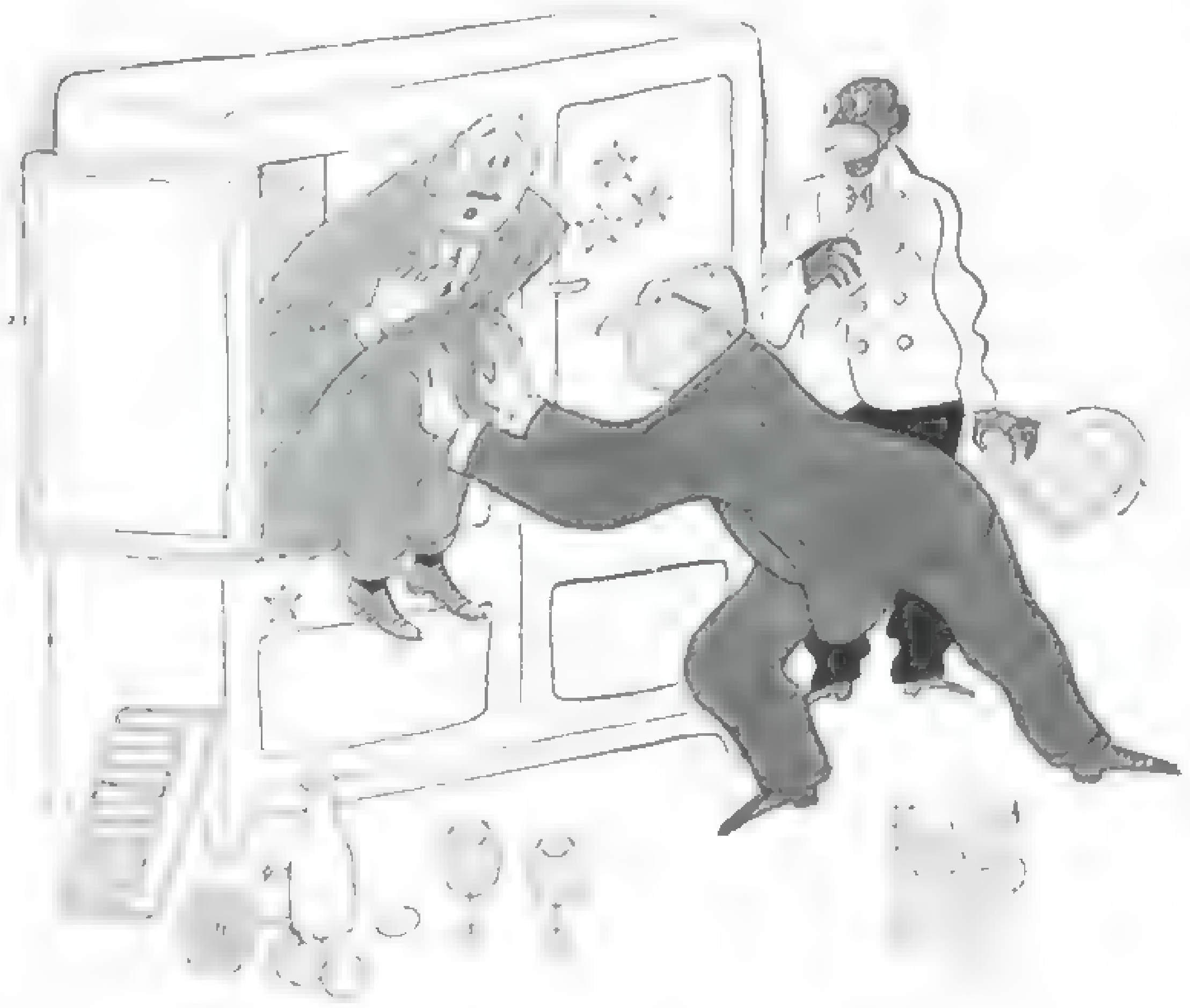
Father, on the other hand, liked everything new and modern. And mother liked father to make a good showing with people. She had instructed him carefully not to bore Mr. Hawks with a description of his ulcerated stomach, a possession of which father was rather boastful at times because it had never killed him.

He was to talk only of mining, and poor father knew as little about obstetrics.

Father made the cocktails himself. But because of the limitations of his own diseased stomach he was always inclined to be stingy with his alcoholics. He put them in the new electric ice box to chill. This ice box was the finest and most recent addition to the pantry. Father thought so, anyhow. He had bought it one day when mother was out of town. Life had taught me several things about alcohol and I had always appreciated its ability to make people congenial. Father's cocktails were much too feeble and flaccid, and so with father in the bathroom and William in the cellar I imparted to the drinks the strength and vitality necessary for any diplomatic occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawks arrived promptly at eight o'clock. The business of greeting one another was hurriedly accomplished, and though both parties strove for geniality and informality there was still that touch of stiffness about the whole thing that only alcohol can conquer. Father seemed to feel this and motioned to William for the drinks, and William, with his big white eyes and his small black body, served the first round of cocktails.

Mr. Hawks gave me the impression at first sight that he enjoyed his liquor, probably because it was an ancient drink and there was nothing new or fancy about it. Mrs. Hawks and mother dallied with their glasses until they were sipping half ice water and half fruit juice which was a situation that seemed to play a very minor role in their lives. Both sexes had settled down to their own sphere of conversation, and William hovered about refilling their glasses.



The change in the cocktails had only reached father's stomach and his subconscious mind but he was getting very chatty and open-mouthed. Mr. Hawks perspired about his forehead and became more reticent with each drink. Father had remembered to discuss mining but found difficulty in leading up to the subject. He managed to say something about the fact that we all had to get out and dig for a living. This failed to bring any response about mines out of Mr. Hawks. He just took another drink and looked solemnly at father. But father wasn't easily dampened. He said that all men were essentially miners because they were all digging for something —the sewer digger, the grave digger, the gold digger, doctors digging into people's bellies, farmers digging for potatoes, and that when you dig down to a certain level you suddenly evolute from a common digger to a miner. This bit of conversation brought a sharp glance from mother. Mr. Hawks continued to look silently at father and diddle with his empty glass.

"Have another drink," said father hopefully. Mr. Hawks held out his glass. The change in the cocktails suddenly went from father's subconscious to his conscious mind. He looked incredibly at his glass. It must have been the new electric ice box.

"Wonderful things these electric ice boxes," says father. "They do things to cocktails that's hard to describe logically."

Mr. Hawks said he thought they were excellent drinks. He burped gently.

"Everybody should have electric ice boxes," continued father. "If we had the space, I'd get another one right now," he said emphatically, searching the parlor for a good location. Mr. Hawks said he preferred the old-fashioned ice box. He said that some day father would probably be electrocuted reaching for the lettuce.

This intolerant feeling towards electric ice boxes hurt father deeply. "Maybe you've never taken a real good look at one," suggested father.

"I don't want to look at one," said Mr. Hawks. "They're nothing but regular boxes with a lot of cold air on the inside, and cold air doesn't look any different than any other kind of air."

Mother looked somewhat mortified and I could see she was paying little attention to what Mrs. Hawks was telling her about some new kind of soap. I glanced furtively at father. He was leading Mr. Hawks to the pantry, and Mr. Hawks was following none too steadily through the pantry door. William began to notice things, too, and sniffed suspiciously into the cocktail shaker. I felt that perhaps I should have gone a little easier on the liquor.

"There she is," says father pointing to an ice box that could have easily served a wholesale meat market. "The biggest one they had for eight-hundred dollars de-

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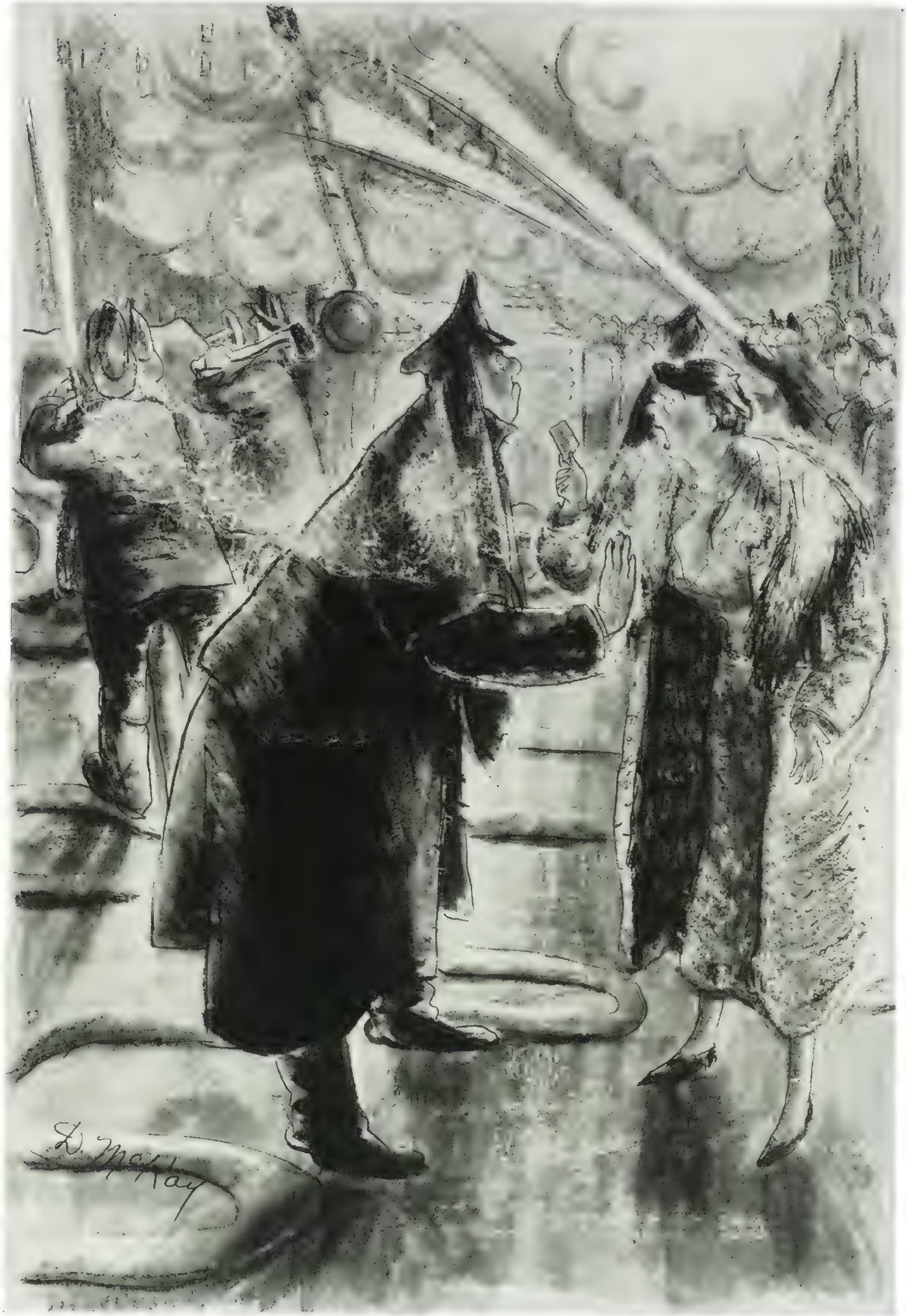


"I'm president of the Junior League—perhaps there's something I can do!"

Black Knight of the South

Legend of Alexander McClung, victor in fourteen fatal duels, and victim of his own sentiment

by CRADDOCK GOINS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

This is the story of a man who walked aloof from women to be bridegroom to Death.

This man, one Alexander K. McClung, lived only a few furious years, but he died, steeped in honors and horrors, as the "Black Knight of the South"—the most destructive genius of his times. Paradoxically enough, he was one of the most valorous members of a great cavalcade of Southern chivalry!

His period was a melodramatic day when manhood was measured in terms of quick triggers, hard riding and romance in the moonlight. Fastidious in dress, with a magnificent figure and proudly set head, equally versed in pistols, horses and the social graces of an elegant age, he possessed all the dramatic elements of a captain of romance.

Yet when enraptured women threw their hearts at him, he disdainfully cast them right back again and continued to drink his liquor, overtest his horse, kill his enemies—and avenge every insult to a woman that came to his attention! And such happiness as he found was entirely outside the courts of romance.

The greatest killer in the history of his state, his career left a flaming path of blood and the graves of fourteen men who fell before his deadly aim on fourteen fields of honor.

One victim that he desired above all others was denied him. Destruction of that enemy might have given him more pleasure than all the grim "satisfaction" he ever claimed over his pistols and coffee for two. It also might have changed the history of the nation. The enemy was a rising young public leader named Jefferson Davis, who was Colonel of the First Mississippi Regiment, then in the service of the United States in a war against Mexico, under whom McClung served as Lieutenant-Colonel.

But McClung died himself before he could ever so arrange the affairs of honor that his superior officer would have to face him at dawn.

His own death, under the most surprising circumstances imaginable, came a few years before the Civil War, and left a reminder of the terrible philosophy that had guided McClung through his strange life of loveless loneliness. His only bequest was a poem penned just before he died—one of the strangest, most terrifying lyrics of lost hope possibly ever written.

The poem was a prayer to the only woman he ever loved—Lady Death.

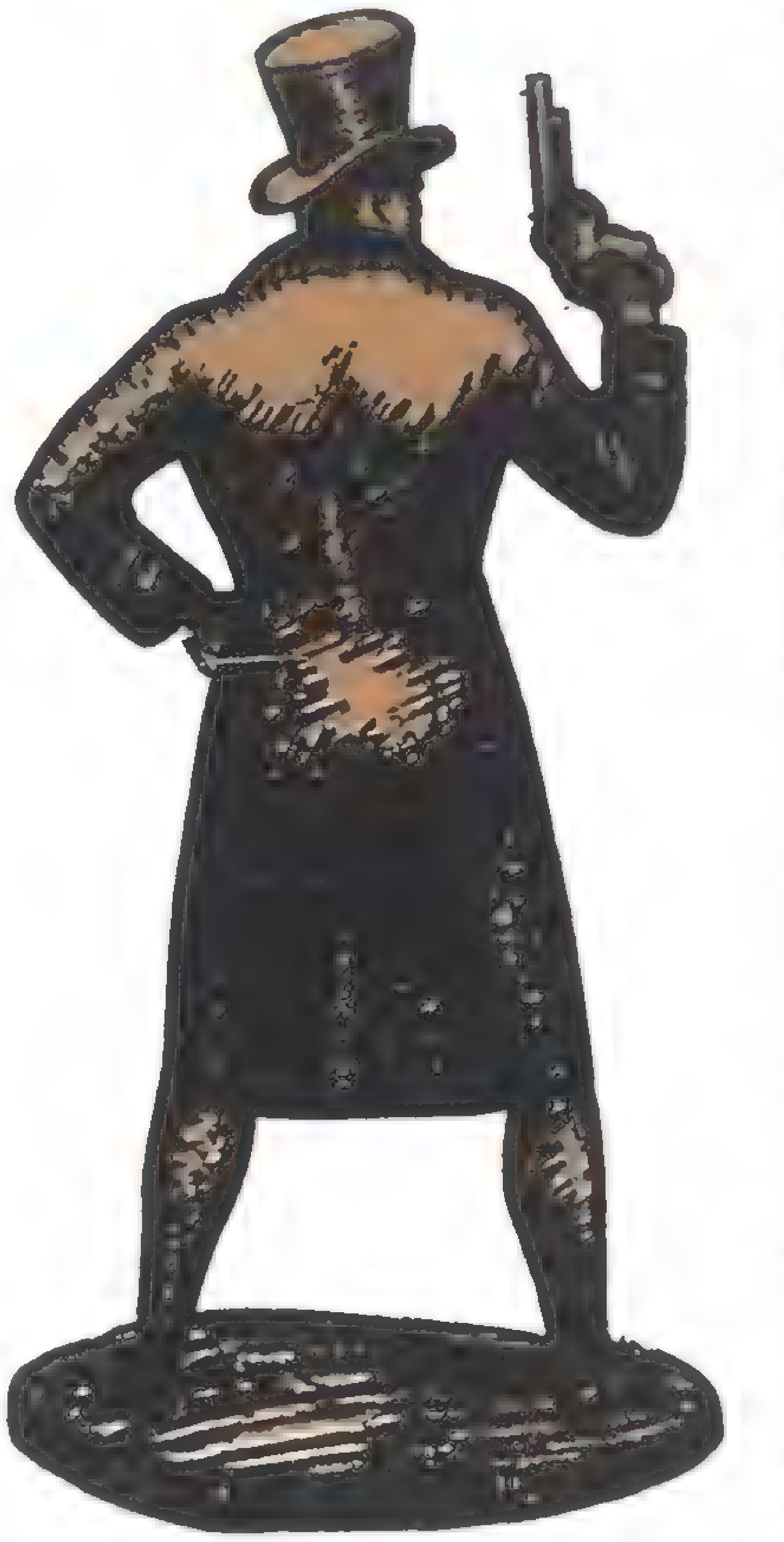
The ink still was wet on his signature when it was found near his body and the famous duelling pistol with which he had destroyed so many adversaries.

Over the South they talked of that poem for many years after Alexander McClung was gone. It was called *Death's Invocation*. The other day it was brought to light by a St. Louis man. Rummaging around in some old trunks this man, one Mr. John Waters, found McClung's final words—the only words of romance he was ever known to utter.

A copy of it has come to my hands, and it reads:

Death's Invocation

Swiftly speed o'er the waste of time
  Spirit of death,
In manhood's morn, in youthful form
  I woo thy breath,
For the faded hues have fled
  Like the Dolphin's light,
And dark are the clouds above my head
  As the starless night.
O, vainly the mariner seeks for rest
  In the quiet haven,
The sainted pilgrim for the land of the blest
  The rest in Heaven;
The galley slave for night wind's breath,
  At burning noon,
But more gladly would I embrace thee,
  Oh death, come soon! come soon!
Alexander K. McClung



That poem now has been added to the meager collection of relics of this moody knight of destruction which have been preserved in the hall of fame at the Mississippi state capitol. The collection formerly included only a handsome life-size bust oil painting and the famous hair-trigger duelling pistol with which he so many times punctuated his arguments in flaming exclamation points at dawn.

A striking insight into his character is revealed in his deep hatred for another man. One J. L. Alcorn, who later became governor of Mississippi, suffered the fate of affronting McClung in their younger days *by avenging an insult to a woman before McClung could act!*

It happened at a ball in Mississippi's capital city. A certain young man much in his cups so persistently annoyed a young lady of a distinguished family that she finally rushed to McClung for assistance. Although usually the personification of *chivalry alert*, that brooding gallant for some reason was a little slow in comprehending the situation, and before he could act, young Alcorn sprang forward and thrust the offending party from the house

The Black Knight never lost an opportunity to pick a quarrel with Alcorn, and later when that gentleman was governor, he suffered a narrow escape upon encountering McClung in a restaurant at Washington, where only the utmost tact by himself and mutual friends prevented another sanguinary rendezvous at dawn. Alexander K. McClung's origin is steeped quite as much in mystery as his tragic end. Despite the terror that his flaming pistol created over the state, he was widely admired as a brilliant lawyer, a gallant soldier and one of the South's foremost orators.

He took up residence at Columbus, Mississippi, many years before the Civil War, coming from "somewhere in Kentucky," although he was born in Fauquier County, Virginia. Some historians have retraced his footsteps enough to discover that he was from what people of the South call "good family," his mother being a daughter of a former United States Supreme Court chief justice. It was learned that McClung's first duel, the only one in which he was ever hit, was at the tender age of seventeen when he was a midshipman in the United States navy. In that duel, fought in 1828, McClung was slightly wounded. But so was his adversary.

A year later we find him in a duel near Frankfort, Kentucky. Enemies evidently giving out, this time he was depending upon family quarrels, for this adversary was a first cousin. As for that encounter history leaves us to our own shuddering imagination with the simple explanation that

"McClung took full satisfaction." The victim was James W. Marshall, a member of his mother's side of the house.

It was then that he went to Mississippi and took up that extraordinary feud with the Menifee family in which, according to tradition, he was successively challenged by all seven male members of that family, and successively killed them all!

The first duel with a member of the Menifee family, however, is better founded than on tradition. Its scene was Vicksburg, later to enter the records of blood on a larger scale in connection with a man named Ulysses Grant.

John Menifee was a member of the famous Vicksburg Rifles. Brother officers, in full dress uniform, with a brightly uniformed array of enlisted men, turned out on the banks of the Mississippi river in the cold gray dawn of that eventful morning. They were a happily anticipating lot, prepared for that sort of Roman holiday such as was known only under that code of the old South which held that blood and gunpowder were the only proper cleansing agencies for wiping out stains on family honor. And there was no dry-cleaning substitute then!

Young John Menifee, therefore, went forth to this encounter, one might well imagine, with high hopes and confidence, for he was a deadly shot and was surrounded by friends who had little doubt that he would quickly dispatch this quiet, tight-lipped young Virginian. It was a little disconcerting, however, to see McClung as the moment of combat arrived, standing with a relaxed, impassive expression on his face, calmly drawing at a pipe!

At the word to fire, McClung quietly took the pipe from his mouth, cast it aside, heard a bullet from his adversary pass over his head, and then to the horror of all onlookers, he relentlessly bore down upon his victim until, confident of his range, he fired. Menifee's brother officers stood speechless as their champion suddenly grew rigid and fell in a crumpled heap.

Then Alexander Keith McClung had only one name over the plantations of the far-trails. He was the Black Knight of the South—adventurer and avenger.

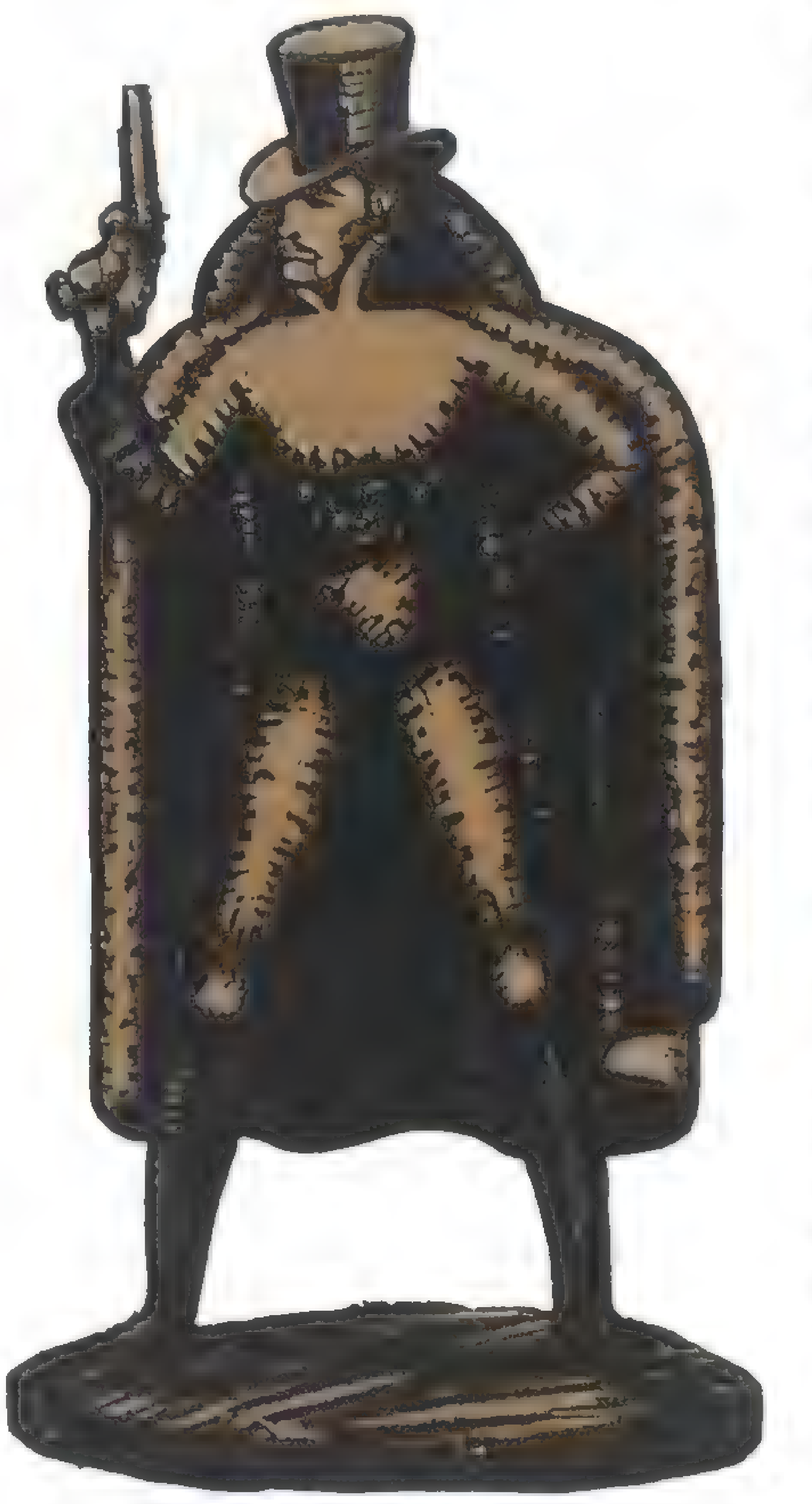
Just as women courted his smile, men blanched at his frown, knowing that the slightest affront would call for pistols and coffee for two at dawn. Always it was bitter coffee for one.

Yet by some strange alchemy of human makeup they knew this young knight of evil genius to be a soldier and a gentleman and a man of pride, even—after the fashion of his times—possessed of a high sense of honor.

It is here that we come upon one of the strangest features of his bloody life. Although destroyer of many men on fields of honor, he never in his life—believe it or not, Mr. Ripley—challenged a man to a duel! The explanation, of course, is simple. He was a one-weapon man. The pistol was his one agency of death. It never failed him. He knew he could rely upon it. And he knew the challenged party always had the choice of weapons.

That was Jefferson Davis' only escape. Although intensely jealous of Davis, McClung could never bring about such circumstances as would cause that calm, tactful young commander to challenge him. Mr. Ripley might also consider this startling fact: Although almost contemptuous of the companionship of women, he is known to have "called out" men for affronts to women that he didn't even know!

McClung's death was caused from an occurence that happened many years before he died. It was caused by a man he had actually killed!



The circumstances of that killing are simple. The victim was a young man known in history simply as "General Allen." There is no explanation as to whether the general is a name or a title. But he was a very young man, and he came into McClung's life on the morning that the latter was participating in a duel between two very prominent men of Mississippi. As a second who was always punctilious about carrying out the code duello to the letter, McClung resented the fact that Young Allen repeatedly walked into territory reserved for the participants and their seconds. Allen in turn resented McClung's reprimand.

To the Black Knight's credit it must be recorded that he sought in every way to avoid the duel which he was forced into with Allen. He ignored taunts and word-of-mouth messages. One day, however, Young Allen faced McClung on the lawn of the state capitol, and there gave the one insult that could not be overlooked—an open-handed slap across the mouth.

Still McClung had not despaired of being able to spare Allen's life. He dictated terms of the meeting. It was to be on the banks of the Pearl River, just across the bridge from the city. And the distance was to be eighty paces.

Seconds were aghast. That was an unheard of distance. Later they understood McClung's reasons.

The morning of the duel he watched somberly while seconds paced off the distance. Then he took his place. The word to fire was given. General Allen fired and, of course, missed. For the distance was too great for anyone except an expert.

McClung quietly raised his weapon into the air and fired, calling out:

"Are you content now, sir, that honor is satisfied?"

Allen's answer was to move upon his adversary with smoking revolver as though hunting down a rabbit.

McClung waiting for him to approach, shook his head sadly, saying:

"With my next bullet, sir, I shall strike you in the teeth."

Young Allen died of a hemorrhage, on the way to town, the bullet tearing out the back of his spinal column—after entering his mouth.

The Black Knight never recovered from the public condemnation this act brought upon him. It was the only experience of his life that he ever was known to try to explain. He published an open letter of several columns, reviewing the incidents, explaining his great unwillingness to meet one so young, his regret at being forced into it.

He met and killed other men later. He went off to a stirring war in Mexico with Jefferson Davis and distinguished himself in a half dozen battles. He came home to high honors in courtroom and public forum. When the great commoner Henry Clay died, he was selected to deliver a public eulogy. His address is preserved in archives of the old South as a masterpiece of oratory.

But the Allen incident lingered heavily over his heart. He never spoke of it. Nor did anyone speak of it to him. Yet those closest to him knew the ghost of Young Allen was ever at his elbow.

One biographer pictures him at Monterey, in the Mexican war, at the head of his troops, actually protesting that death missiles were ignoring him. Eye witnesses reported that he actually charged up and down the lines, fully exposed, waving his hands and shouting:

"My God, can't one bullet hit me!"

Yet there were not reproaches from everyone. One of his few intimates, the distinguished Colonel Reuben Davis, in his memoirs, leaves this picture of a man so widely feared:

"Colonel McClung was a man whose fate it has been to be much talked of and little known. It has often annoyed me to hear him spoken of in terms that showed how little his real character has been understood. His personal appearance was singularly noble and impressive. McClung was an athlete, tall and symmetrically perfect and powerfully formed. His fine head was covered by a profusion of curly auburn hair. He belonged to one of the most intellectual families of Kentucky, the Marshalls and Breckenridges. His courage was magnificent, but his general manner indicated only gentleness and courtesy. . . . To his friends he was always the same—kind, generous and devoted."

Another biographer, sadly sums up the part of his life that concerns romance by saying, "Though he remained always a bachelor, it is said that he had many love affairs—or rather that many women threw their hearts at him. He was a hard drinker, a flowery speaker, and a writer of sentimental verse. It is said that in his later life he was exceedingly unhappy, brooding over

Continued in center of page 144

The Guy in the Red Pants

All he ever wanted was to be alone in the sky, but all the crowd ever wanted was madness

by HARRY ASHE

▪ FICTION ▪

"AN ACCIDENT? You think so! What the hell do the newspapers know about it? Did they ever get anything right about aviation yet? You think it was an accident after Jimmy flew across the entire United States and finished an hour ahead of the ship that placed second? An accident that he came down from four thousand feet straight over the field in a power dive and never pulled up?

"What do I know about it? Well, I'll tell you, Mister. I know all about it. I'm Jimmy Brooks' mechanic—or was. . . . Sure, I'll have another drink.

"You never knew him personally? Well, Mister, there was the swellest guy that ever sat in a cockpit. You know the old saying about a man never being a hero to his valet? Well, that usually goes for flyin', too. A mechanic knows more about a pilot than he does himself.

"They're a temperamental bunch. You got to humor 'em. When they bellyache about somethin' wrong with a motor you just listen seriously until they get out of the way then likely as not you find everything okay. I remember a pilot once who used to ride me about a motor not turning up right. It was runnin' sweet and I knew it. Well, I stood his razzin' for about a week then I set up the tachometer reading one hundred rev's. Mind you, I hadn't touched the motor. Well, he was happy as hell. Said she had more sap than any other ship on the field.

"And you know, a lot of pilots get cocky—not the real ones of course, but you'd be surprised how many more horses' empennages there are than horses. It's women that ruin 'em. They think they're tin Galahads with zippers. And if a guy hasn't a sense of humor he begins to believe there's somethin' in this superman stuff, himself. I've seen some pretty good kids load up on this "hero of the sky" business and never get over it. You know the symptoms—trick boots, ground-worn helmets and goggles and streamlined zephyr mustaches.

"Jimmy Brooks that sort? Don't be silly, Mister. Do you think I would have worked my guts out for him if he had been? Say, he'd come out to the field dressed as though he were going for a street car ride—loose clothes, baggy pants and what have you! One day a new guy wouldn't let him through the airport gate until somebody identified him. He got a big kick out of that.

"That was Jimmy—always quiet and unassuming. It used to drive his publicity agent nuts. Not that Jim wanted a publicity agent but the oil company that financed his flights did. I remember this agent said one day: 'For God's sake, can't you even look like a pilot?' Jim grinned and said he'd try and do better.

"A week later the agent framed a meet at Grand Central airport with Jimmy as the principal feature. The papers built it up swell and there must have been ten thousand people and a hundred thousand boys out there. A few days before, the agent had a trick uniform made for Jim and was it a honey! The blouse was sky-blue and had gold wings woven into the fabric. But the breeches were the thing, Mister. They would have made a swell marker for an emergency field in the desert. They were red. Can you imagine Jimmy in red pants? As a matter of fact though, he looked like a million dollars in that uniform. He was slim and boyish looking you know and held himself very straight. The women would have been nuts about him in it if they'd ever seen it.

"A few Army ships from March Field were supposed to come up for the meet and the National Guard were sending over some of their super Jenny's. I'll hand it to this publicity guy. He was on the job all right. He had photographers and newsreel men from all over southern California. And the morning of the meet he even talked Technicolor into sending over a cameraman. Told them there were some unusual cloud and sky effects. What he really had in mind was a good shot of Jimmy's pants.

"This all seems sort of tragic to talk about after what's happened but it gives you a better picture of the sort of fellow he was. —Thanks, I don't mind if I do. You have this one on me. Well, all right. Thanks.

"You think Jimmy wore that trick outfit at the meet? Oh yeah? I can see him now taxying up to the stands in that Wasp Stearman of his. The publicity agent rushes over with a dozen cameramen and reporters. They ask Jimmy to step out for a shot in front of his ship. He does—dressed in the dirtiest pair of coveralls in California. Have you ever seen a speechless publicity agent? This one was. He looked like he was rehearsing for apoplexy.

"Jimmy just grinned, climbed into his ship and went upstairs to put on the greatest show I ever saw. You know there are only a certain number of maneuvers an aeroplane can make. Jimmy performed these with his usual precision and then pulled off three maneuvers I never saw before. And you know I'm Mr. Wright's little boy myself. Then Jim wound up the day with six outside loops and on the last one dropped out a dummy dressed in that blue blouse and red pants. Have you ever seen red pants come floatin' out of the sky? It's quite a sight.

"Jimmy didn't even land for the applause. He just flew over to another airport in the valley, put his ship in the hangar and went on home. He was that sort of fellow. All he ever wanted was to be left alone in the sky.

"Of course the reporters got the story and sent it A. P. and United Press all over the country. Even though he never wore them Jimmy was known after that as the guy in the red pants.

"When we weren't busy Jim and I used to grab a cigarette and sit outside the hangar in the sun. I guess I knew him better than anyone. He wasn't sociable particularly. In fact he had almost a passion for bein' alone. There are people like that, you know. It's hard for me to understand because I like to talk. Here you come along and ask me a few questions and I spill my guts to you. We go out and get drunk together. Excuse me, Mister, I was just referring to myself. They must have supercharged these drinks.

"You wouldn't think that with all the acclaim and attention Jim had that he would be shy, would you? Well, he was. And that shy reserve made a lot of people think he was high-hat. I know different.

"This race game is a tough racket. Most of the leading pilots are always bitin' each other's ears off. Well, I'll tell you something you'll find hard to believe. The only reason Jim told it to me was because I was cryin' my eyes out at his losin' a race and I felt maybe I'd slipped up on somethin' about the motor. You remember last year in the Bendix race from Los Angeles to Cleveland when Jimmy had that special low-wing job Jerry Vultee built for him? The one that was so fast that if you didn't look quick you wouldn't see it? Everybody knew there was nothing in the race that could touch it. You remember the razzing the papers and the public gave Jim when he lost? Said he must have detoured by way of Canada? Do you know why he lost? Of course you don't. He lost because he figured Ross Mannat needed to

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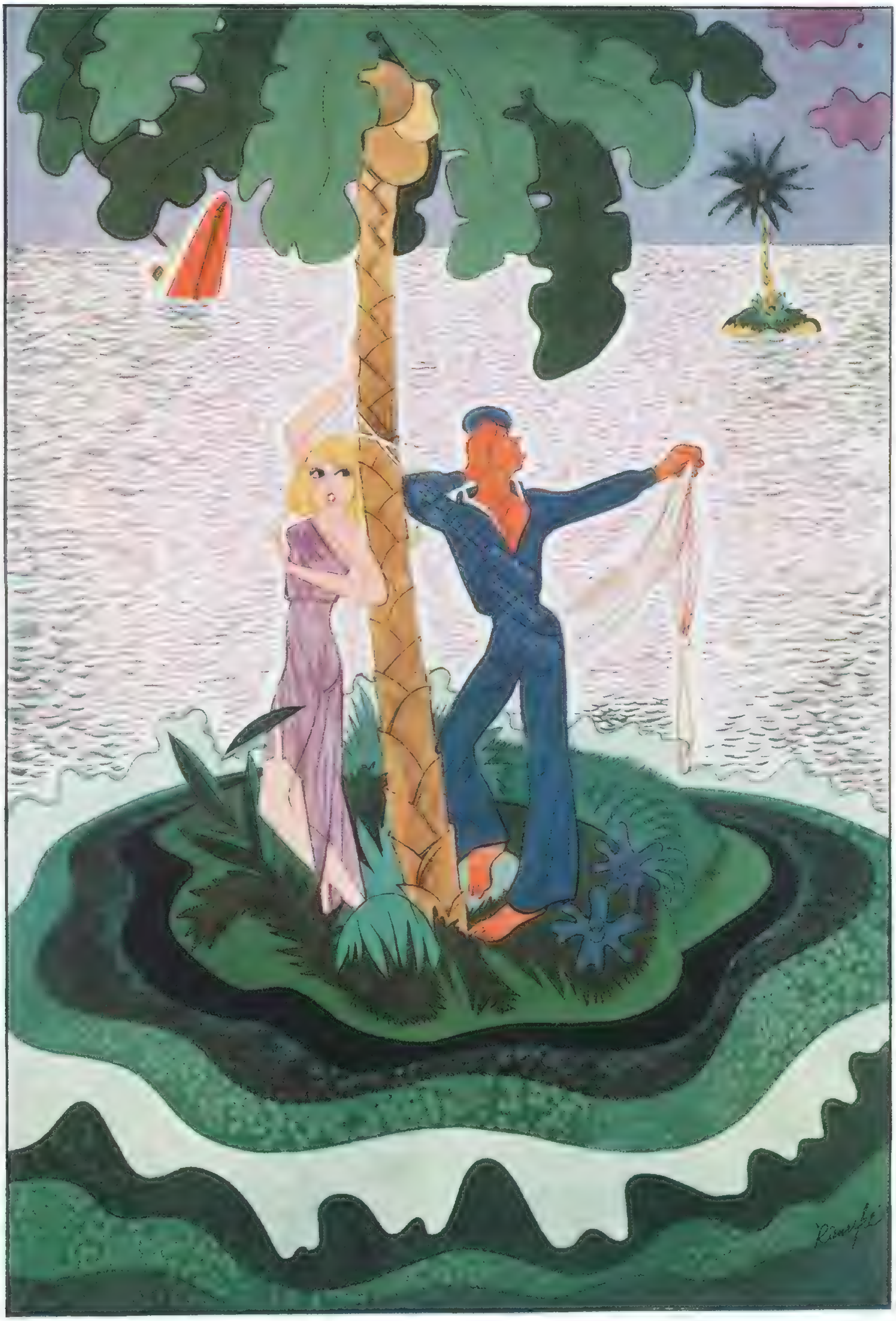
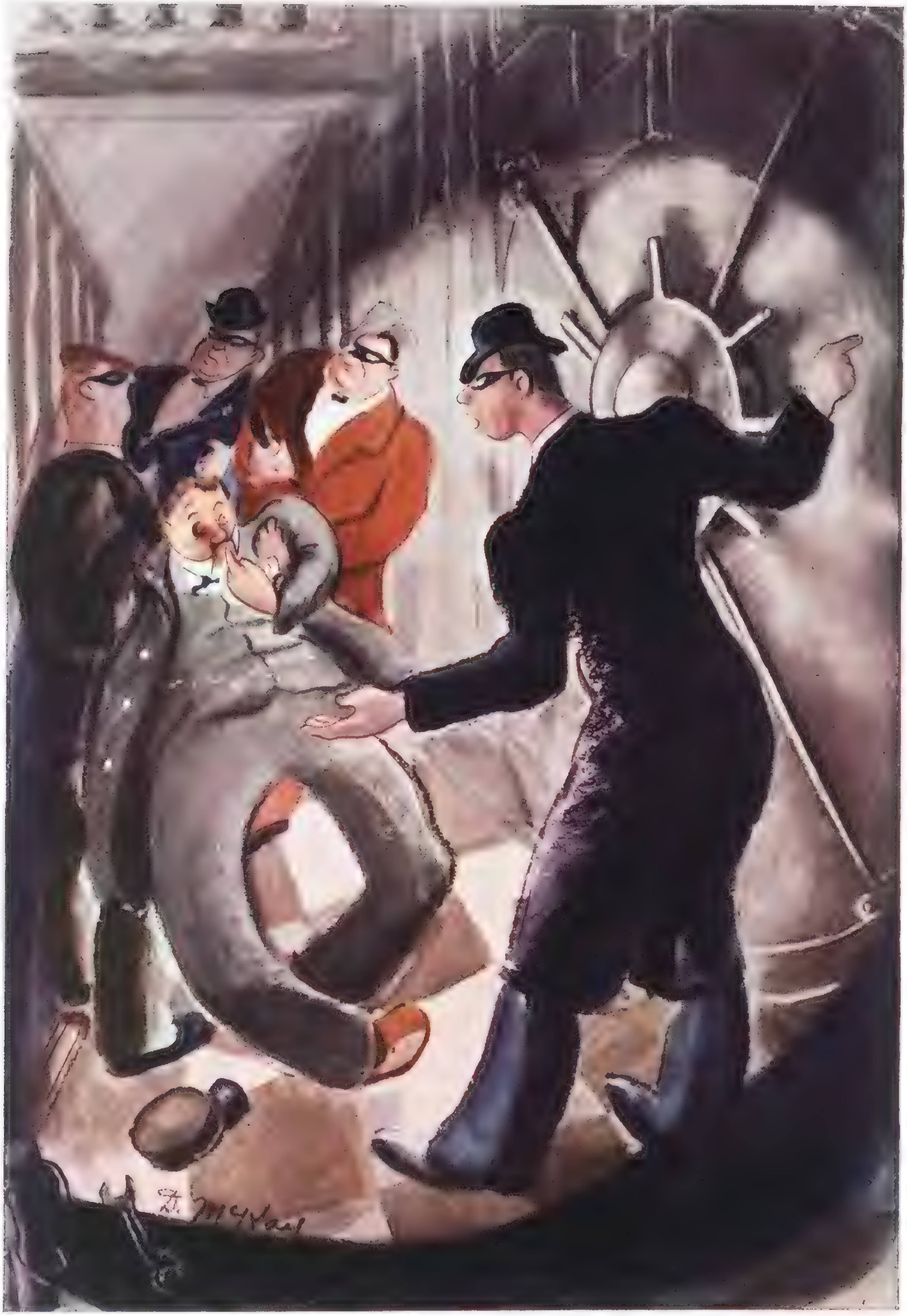


"I guess you'll have to sleep on the ground, lady!"



"I'm askin' yuh in a nice way—do we get th' combination?"

A Rat in a Trap

Of a kind of justice that takes place within the prison mind as well as within the prison walls

by JEROME ODLUM

• FICTION •

MUELLER, Lassiter and I are just starting across the prison yard toward the baseball diamond, when Stacey comes up from behind and stops us. His eyes are flashing danger signals.

He says, "Ludke just ratted on me."

Mueller asks, "What about?"

"Soda. He beefed to the deputy."

Mueller eyes the poplar trees whose crowns rise beyond the north wall. "Fink son of a bitch," he snarls.

Lassiter says, "It'll mean the hole."

Soda—sodium bicarbonate, common baking soda—is contraband. The inmates use it to make snuff—a teaspoonful to a can of powdered tobacco—and snuff is forbidden. Consequently a tobacco can of soda brings five dollars in merchandise. Some of the inmate nurses and the kitchen workers have access to it, and a few of the screws smuggle it in and trade it for shoes.

Mueller mutters, "How'd you happen to let that rat know you had the stuff?"

"He saw Bones slip it to me this morning at sick call. I watched him when we hit the yard this afternoon. He made a beeline for the deputy. As soon as they spotted me, the fink beat it, but the deputy came right over here and gave me a frisk."

This is not the first complaint that I have heard of Ludke. He turned state's evidence against his partner, who got life on a kidnaping rap, and is now in the insane asylum. Ludke, who engineered the whole caper, got off with two years, and has been ratting ever since. How he goes on living is a mystery. Half the cons in this joint have sworn to kill him.

Mueller says, "How come you're still out here? Didn't the deputy find the stuff on you?"

"Do you think I'm nuts?" snorts Stacey. "I'm not carrying that stuff on me. It's hid up in my ventilator shaft—tied to the end of a string, but I'll lay five to one that the deputy is up there shaking down my cell right now, and if he starts fishing around in that shaft, I'm a blowed-up sucker."

Mueller growls, "One of these days Ludke'll rat on the wrong party. He's about due for ten or twelve inches of shiv."

Stacey does not reply. He is a small, slight man with streaked black hair and a face of sallow parchment. Quiet to an extreme, he usually keeps his thoughts and plans to himself, only his shoe-button eyes showing any emotion. He is one of the big shots of this prison—a bank robber serving four life sentences for machine-gunning a cashier and three policemen. I have worked daily with Stacey in the twine plant for over two years; yet, aside from rumors, I know little more of him than I had seen in the newspapers before I entered prison. At times, he reminds me of a coiled adder. I think that I could like him a lot more if I were not just a little bit afraid of him.

We four, Stacey, Mueller, Lassiter and I—Frank Ross—all workers in the same shop, stand silently among the milling inmates. A ball game is going on between the prison team and a scrub outfit from the outside, but our interest in the game has died. We do not even drift toward the sidelines. The sword of Damocles, perpetually suspended above our heads, is about to descend on one of us.

Another inmate approaches. He is the Jew, Garsky, a solid enough party, but a little windy.

He demands, "What the hell's wrong here? Why ain'tcha watching the game?"

Mueller comments obscenely on where they can put their game, and relates Stacey's story.

"Oh, the fink!" howls Garsky. "The dirty rat louse!"

"If some of us—myself included"—snarls Mueller, "had the guts of a sheep, we'd have bumped that guy long ago."

"It's too tough," says Lassiter. "This silent system and all the other rats have got us beat. Anybody shoves a knife in Ludke, and it means the hole for the rest of his life."

"Plenty of them have started out to bump him," rumbles Mueller.

"That's just it," snorts Garsky. "These guys sound off about what they're gonna do, but then it's too late; they might as well stick an ad in the papers. It's just like I've always said: if you're gonna bump a guy, don't tell nobody—not even yourself. Then there ain't no witnesses."

"Witnesses," says Stacey slowly, "the right kind of witnesses, would help a guy in here. For instance, if you were to see a good head bump Ludke, you'd be able to say the right thing. The guy would know you'd alibi him and not finger him."

Garsky is silent a moment. Then, "By God, you're right. Funny I didn't think of that myself. I remember the time they heaved a rat off the fourth gallery at Joliet. Fifty guys walking down the gallery, but nobody seen anything, except the guy tripped and rolled over."

"If I only had the guts to bump that guy—" says Mueller. "He's dead wrong, and once he gets out, the law will have him stooling, and he'll fill the joint with right parties—good friends of ours probably."

"It's not that that bothers me so much," says Stacey. "Let the guys that are out take care of themselves. But if somebody bumped Ludke, it might put the fear of God into some of these other rats around here and make the joint a little more livable."

Garsky snaps his fingers.

"Come on over here," he orders, seizing Stacey's arm. "I got something to tell you."

"Spill it here," says Stacey. "If I'm going to the hole, I won't have a chance to talk to the guys for a hell of a long time."

"No, this is private stuff. Come on over here. I just got a good idea."

Stacey says wearily, "He's got another idea."

As they shuffle off toward the water fountain, we grin. Garsky is forever getting ideas and pulling someone aside for a secret

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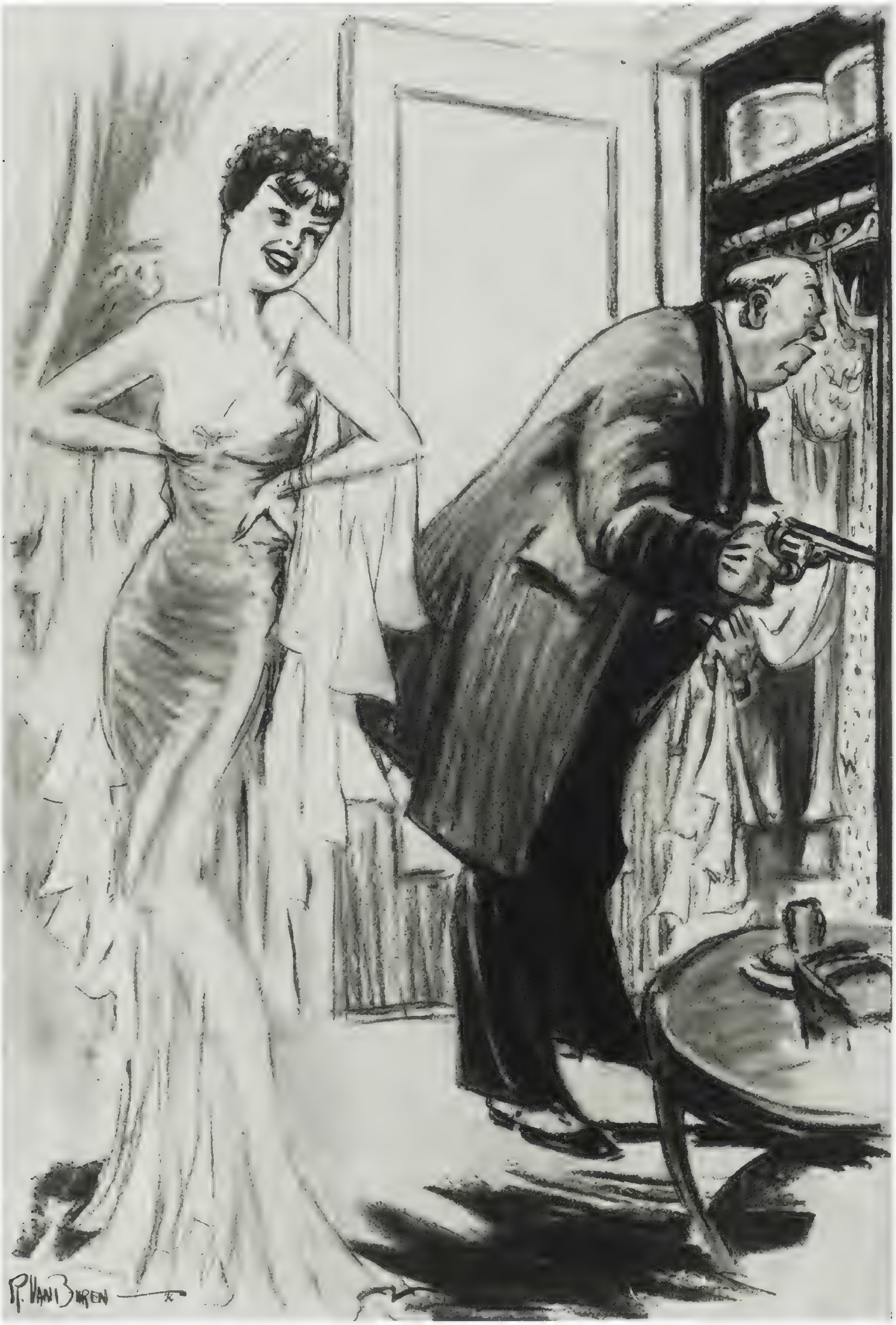


"April Fool!"

Call Me Crazy

A psychologist might claim our hero burst his inhibitions and thereby recovered his nonsenses

by GEORGE B. ANDERSON

SATIRE

You've heard people say, "Wouldn't it be awful to go insane?" Sure, you have. I have to laugh when I remember that I used to think the same way. That was before I decided to go crazy. I wouldn't change back to a normal existence for a million dollars.

I ran a men's clothing store and did all right with it until a couple of chain stores came to town and started cutting prices. On top of that, the old buzzard that was my landlord refused to cut my rent from the price stipulated in a pre-depression lease. He wouldn't let me break the lease, either, because he knew I had plenty of money in reserve.

It looked like all my savings were going to go to him. The business was showing a steady loss and I decided something had to be done, so I signed a contract with one of these special sale organizations. They sent in a high pressure sales manager to stage a sale for me and he should have been good for the amount of money I agreed to pay, but he wasn't.

The sale started like a big flop. That made me mad, and I told the smart sales manager what I thought of him.

"You're supposed to be hot stuff," I told him, "and I'll bet you ten dollars I can make more sales tomorrow than you can."

"That's a bet," he said.

I was mad, and the next day when people entered my store I rushed right up to them and told them not to let this smart guy wait on them.

"He's a crook," I told them. "He's here to take my business away from me."

It worked great. I won his ten dollars without half trying. And then I really rode him in earnest. The third day of the sale, every time a crowd gathered in the store I told them about how I'd made a monkey of the expert sales manager. He finally got so mad that he started arguing with me, and the store was packed all the rest of the day with people listening to our scrap.

On the fourth day of the sale, he wired his company that I was a nut and that they wouldn't be able to collect a dime from me. He broke his contract and left town.

That made me feel wonderful. I'd worried about business so long that I'd been nearly sick and I decided now that there was no use worrying any more.

I left the store in charge of a clerk and looked up Old Man Morton, the fellow who held my lease.

"It must be fun to make money gouging renters like you do," I told him, "but you're not going to make it much longer, you old buzzard."

"I'll make it until your lease expires," he answered.

"Oh, no, you won't," I told him, "because I've decided to quit paying any rent at all."

"Try it," he said, walking out of his office.

I followed him, and when we got down on the street I walked along behind him all the way to the post office, hollering in a sing-song voice, "Old Man Morton's a rent gouger, Old Man Morton's a rent gouger." A few kids followed us, and by the time we'd gone a block we had collected quite a crowd.

Before Old Man Morton started back to his office, he tried to remonstrate with me but I wouldn't listen to him. I just kept up my sing-song, "Old Man Morton's a rent gouger."

He didn't know what to do about it. I had him worried, and he was looking mighty foolish by the time he reached his office.

I went back to work and hadn't been there over half an hour when the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce came into the store.

"This must be a touch," I told him. "You buy everything you wear at out-of-town stores, so it must be that you're after a donation for something or other. Where's your tin cup?"

"You're always kidding, aren't you, Albert," he said. "As a matter of fact, Albert, we're planning a special trade day for next month and are asking the merchants to underwrite it. I knew that you'd be in favor of the event."

"Scram, you big wind-bag," I said. "Your old pal Albert is all through playing Babbitt. You might send a note to that effect in to national headquarters. I've shelled out to the Chamber of Commerce for years and don't think it's ever done me a penny's worth of good."

I never liked that fellow, and I was glad to get him told.

Not long after he left, one of my prize futz customers came in.

"I want to look at a suit," he said.

"There's five hundred suits here, and you can look at any or all of them," I told him, "but don't expect me to help you look. If I had a dollar for every hour I've wasted on you in the last twenty years, I'd be a millionaire. You've never found anything you liked in this store yet, and you won't find it today—but go right ahead and look. We're always glad to oblige and the customer is always right and I hope you don't ruin your perfect average by finding something you want to buy."

He turned around and walked out without saying a word. Boy, did I feel good!

It was the day for the service club meeting, so at noon I went to the hotel to rub elbows with my brother merchants. We sang the same songs we'd sung for years and the members said the same things they'd said at every meeting since I could remember.

But I decided to do something different. I asked the president for the floor and he gave it to me.

"Gentlemen," I said, "this is called a service club, for what reason I do not know. Why don't we get wise to ourselves? We come here week after week and prate about business ethics. You know as well as I do that any one of us would skin any other member to his bones, given a proper chance. I'm sick of it and have decided to withdraw my membership, but I'll be glad to change my mind if any one of you can tell me what one service this service club accomplishes."

Yes, sir, the president gave me the floor and I floored the whole outfit. They all got funny, sickly grins on their faces, but nobody accepted my challenge.

By the middle of the afternoon, the story was all over town that Albert Smith had gone crazy. Doc Saunders came into the store and asked me how I was feeling.

"I never felt better in my life, Doc," I admitted. "Why? Are you out soliciting business?"

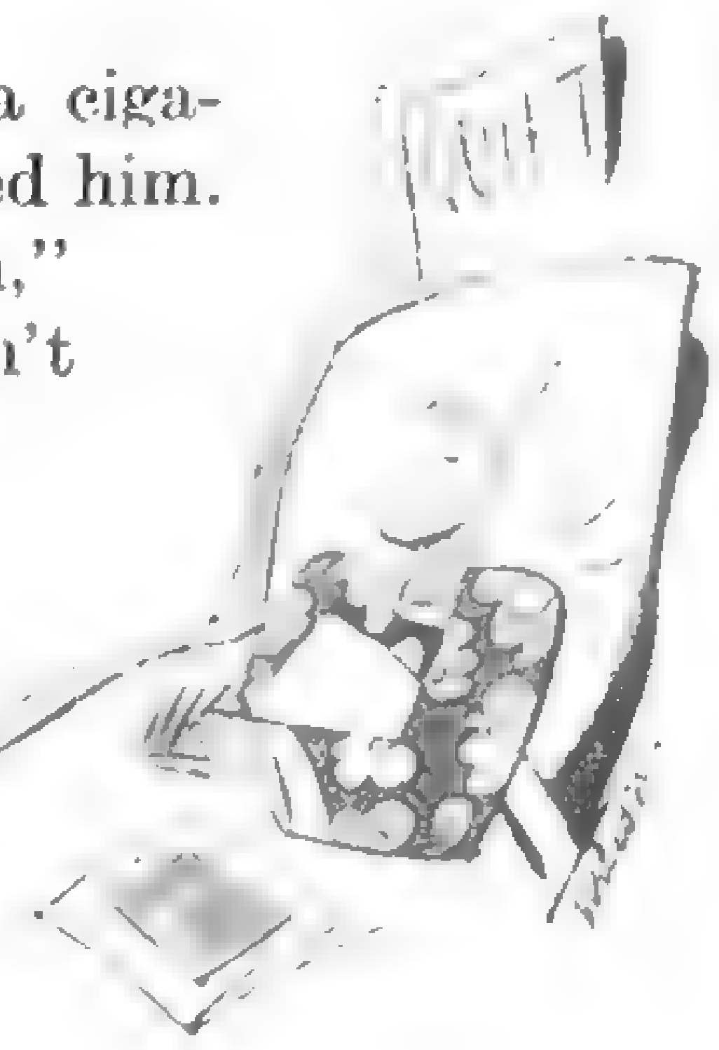
He left and half an hour later the pastor of my church came in.

"What's the matter, Reverend?" I asked him. "Am I behind on my church pledge?"

He tried to laugh and achieved a dried-up giggle.

"Oh, no, Mr. Smith, but I hear that you're troubled with business worries and I thought a discussion of your problems with me might help to clear things up. There's nothing like a good heart-to-heart talk."

Heart-to-heart talk! The old hypocrite hadn't said a sincere word for ten years.



"Sit down and have a cigarette, Reverend," I invited him.

"Thank you, Mr. Smith," he answered, "but I don't approve of smoking."

"You must get a hell of a lot of fun out of life," I told

Continued at top of page 115

George Bellows, Native

One great American artist who was neither misunderstood nor unappreciated during his life

by HARRY SALPETER

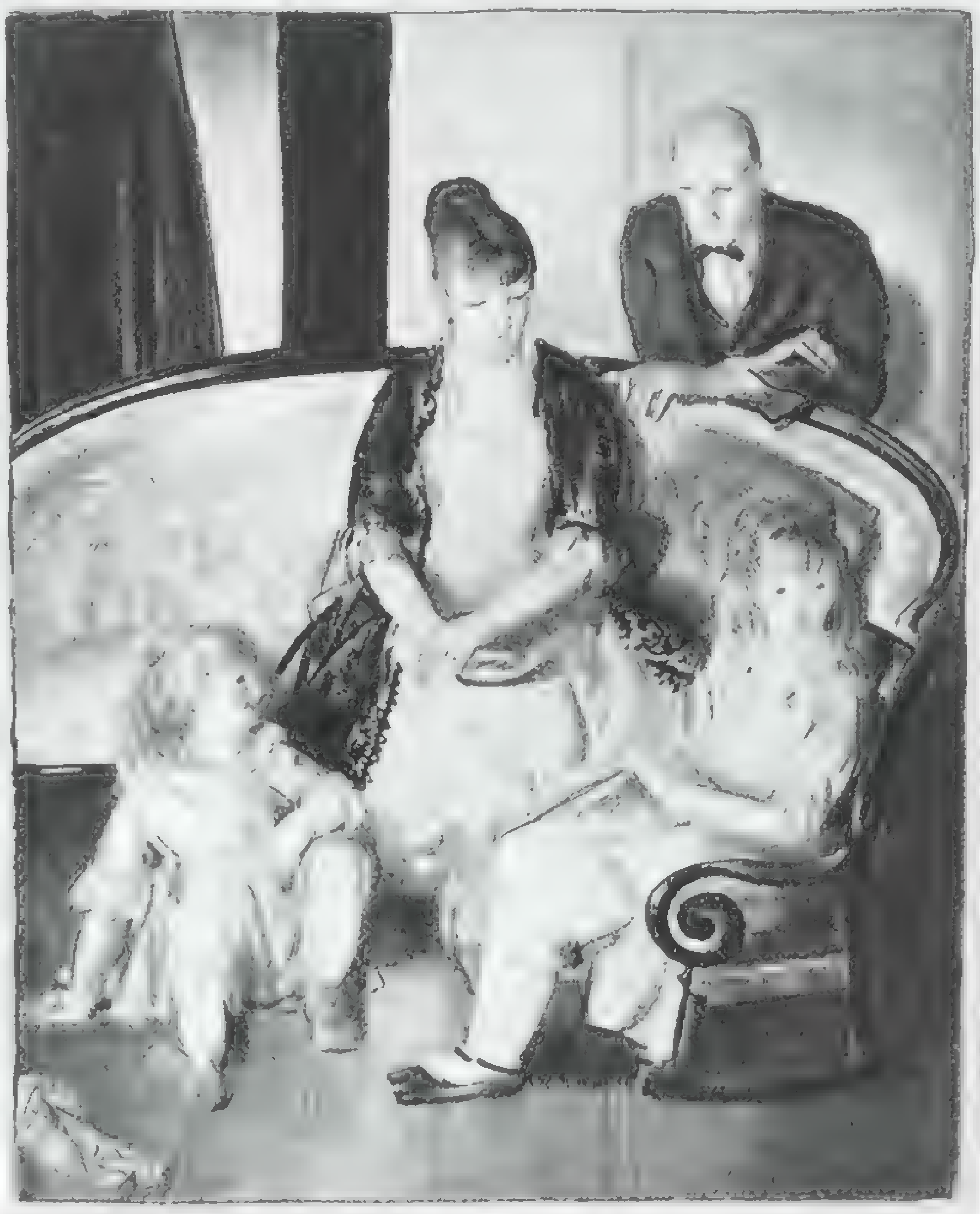
• ARTICLE •

To most of us, George Bellows was a man who made prize fight pictures. A few understand that these pictures are in the form of oil paints on canvas and prints from lithographic stone. There are today thousands who can recognize a Bellows fight lithograph who have never been inside the doors of a museum. Numerous as were his knockout representations of the prize ring, from Tom Sharkey's Club to the amphitheater where Firpo threw Dempsey through the ropes, he was no training-camp hanger-on and he took his fights in his delighted and triumphant stride. One must take off a lot of time for art to learn how many other aspects of American life and of human life challenged him and of how frequently he met the challenge. As a collegiate baseball and basketball player and even as an artist he was himself somewhat of a fighter. At least one of his students remembers that it was with a fist he made graphic the distinction between talent and genius, and he would sometimes take a creditable fighter's pose before the mirror to refresh his memory about the line of arm or leg or torso in the strain of action.

Bellows was as eager to encompass the visible world on his canvases and lithographic stones as Thomas Wolfe, today for example, hungers to encompass it in prose. Rebel though he was, he was also a sentimental family man and untiring in recording moods of his family, of mother and father and aunt, and, later, of wife and daughters. Between the prize ring and the family circle, there were a hundred facets of the world he tried to record and he grew in stature by the daring which made the trousered ladies of the Academies say, "Tut, tut, this isn't done." When, in 1917, he was drafted for service, he signed up with the Tank Corps and when his wife protested that he should have tried to get into the Navy, a cleaner branch of the service, he replied: "If I go, I go the worst way." When, in Woodstock, he was helping to build his house with his own hands, he got up on the roof in a broiling sun to nail down the shingles and when his wife called out to suggest that he should have allowed one of the carpenters to do that part of the job, his reply was that if he didn't need help on the easy part of house-building, he didn't need it now.

He did not shrink into himself when he was called illustrator and he wasn't ashamed to do a rush drawing for a daily, or to paint a Red Cross poster. What he could not do was to paint fashionable portraits and make a fortune, although when not badgered by exacting sitters who wanted to be made pretty or handsome, he could turn out portraits called worthy of Velasquez. Once, a visiting English portrait painter had remarked, from the great height of his condescension, "You Americans don't go in much for portrait painting, do you?" And Bellows had answered: "No, we import our labor."

He died with a reputation fully formed at an age when most painters are beginning, at best, to acquire one. There were so many other things he wanted to do, for he was as restless in mind as in body. He had ideas, for example, about Washington crossing the Delaware for a mural. He died after only 42 years of life and nineteen years of activity in art.



MY FAMILY

He had not been without recognition in his lifetime, but it was not until his death that the world took measure of its loss. Not to mention memorial exhibitions at the high-hat Metropolitan Museum of Art and in the capitals of Europe and critical genuflections in art periodicals and brochures, but prices, just prices, Rembrandtian prices practically. The Whitney Museum paid $24,000 for his last fight painting, Dempsey and Firpo, called, in the lithographic treatment, *Dempsey Through the Ropes*, and a print of his first fight lithograph, *Stag at Sharkey's* brought $3,000 at a 1929 auction and $2,500 since then. Bellows' pictures are, in the stock market phrase, in strong hands, in those of museums and wealthy collectors, passing usually from the latter to the former. There is money on those walls on which hang Bellows' lithographs.

In all his life George Bellows hardly drew a breath of air that was not of this land, nor did he look upon a scene that was not American. He was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1882 and came in 1904 to New York, where he died, in the house directly opposite that in which Robert Chanler threw those magnificent parties (of which Benjamin de Casseres wrote some time ago in this magazine) and painted his glowing screens. Once, en route to Chicago, at whose Art Institute he was to teach, Bellows did walk across the International Bridge at Niagara Falls, into Canada, and walked right back again. Summers he spent at Ogunquit, Monhegan and Camden, Me., at Newport, R. I., Santa Fe, N. M., Carmel, Calif., and Woodstock, N. Y. He was drafted for war service too close to the Armistice to cross the water. Except for illustrations to a Donn Byrne and an H. G. Wells novel, his imaginative restatements of the German atrocities in Belgium and his painting of the Crucifixion, his subject matter was American. Even the hot indignation of his anti-German war pictures was typically American. Incidentally, the recently published evidence touching Brown House tortures committed in the Hitlerian Civil War bestow on those pictures greater credibility than liberals and pacifists were willing to grant them at the time they were made. When, for example, testy Joseph Pennell denied Bellows the right to paint Nurse Cavell going to her death because the artist wasn't there, Bellows countered with the remark that he had not heard that Leonardo da Vinci had a ticket of admission to the *Last Supper* either.

Bellows wasn't particularly wild about his American ancestry until he learned that a grandfather had been one of the last whaling captains, operating from the Montauk point of Long Island. He had always thought Melville's *Moby Dick* one of the three great American books, the others

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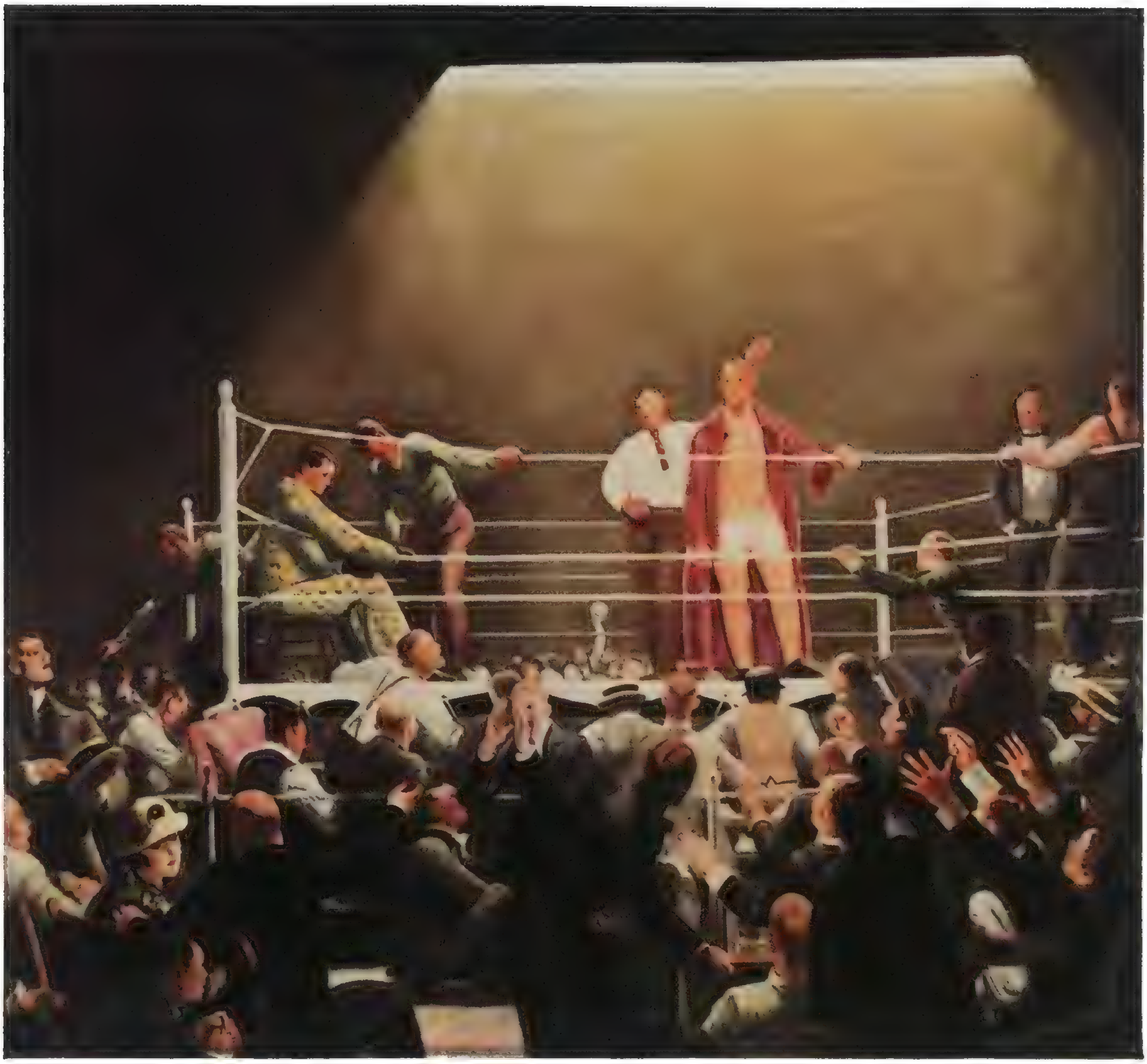
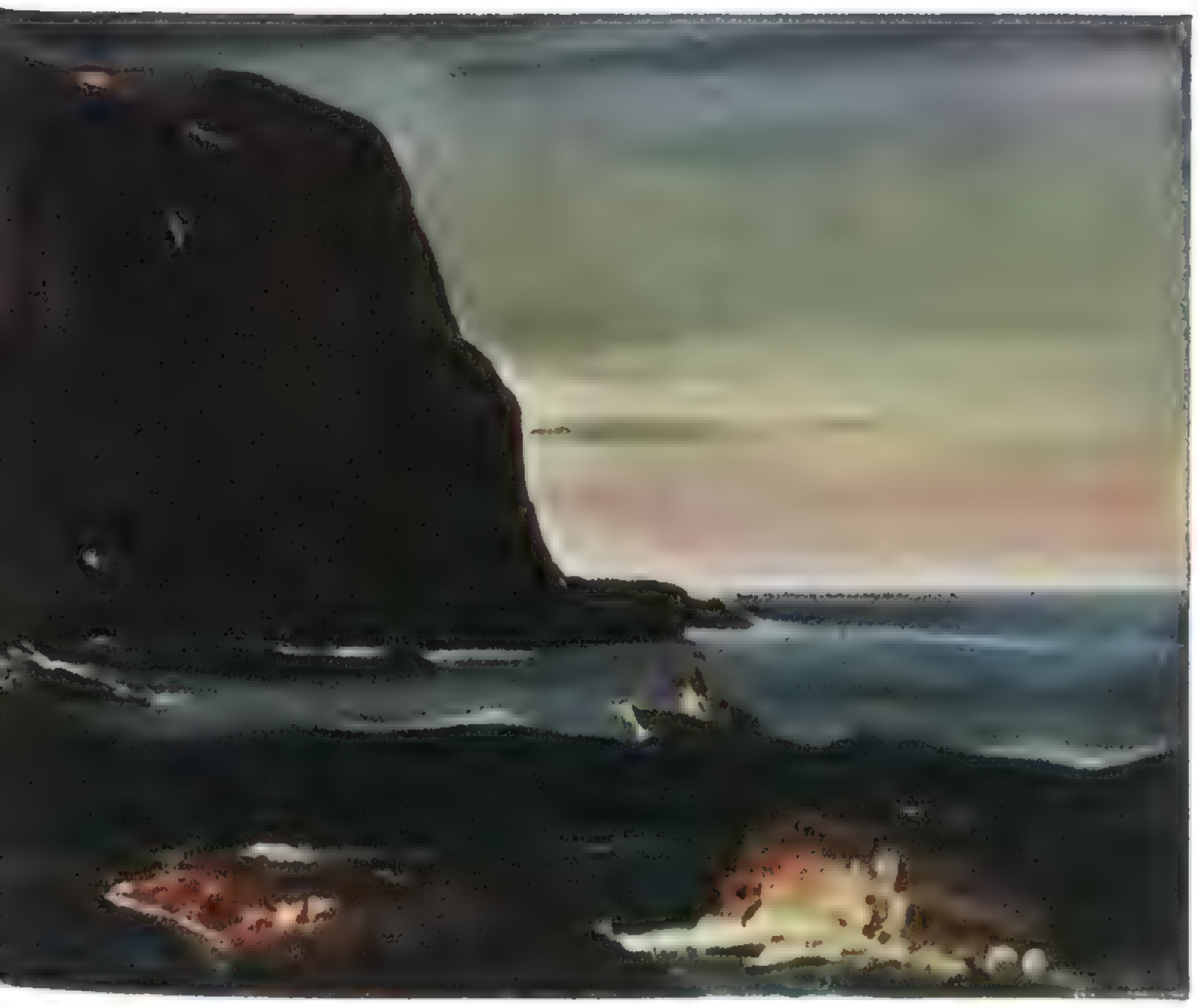


RINGSIDE SEATS

Color reproductions on this and the following page were made in Chicago for Esquire *from the original paintings made available through the courtesy of Emma Bellows and are approximately one-tenth actual size.*



EVENING SWELL

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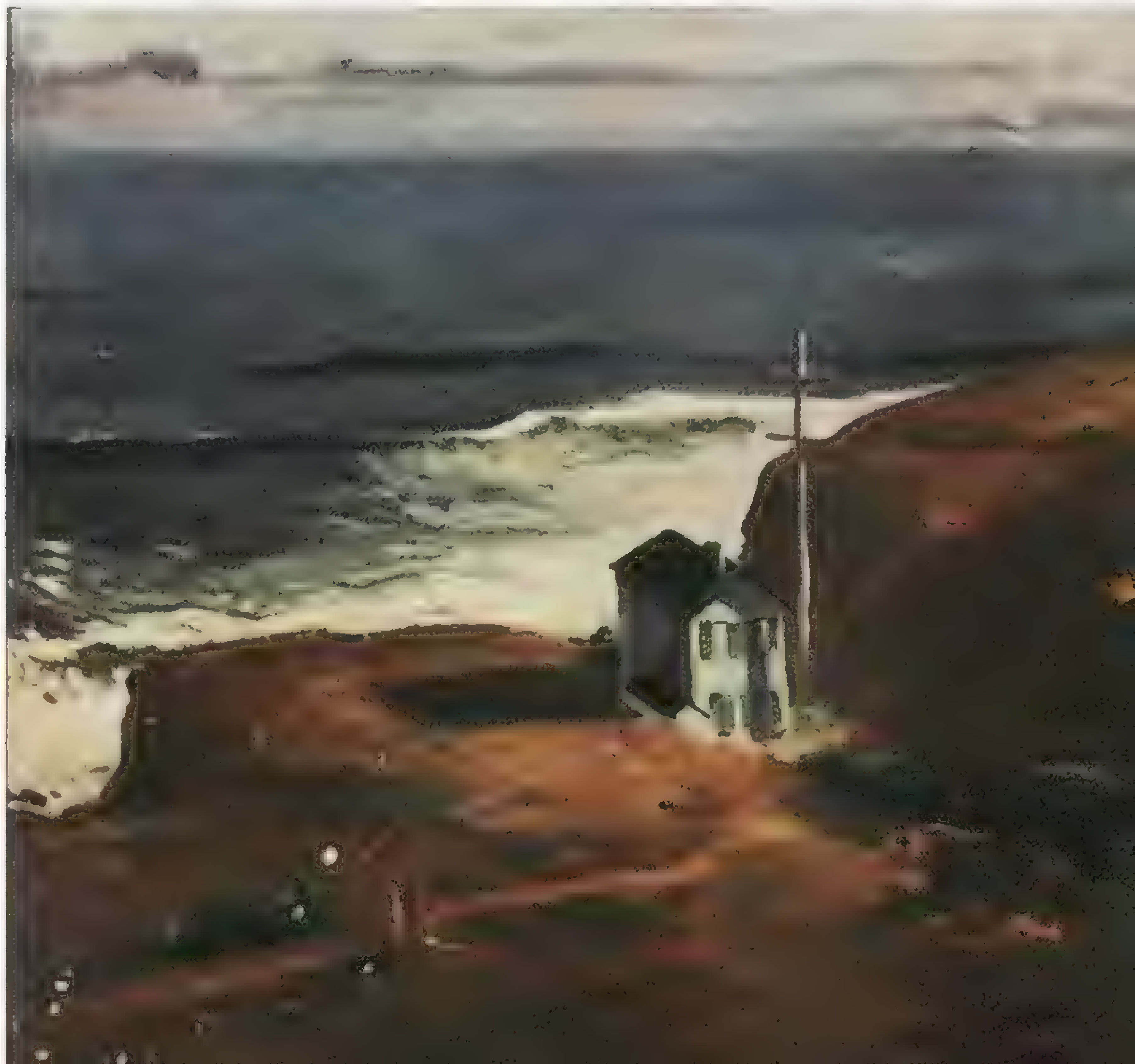
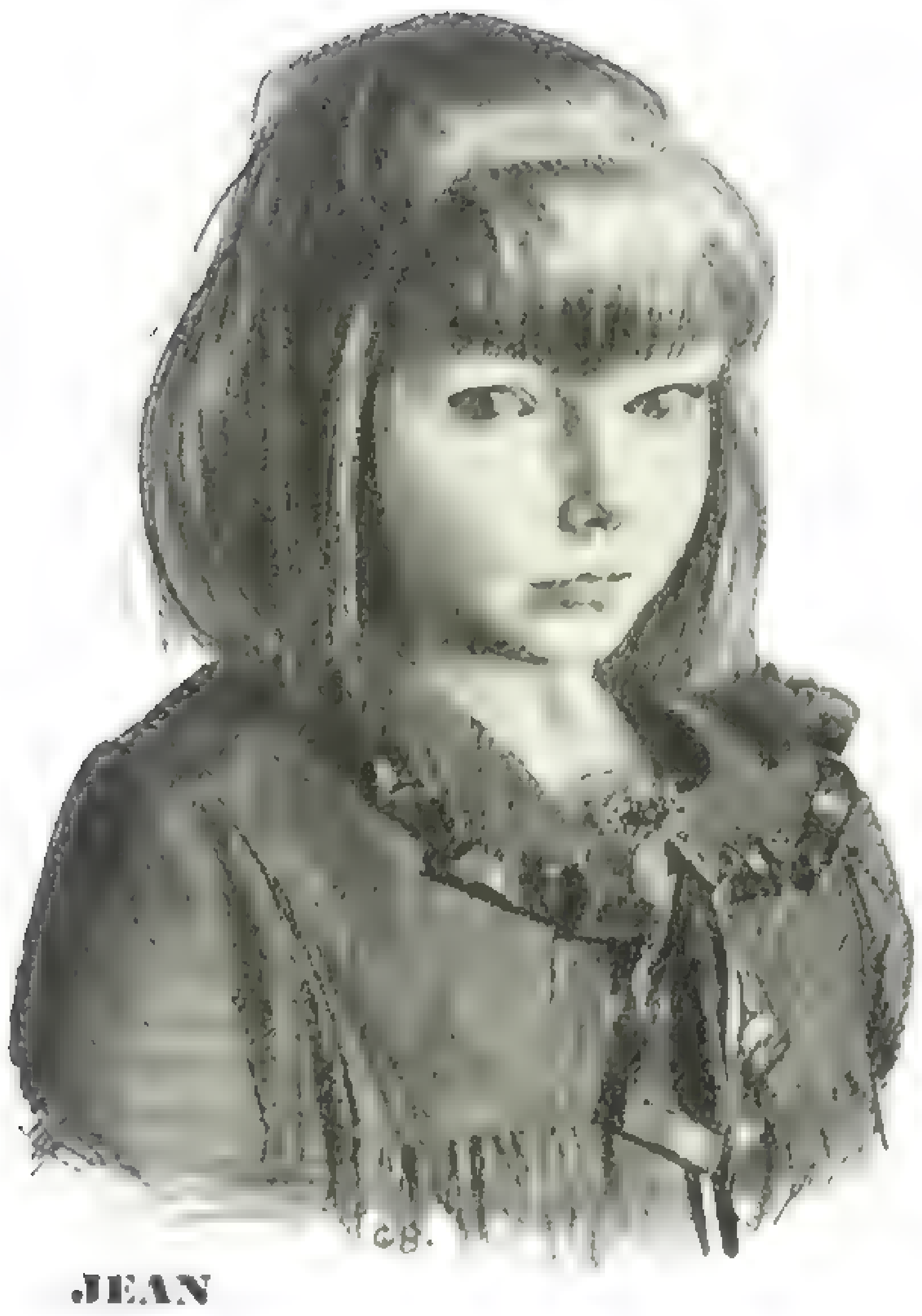
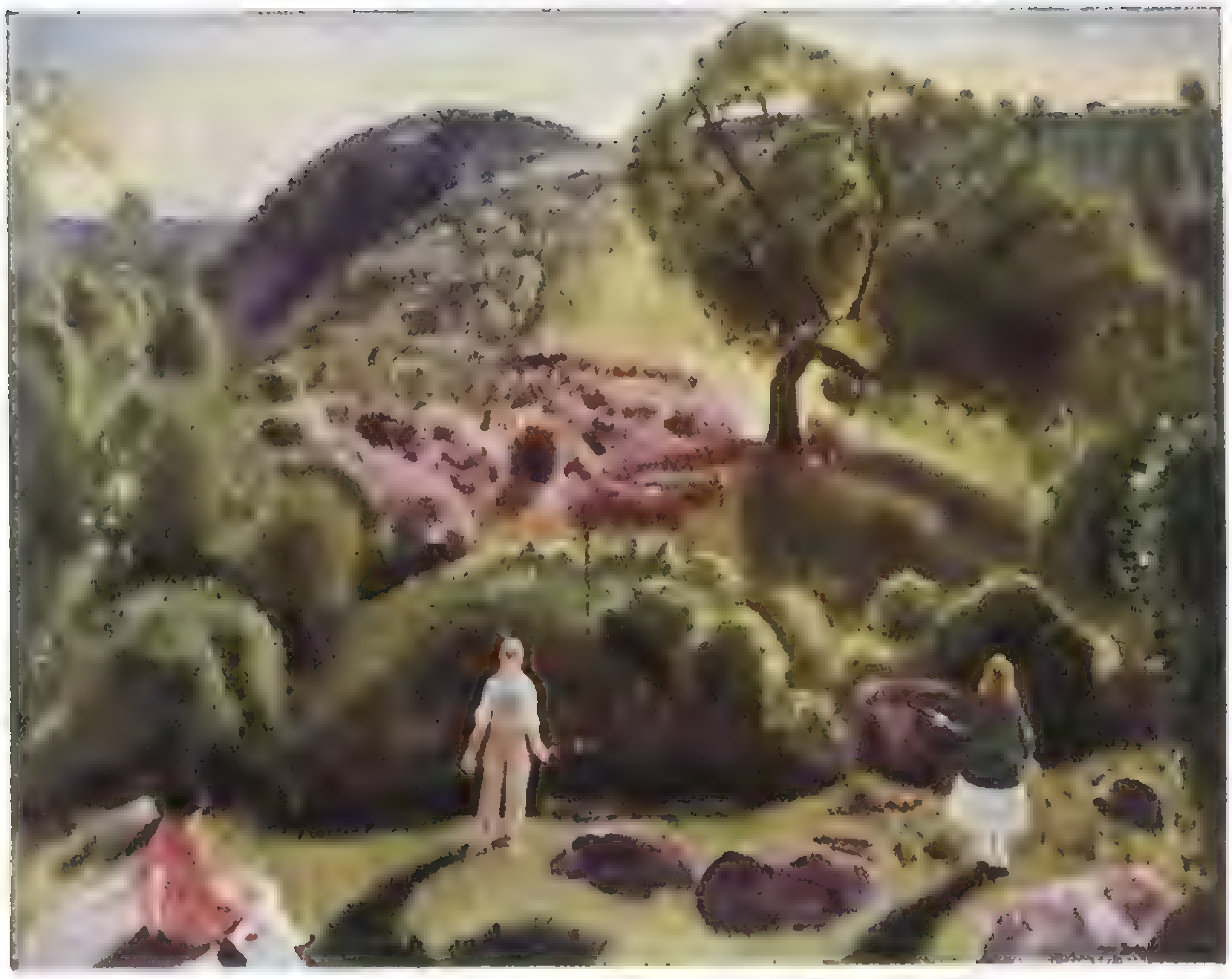


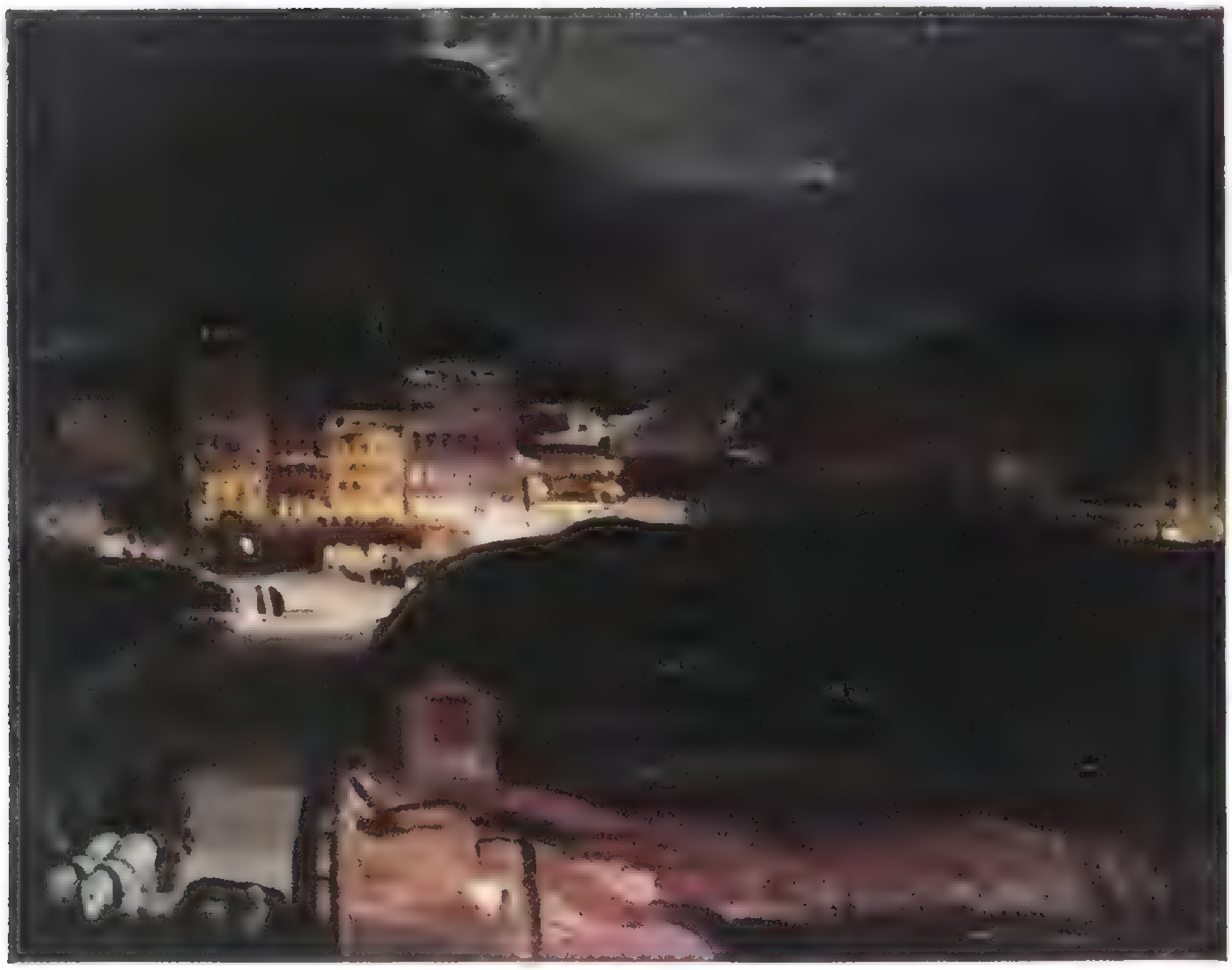
SHORE HOUSE



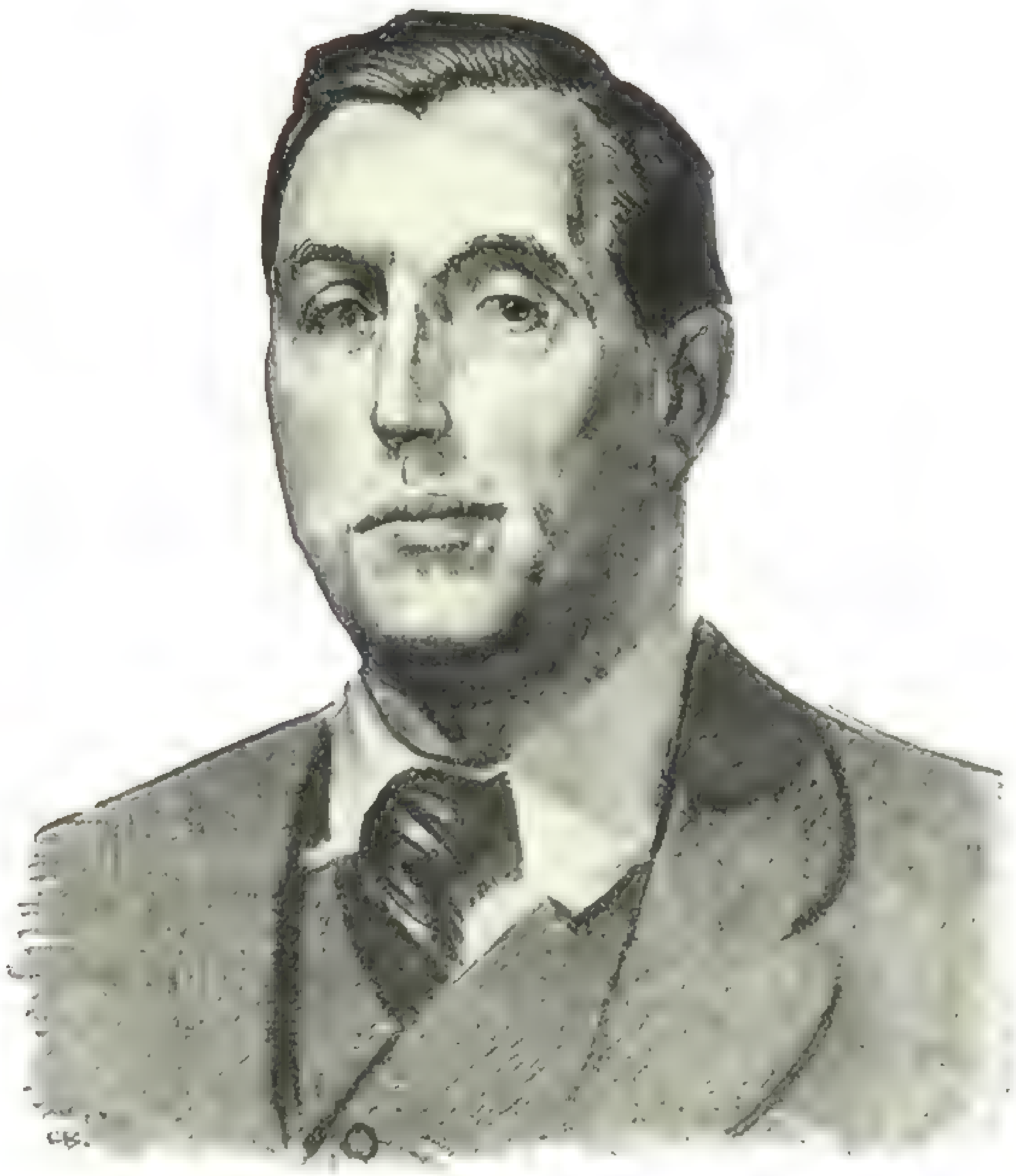
JEAN



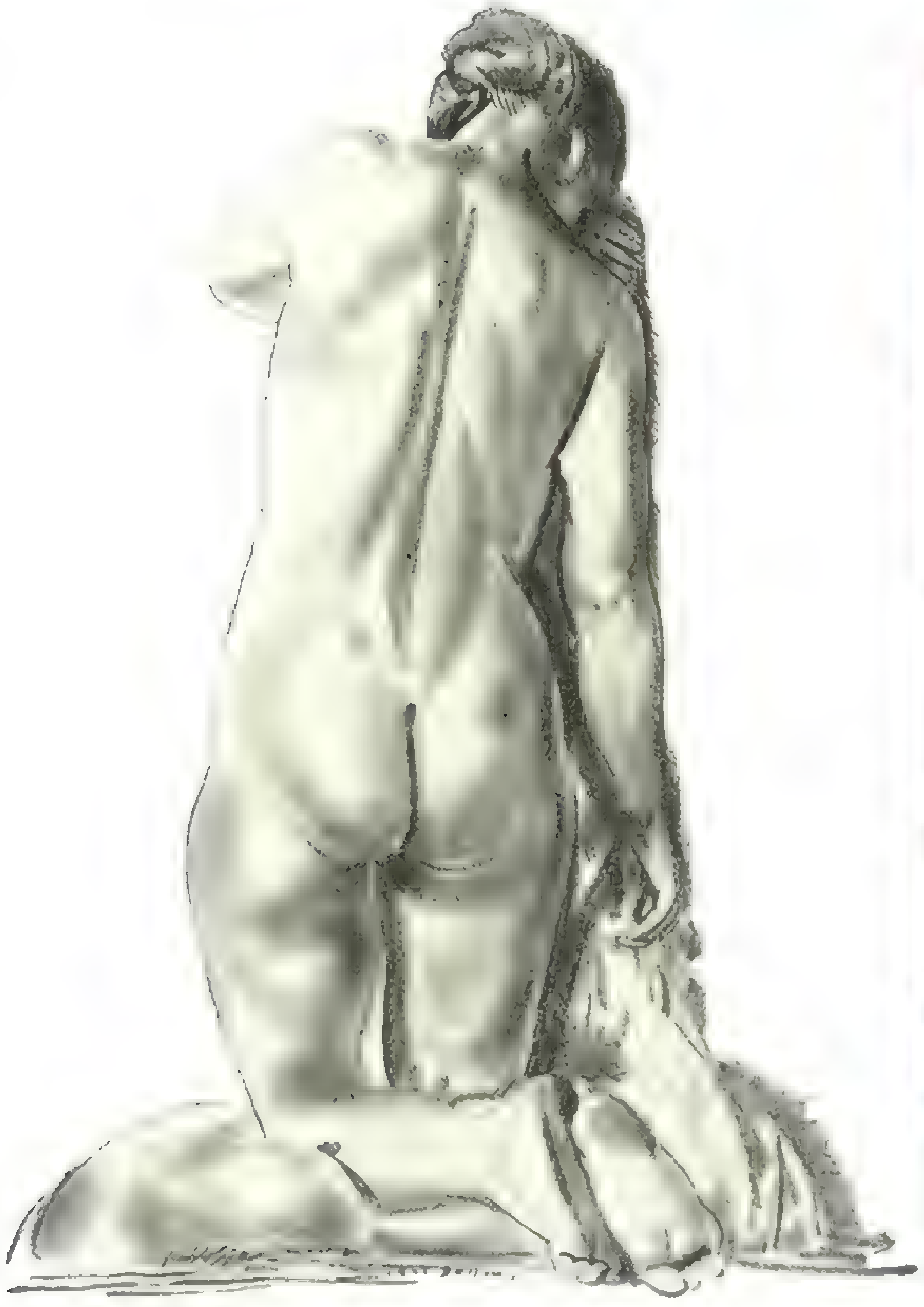
JEAN, ANNE AND JOSEPH



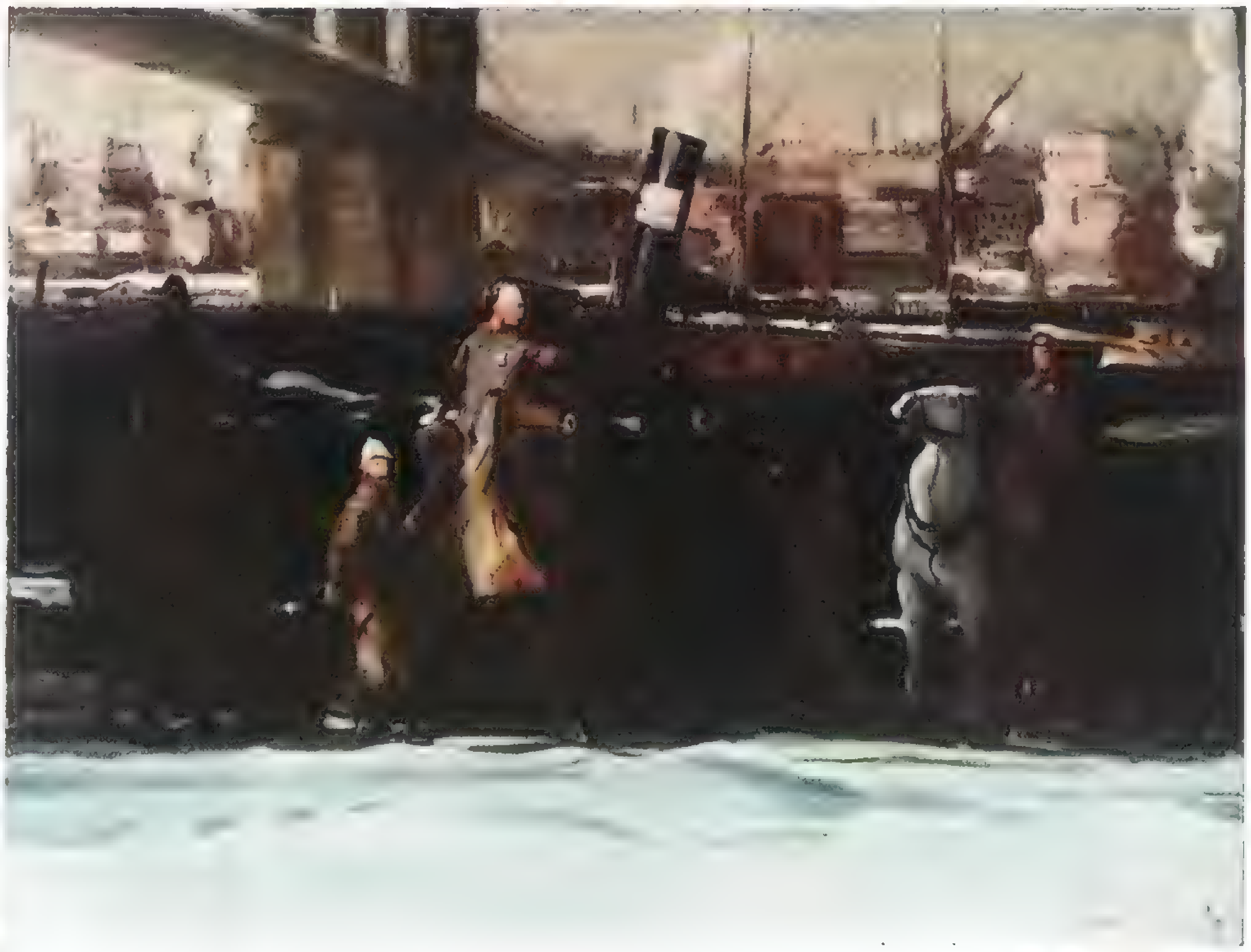
APPROACH TO THE BRIDGE AT NIGHT



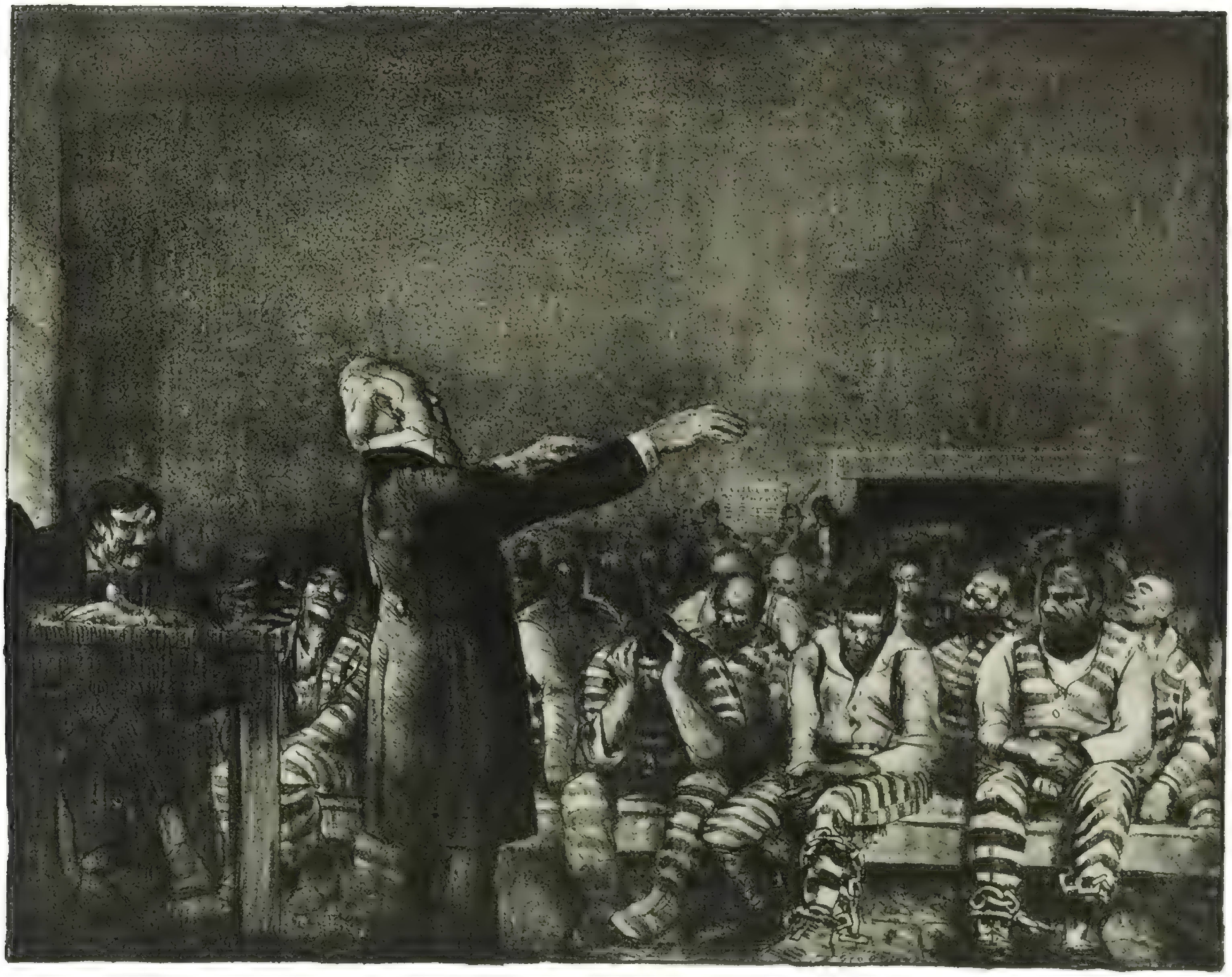
EUGENE SPEICHER



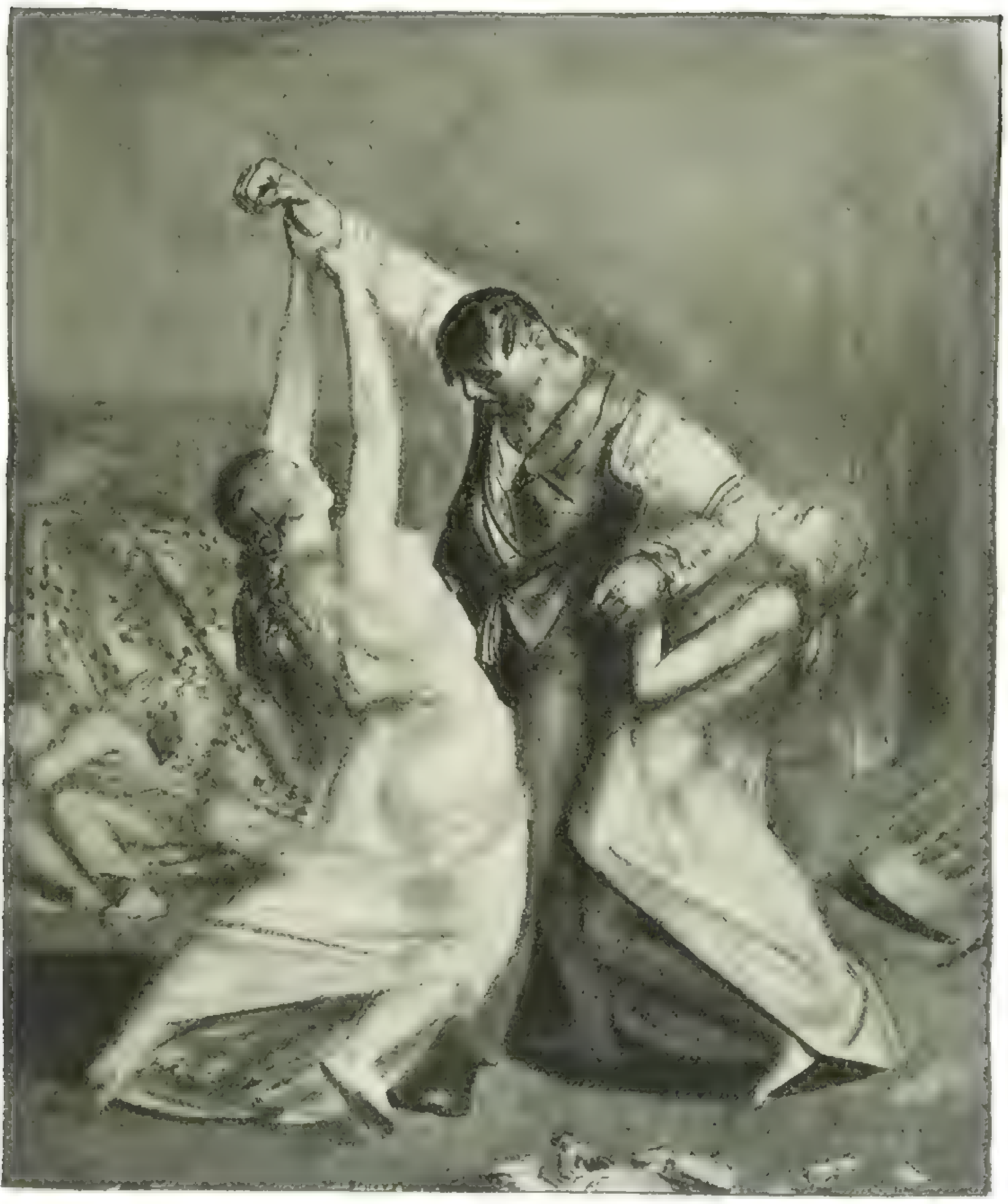
NUDE STUDY



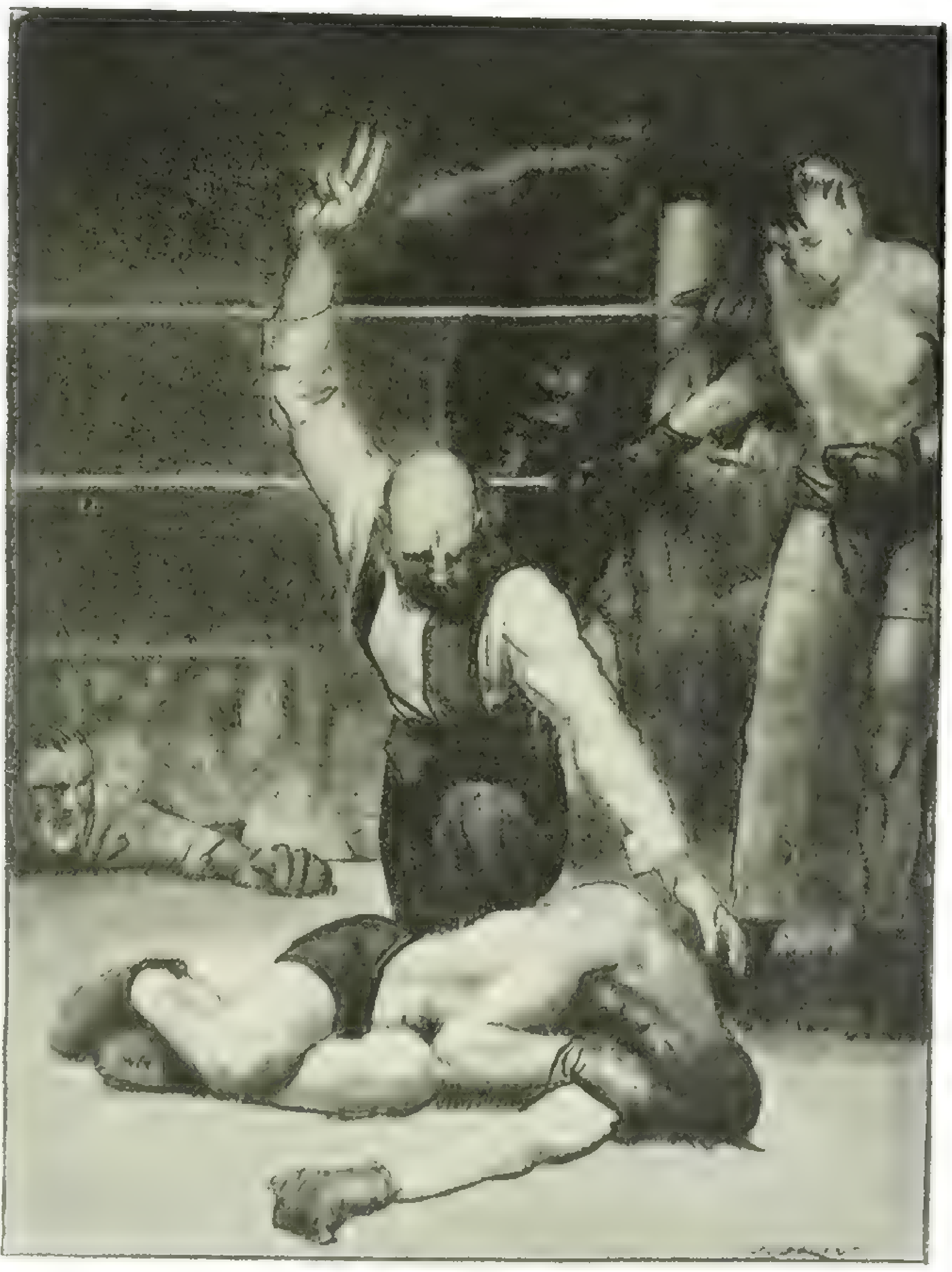
SNOW DUMPERS



BENEDICTION IN GEORGIA



THE DRUNK



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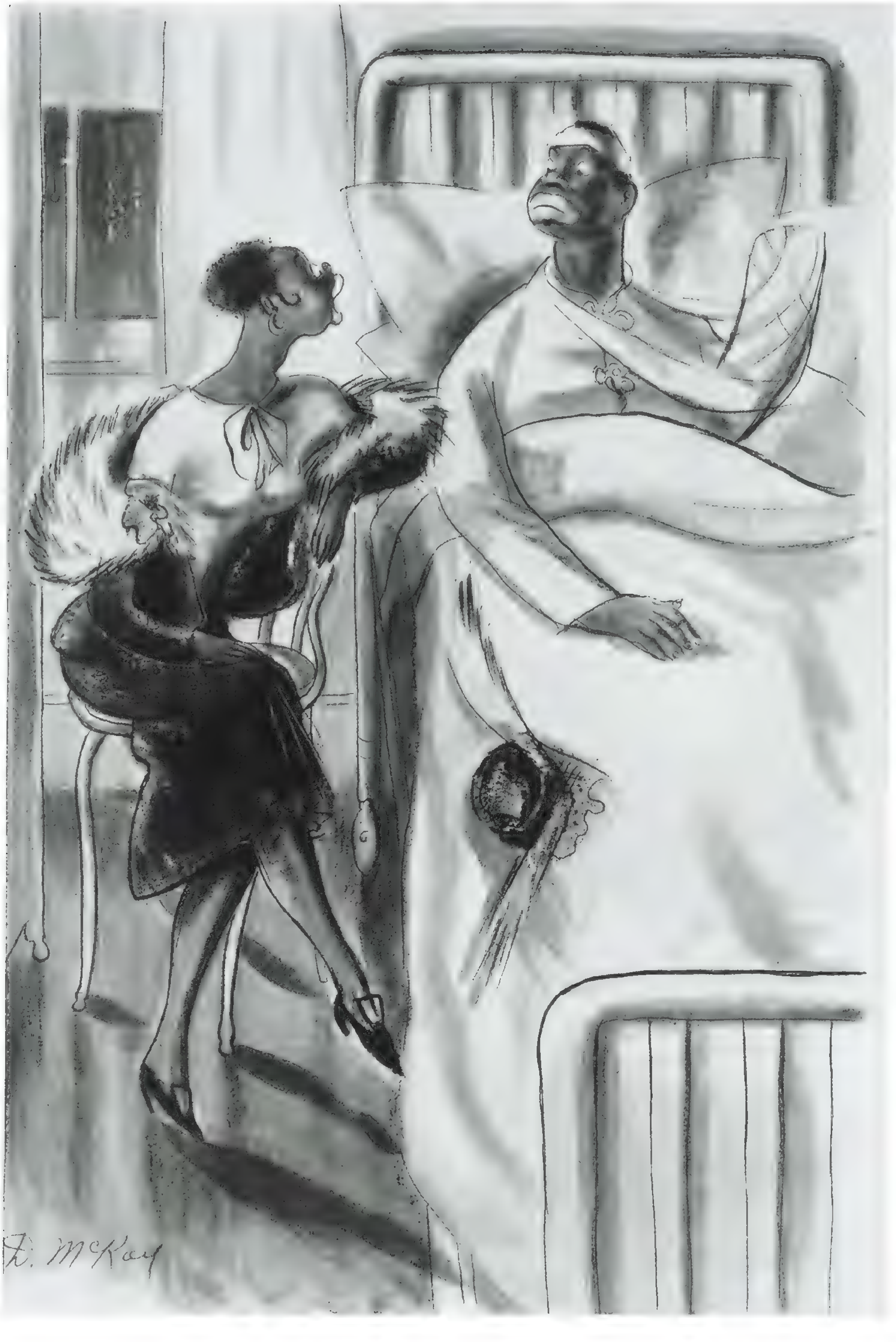


"Ah don' know how it is, honey—but fo' the last month ah sure has been popular with the men!"

Dawn of Recovery

Clap hands, chillun, Pa Joe has come back, and that means good times is nigh once more

by HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

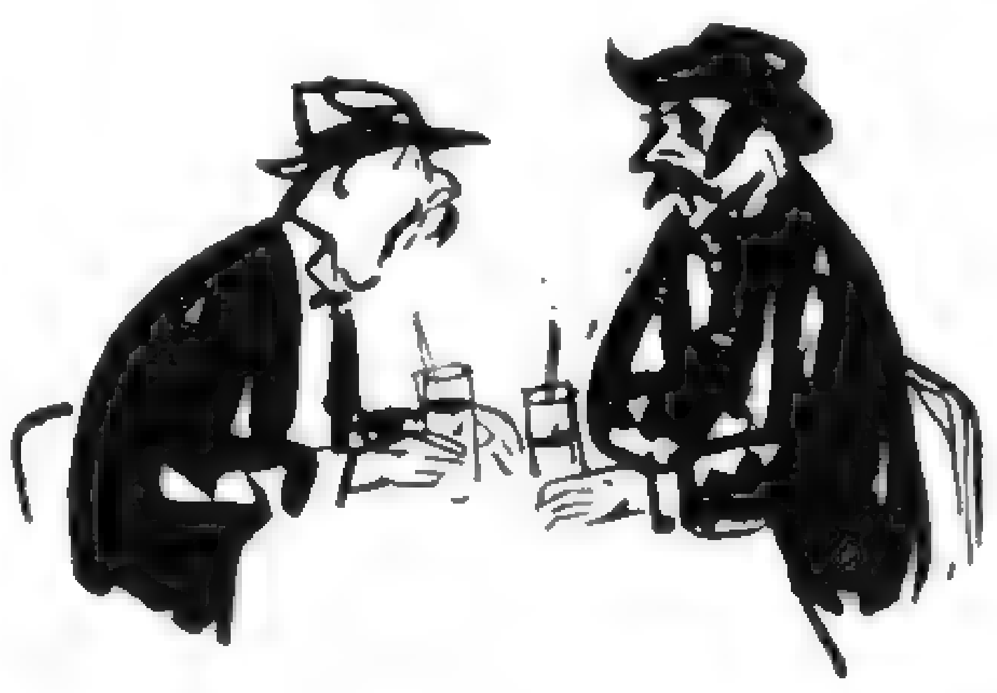
• FICTION •

LOOK spry, chillens! Yonnuh Pa Joe passin' by de lane. Hear de people pat dey han's? Clap, clap, clap, clap! Pa Joe come back. Dat mean good times is nigh once mo'.

Pat you' han's an' show you' raisin', chillens. Nemmine de why. You do's you's tol', an' show you got re-speck fo' de ol' folks. . . . Das de way. You's gwy sleep a sweet dream tonight, account you pat you' han's fo' Pa Joe to bring back de good times wid him.

Come in de house now wid Auntie Tut biffo de night air do ha'm. I bake a cake 'is mawnin', wid cullin' an' essence what Mistis gi' me, an' I gwy cut a piece fo' you, by de good time nigh fo' all us chillen of de Lawd.

It been a long, long time of days—yay-oh, Master! Look down, look down!—since Pa Joe come back to he home, but now de worl' gwy be bright. Pa Joe don' need to do no work, neither hoe de fiel', neither walk behime de plow, neither de blacksmith shop, not lessen he feel like it. De white folks take care of Pa Joe since long biffo' de preshun come an' dey study up disheer rillief bizniss.



He ain' de firs' Pa Joe, not him, no, Lawd. He de secon'. De firs' one too long daid, daid in a place I couldn' even call de name of, by it so fur away an' by it happen so long gone by. He go way toreckly after de ball game, an' he never come back to de bayou, de bayou never see him no mo'.

Di'n nobody worry about no rillief rolls in 'at day an' time, not dem, honey, nossuh. Plenty work, plenty vittles, plenty money, plenty singin' an' funnin' all de days. De big plan'ations was high wid cane, an' de white folks study on how can 'ey spen' all de money. De young capms ride de fiel's, ride de crops, ride de sun in an' ride de sun out, ride on dey fine big hosses, an' each plan'ation feel like it got to be de outdoin'-est. Dey bet on de cane yiel', dey bet on de pirogue races in de bayou, dey bet on de cya'ds in de lit-up rooms, dey bet on de baseball games, dey bet on de hosses, dey bet gol' dollars, heaps of gol' dollars, when dey race de hosses in de dirt road an in de fai' groun's. Yay-oh, Lawd, look down! De good times dat's so long gone, Master in de Heavm, sen' back de good times again so my chillens live 'em too!

I was raise' on Waterproof plan'ation, but when I marry up wid Zekiah, us moves to Bayou Delage, whe' de Ridgeland plan'ation at. De folks on Waterproof have de bes' baseball team in de whole cane country. De team name de Bayou Black Zick Zacks, account Waterproof be on Bayou Black an' it run zick-zack through de lan'. Young Capm Bonvillein pow'ful proud of he baseball team. He say: "Take de day off an' lick dem black rascals, else I peel de hide offen you' backs." Dat wasn' no mo'n he way of talkin', honey. He never hit nobody lessen it was to bus' up a fight. If Capm Bonvillein hear 'bout some good ball player, he hire him fo' Waterproof, an' nemmine is he a good fiel' han'. He hire him an' pay him good money, so he can have de boy playin' wid he Zick Zacks. Da's how come he get disheer Joe Be'nard; he hire him off de Flora Lusk plan'ation, when he hear how good a catcher is he.

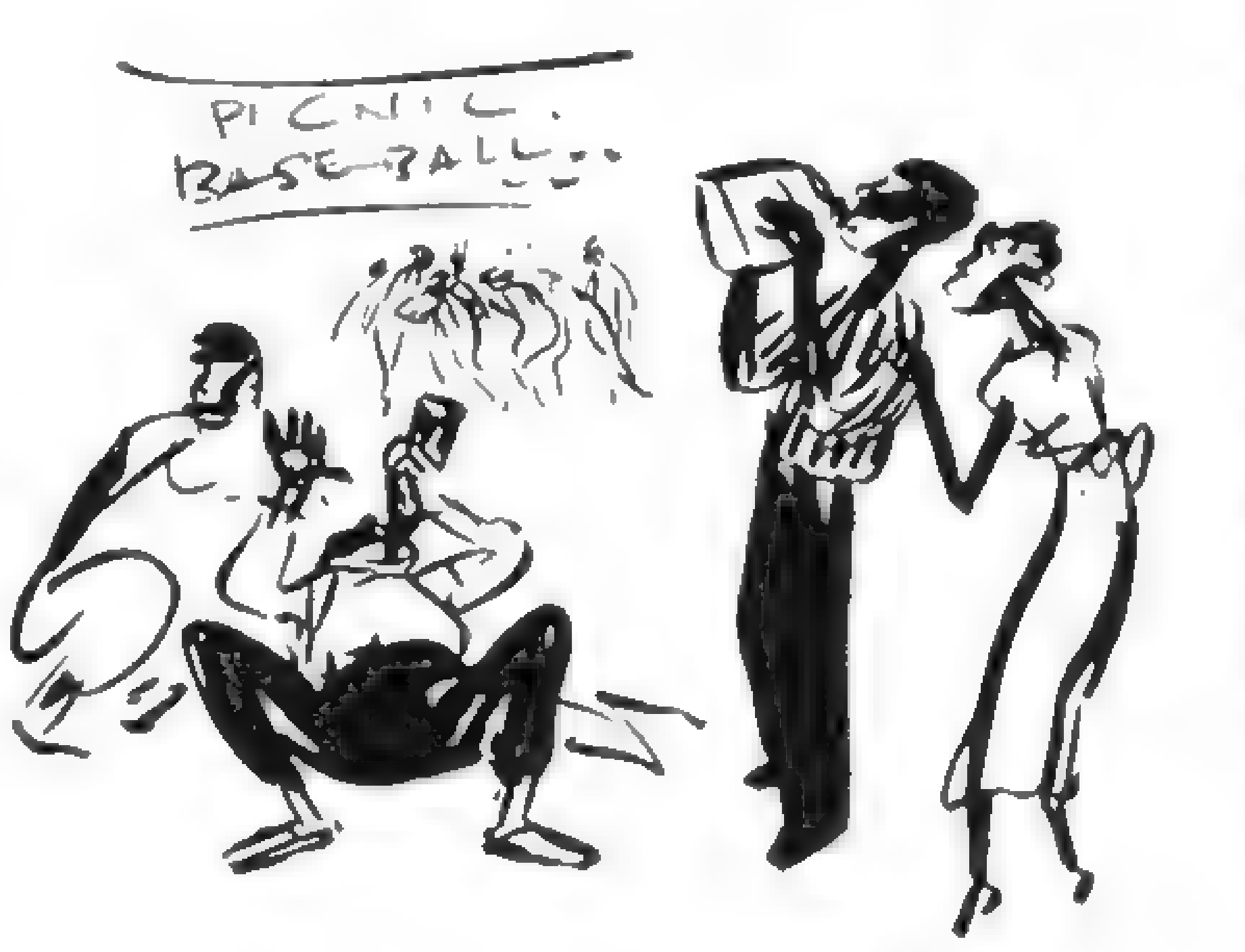
De onlies' team de Zick Zacks ain' play up to dat time was de Bayou Delage Spo'ts, from de Ridgeland plan'ation. All de people ravin' to see dem two teams play, by de Spo'ts win' all dey games too.

Look like nemmine how good de team could be, it go bad when it meet up wid de Spo'ts. So one Saddy evenin' Capm Bonvillein an' Capm Alcide meet up wid deyselves in de co't house groun's in town, an' de words do fly, yay-oh, yay-oh!

"I got fi-hunnerd dollars my Zick Zacks lick you' Spo'ts," say Capm Bonvillein.

"You done bought a hoss," say Capm Alcide, "an' yuh's a extry hunnerd to make up a purse fo' de players, if you got what it take to match up wid it."

So de game was fix, like it'd be fo' nex' Sunday, an' when de news go roun' how de Zick Zacks an' de Spo'ts gwy head in at las', de white folks bet an' us cullud folks bet, till it look like ayre side 'at lose is sho gwy cry de time down. E'em my Zekiah bet fi' dollars on de Zick Zacks. We livin' close by Ridgeland, da's true; but I was raise' on Waterproof, an us sticks wid my home folks.



Come de Saddy night biffo de big game, an' Belizaire, he de manager fo' de Spo'ts, got 'em up a noble doin's, wid lemonade an' ice cream an' a jambalaya an' what all. De Zick Zacks drive up in two big surreys what dey borrey off de white folks, each wid two mules hitch' to it. De playin' boys was invited to help deyself free to all de eatments at de doin's, drink all de lemonade dey please, wid two buckits set to one side fo' 'em, so's dey be no chance to run short. Ev'ybody else got to pay, account Belizaire never gi' 'way nothin, not him, an' what de res' do pay take care of de free doin's fo' de Zick Zacks.

Zekiah an' me, us be to de doin's like ev'ybody else, an' de peoples dance an' drink an' eat like de young folks will, till de moon leavin' de sky. Comin' home, us got to walk th'ough disheer paster whe' de game gwy be played de nex' afternoon, account our cabin jus' on de yonnuh side of it. I too scaid of all de da'k, but I hol' good to Zekiah, to I see somethin' in de fiel' an' I got to stop, yay-oh Lawd! My laigs ain' gwy carry me no mo'. Zekiah ax what de time ail me, but I cain' talk, nossuh. De onlies' I do is look an' look an' look, so by'm'by he see it too in de dim, dim da'k. It a ol' grey mule, grey like a ha'nt, hitch by de Cherokee Rose 'at grow 'longside de paster.

It ain' but on'y one grey mule in all 'at country. Us stoops down low beside de spreadin' rose an' fin'ly us sees de shadder movin' roun' de paster, but he can' see us, no, Lawd! An' praise de time he cain' see us, by Zekiah knowed an' I knowed who de mule belong to. He cain' see us by he walk backwards from de fiel' to whe' de grey mule stan' hitched, an' e'em after he gone Zekiah whisper fo' me not to say nare word, less we git a spell th'owed on us.

Come de nex' afternoon, an' ev'ybody in de whole wide worl', it look like, is out to de paster fo' de ball game, wid Capm Bonvillein an' Capm Alcide all both dere. But Capm Alcide got it bes', account de Zick Zacks don' look so spry, neither soople, no, Lawd, not dem, an' when Capm Bonvillein cuss an' ax what de matter be, dey say dey all got de haid-ache. I say to Zekiah it a beatin' shame fo' de boys and fo' de young Capm, but he tell me to hush my talk.

De innin's goes by an' de innin's goes by, yay-oh, Lawd, dey flies by fas', an' de peoples yells, but it ain' no pleasure fo' me'n Zekiah. Now it de sixth innin', an none de Zick Zacks knowed what de ball made of, by dey ain' been able to lay a stick on it till yet. When de sixth innin' through, disheer young Joe Be'nard come by whe' me'n

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The Two Orphans

Children are not the only orphans, for the grief of bereavement stops at no age

by LOUIS ZARA

FICTION

They were an old couple to whom a son had been born when they were already past middle age and now they had returned from his burial and were left alone.

The father, a short lean man with a care-lined face and a bowed head, walked the floor slowly, still dressed in his mourning suit, smoking the new pipe his son had presented to him only the month before. But the mother wept quietly, the tears dropping on the black satin stuff of her dress.

"He was my only son," she whispered sorrowfully and the tears moved down to the wrinkles about her mouth. "I wish I had never been born!"

His pipe made a sucking noise. He fixed it between his few remaining teeth and clasped his hands behind his back.

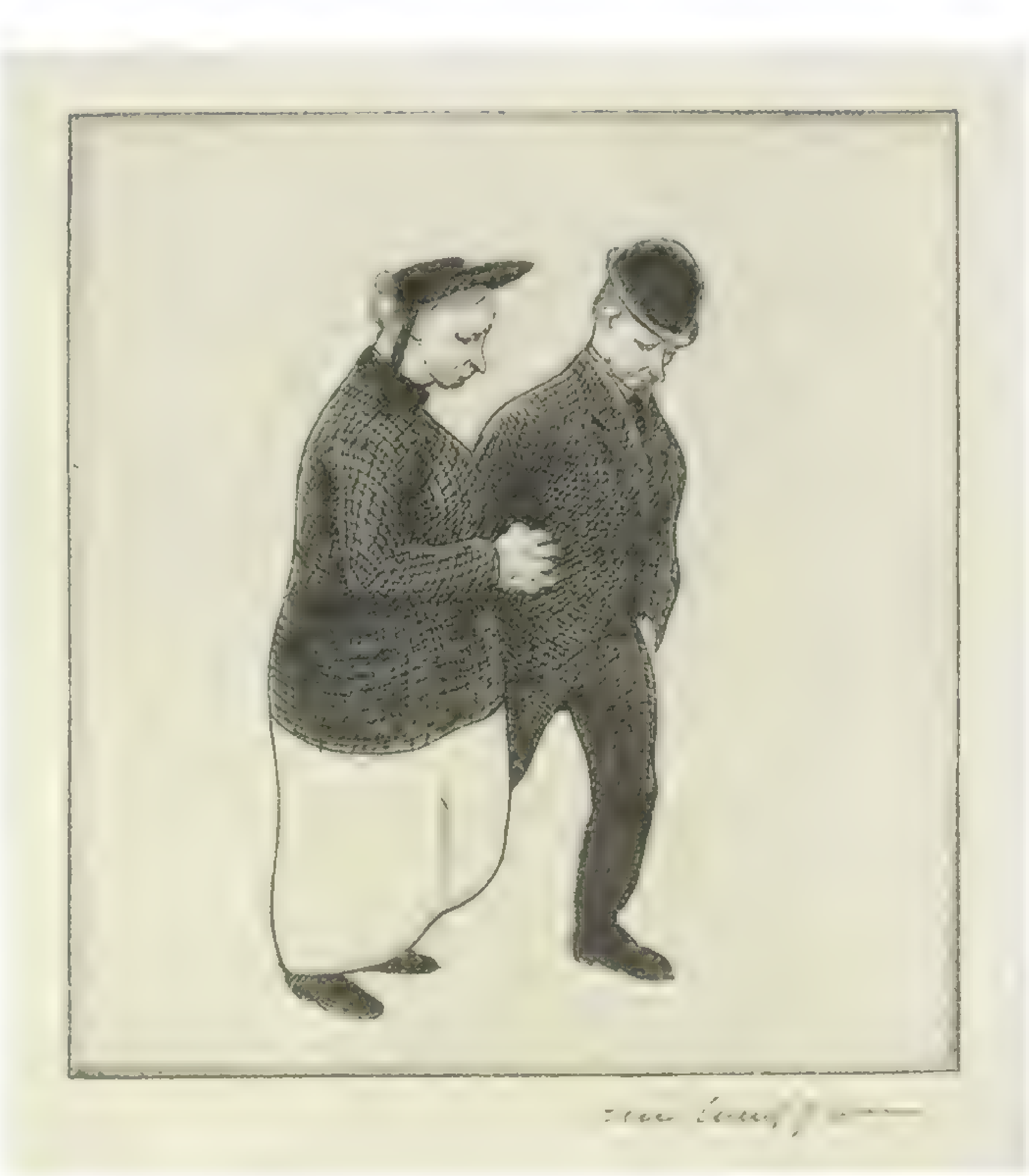
"You say nothing," she went on, "as though you were not even related to him, but my tears flow like the river flows. Your heart is closed and turned to stone but mine is soft and broken with sorrow."

He halted as though he were going to make some rejoinder. Instead he frowned at the poor furnishings of his house. The years had not brought him riches. Nor had his son. The stem of the pipe sighed as he inhaled from it and he continued his pacing.

"You were proud of him when he was little and looked so handsome everyone said he was the image of his father. Many the night you stood over his crib when he was asleep and said 'How beautiful the child is, Martha!' And many the evening you played with him until your laughter was more gurgly than his, you were so proud of him. 'He is a man!' you said and 'He is a darling rogue!' you said and patted the child's buttocks fondly. And when I scolded him he ran to you and got sympathy. Rarely did you lift a hand to punish him when he needed a father's chastening. No, you could not do that. Edward was your son."

She paused for breath. Her hands palms up rested tranquilly in her lap.

"Still—oh, I remember it well—later when the child became wet or made dirty you shrugged your shoulders and stood aside. 'The little fellow is filthy!' you said and waited until he was clean once more before you would play with him again. But at night you listened to my stories of his cleverness and you swelled with pride like a turkeycock and thought of him as a son to parade before your friends. And in the daytime you would take his small fist in yours and march down the street with him toddling at your side, saying 'Doggah!' to every four-legged thing, smiling at every human being that passed him . . ."



The coal in the bowl of his pipe glowed and faded. The old man's eyes were cast down. He wondered why the carpet had worn out the most where the pattern had been the prettiest.

"To whom did he chant his A, B, C's when I had taught them to him?" she continued plaintively. "To whom did he count the numbers when he had learned them from me? To whom else other than his father? But who was berated for spoiling him and for understanding his whims too well? Not his father but the old woman who was his mother. Whose frown did he fear the most, yours or mine? And whom did he obey the quickest? Whom did he greet every evening with a squeal of happiness and a dimpled smile and over whom did he climb pick-a-back every night before I put him to bed?"

The father cleared his throat but she did not wait for his say.

"He was your son and you got your fill of joy from his infancy and from his youth. The tapering of his little fingers when he was a baby delighted you. And the tiny ears that stuck out like a kitten's from the sides of his head. Did you notice how nicely they lay back against his head in the coffin?"

"I—I—" he began and relapsed into a moody silence again. The dark, empty world looked in through the windows and stared at him bleakly.

She looked up astonished that he should have interrupted and went on.

"You whispered secrets together when he approached his manhood and no longer needed an expert hand to wipe his nose and wash his ears. And when I wanted to wait for him outside his school every day you ordered me to stay away and leave him alone. 'Will you keep him at his mother's apron-strings all his life?' you asked me. And I was fool enough to listen to you."

He put his hand to his forehead as though to shut out this mourning.

"But who stayed awake and waited for him to come home after he had started going around with snickering girl-children who had traps baited for him? You encouraged his wildness—'It will make a man of him!' you said—and I sat up at night and listened for his footfall on the stairs so that I could steal into bed before he came in and found me weeping. You wanted to make a man of him and ended by making us both lonely souls without a child to scare death away from this house of ours."

The old man brought his hands out from behind his back and clenched them into fists. He glared at her and stomped about angrily but he made no retort.

She raised her thin dried-up hands to him.

"Oh, old one!" she wept, "I told you no good would come of it when he first brought that girl here to parade before us. You made me tell him that she was beautiful and that she was good and that he was lucky to get her. All that so as not to cause him aggravation. You said we had had the joy of twenty-two years of his life and that was enough for us. You said we dared ask no more, the rest of his life must be his own. But if I had only driven her out that day we would not be a lonely old couple from this day forward . . . She had a white flesh my son loved and a handsome bosom he feasted his eyes upon and for her smiles he was no match at all. When did he ever need a mother more than when she became his bethrothed? But you threatened to strike me when I said I would speak to him and advise him to remain free and unwed a while longer yet. And now he is dead, dead because he worked like a slave at the mill to

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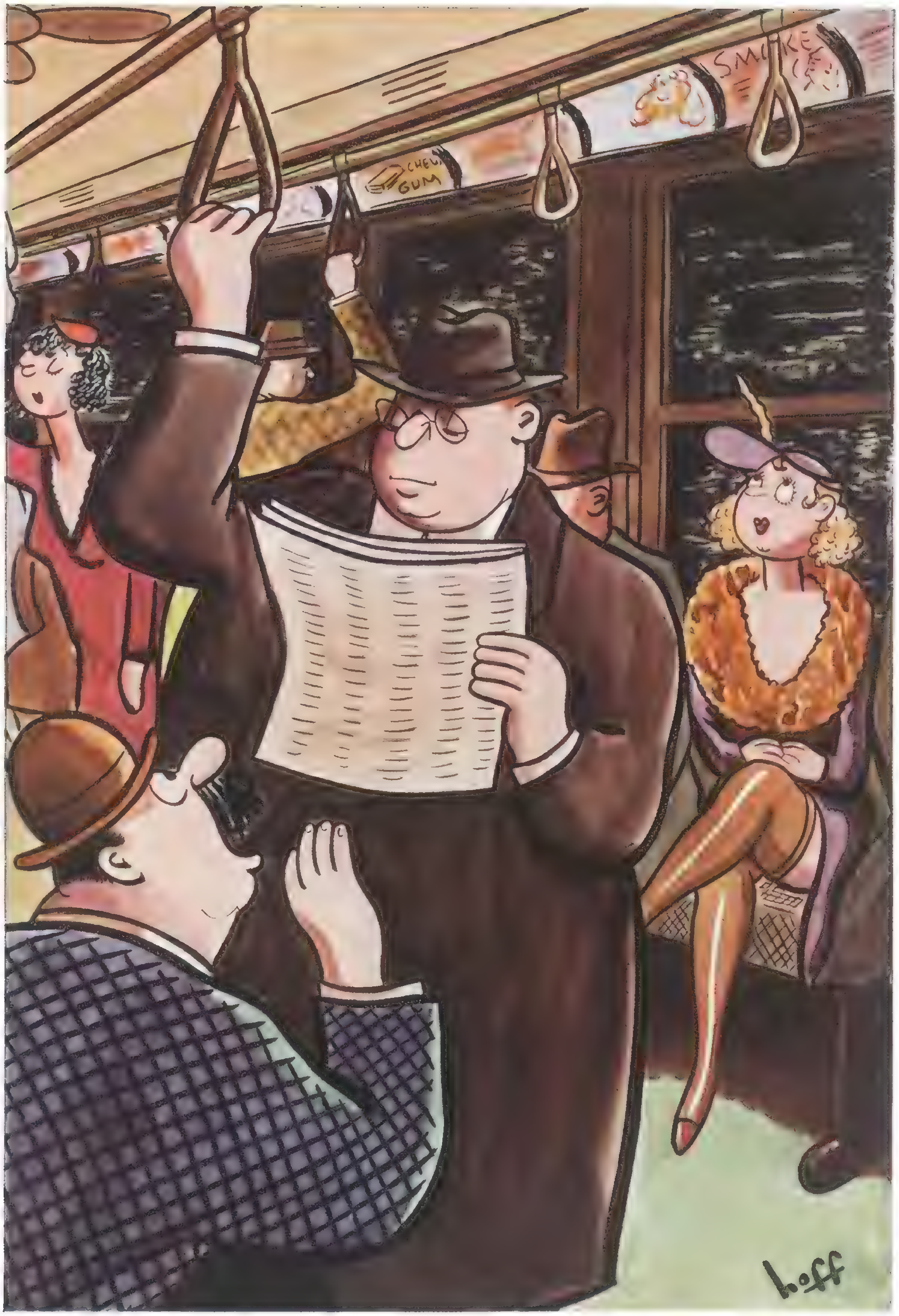
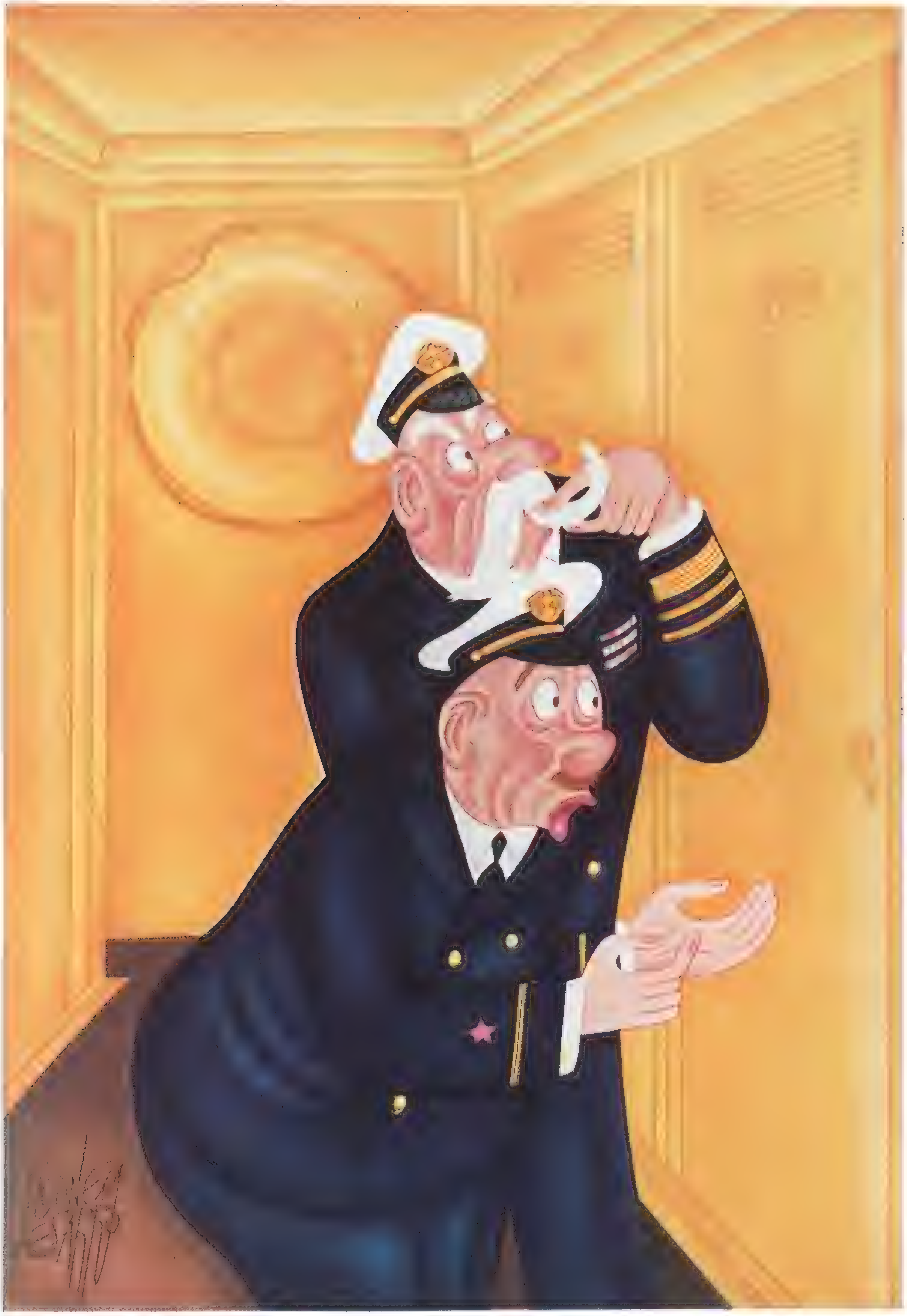

CHEW GUM
SMOKE
hoff

"Would you mind getting the hell outa the way?"



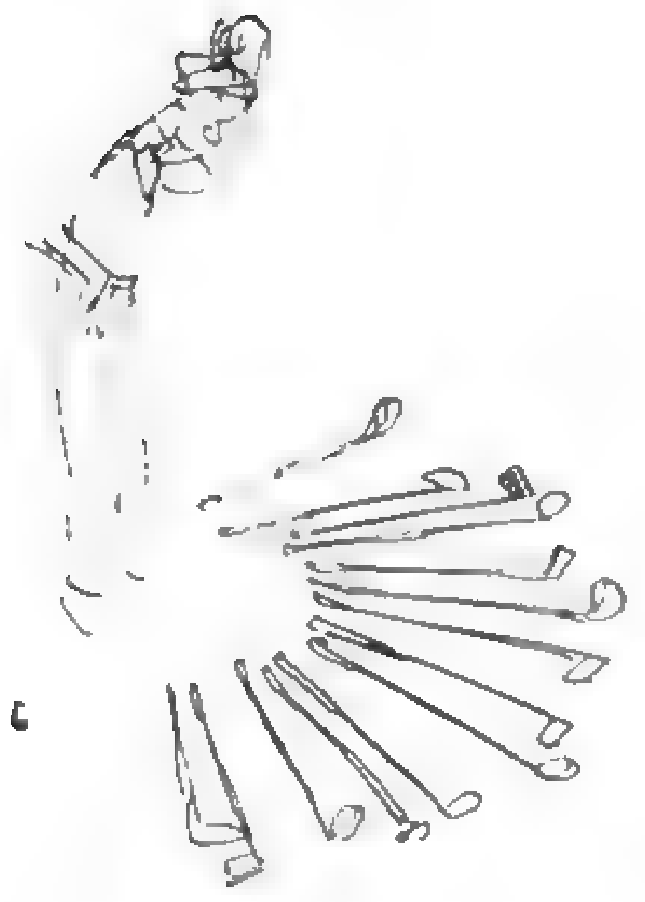
"Do you think, sir, we might tell them, sir, that the cruise is over?"

Vanity Kit or Tool Chest

This golfer lugs twenty-three clubs in his bag and uses every one of them, including spares

by LAWSON LITTLE

• SPORTS •

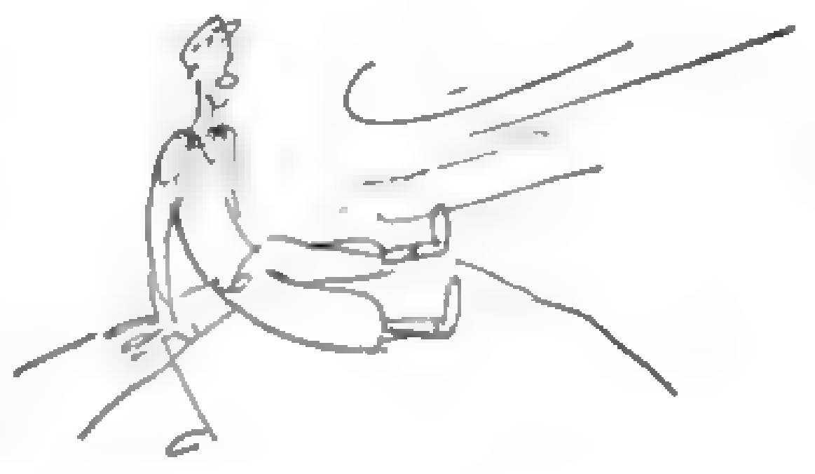


A FAVORITE subject for such British cartoonists as Tom Webster at the time of golf championships is that of the huge bags of golf clubs carried by the visiting Americans. Clever English comic artists have spread a lot of ink in my direction on this subject and I have had some good laughs over their pictures.

There are 23 clubs in that bag of mine—or were when I won the British Amateur Championship in 1935—and 23 clubs is a load that isn't packed around in a vanity kit, so the cartoonists had a field day picking on my artillery.

But I wish that they could have been with me a couple of times when I saw their British Ryder Cup team of the smartest professionals in England and Scotland play their matches in this country. I could have given the cartoonists one of those "comeback" laughs that so deeply burn the fellow who is laughed at, and produce such a pleasant glow to the one who does the laughing.

It was during the international Ryder Cup matches at Ridgewood, N. J. last September that Percy Alliss, British veteran of international competition, would have given much for one of the clubs that I have in my outfit. Allis had to play a shot from the woods on the eighteenth hole. When Percy walked up to his ball, he shook his head in despair. He had a tough lie almost against a tree, but to Jimmy Thomson, Leo Diegel and myself who were standing there together looking over the situation, it was by no means an impossible shot for the star American professional with the playing equipment he has for almost every condition. However, Alliss gave up and dismally played out into the fairway instead of giving it a smack toward the green. And making the green at that time was the only thing that would have done him any good.



Percy came out of the forest and sadly said to us:

"I couldn't play that one. I just didn't have the club to make the shot with."

Alliss, incidentally, carries about 14 clubs against 26 for Harry Cooper, 25 for Jimmy Thomson and about 24 for Tommy Armour. None of the American stars carries clubs for weighting down his caddies. They are playing tools. I know that every one of the 23 clubs I carried abroad was used during my trip. One of the 23 I gave away. There were times at Cleveland during the 1935 Amateur Championship that I wished I had it back.

In my bag are two drivers. They're identical. The reason I carry both of them is that in the 1934 National Open at Merion I broke the only driver I had on the second tee and I felt so lost that I didn't get a wood shot off the tee the rest of the route. I'll never let myself get into a spot like that again. In my cargo, my caddie lugs also a brassie and two spoons. One of the spoons is a strong spoon and the other is a spoon for high shots. There are nine irons of the regulation type, a putter, a special iron for the rough, three pitching clubs and sand irons, a chipper, a wing-jammer and an 8½ iron. That 8½ iron was a grand club, even if I did give it away. I carried it along to play when I didn't want to run the risk of ruining either my good number 8 iron or my number 9 by having to play a hard shot against a pole, a tree or a rock. But things got to the point where I got fed up on having to be polite when wisecrackers asked me if that was the club I used to shoot around corners with. So I gave it away and made things tougher for the cartoonists and myself.

I thought of that trouble club and I thought again of the Alliss incident at Ridgewood when I saw the British Ryder Cup team play a couple of weeks after their defeat at Ridgewood, and administer a sound beating to a star team of Illinois professionals at the Olympia Fields Country Club. I noticed in the Alliss bag and in those of the other British Ryder Cup players that there were additions of the sand irons and other trouble clubs that the American genius had contributed to the enjoyment and scoring in golf. The British pros used these new clubs effectively several times during their triumphant performance at Olympia Fields.

The improvement in recovery shots of the Britishers due to the use of the added equipment was so conspicuous that it again reminded me of the importance of this department in tournament competition. It is the recovery shots that account for fine scores. That's why I want the right equipment and the right technique because Tommy Armour, my mentor in the championship school of fire, has so frequently blighted my budding vanity by remarking that I had to learn the fine art of "scrambling".

Stars have been scrambling with amazing recovery shots to win championships since the game was begun. It does seem to me that if there's no disgrace attached to the star scrambling, the duffer ought to be given license to take some pride in a par achieved in an unorthodox manner. After a poor drive, an indifferent slice into the tall rough or a trap followed by a great recovery—with a club made for recovery purposes—close enough for one putt into the "bucket" is reason enough for the extra club.

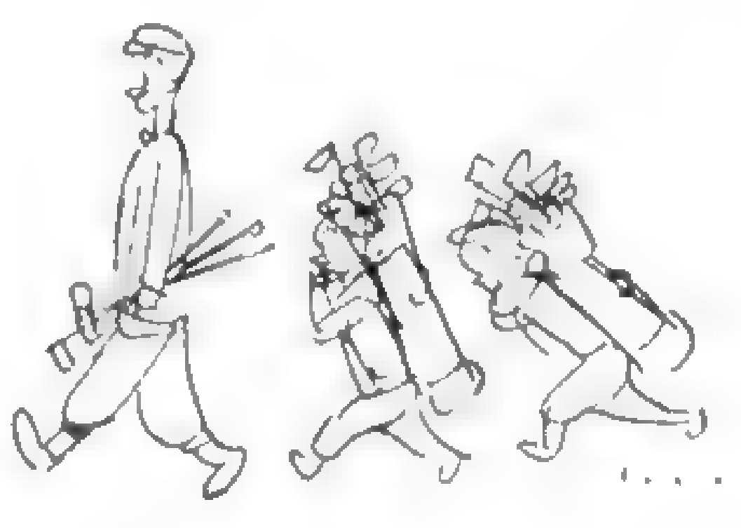
To me a recovery shot that is successful is far more thrilling because the shot is difficult to play and usually changes the aspect of the hole in match play.

As an example of how clubs help the development of the game, hence the pleasure one gets out of golf, I recall a remark made by Johnny Dawson of an exhibition match in which he played with Sarazen and Miss Babe Didrikson, the young woman athlete who has made such astonishingly swift progress in golf. I asked Johnny if she, during her exhibition tour, learned something of Gene's phenomenal mastery of recovery shots from sand traps.

"Has she?" Johnny exclaimed. "We were walking up to a blind green and saw a ball in a trap.

"'Gee, I hope it's mine,' Miss Didrikson said. 'I'm crazy about getting into traps now, since Gene showed me the right way to get out of them and gave me the proper club to use.'"

Now, with the distinctively American advance in the design of clubs for sand hazard shots, it must be admitted that the shots are easier to play with a greater certainty of desired results than they were when we had only the niblics for this purpose. But the hazard was there before the club and it's just as much in the spirit of the game to play a shot out of a sand hazard with a club specially made for that purpose as it is to play a shot off a tee with a driver.



It is possible that it was the cartoonists' pictures of sweating caddies bent under the burden of heavy bags of clubs that aroused some earnest thinkers, mainly in Great Britain, to suggest limitation of golfing armaments. These gentlemen, whose devotion to the best interests of the game cannot be denied, put up some arguments that sound very fine when golfers sit around locker-rooms or when enthusiasts sit down to write pieces to the papers. But those argu-

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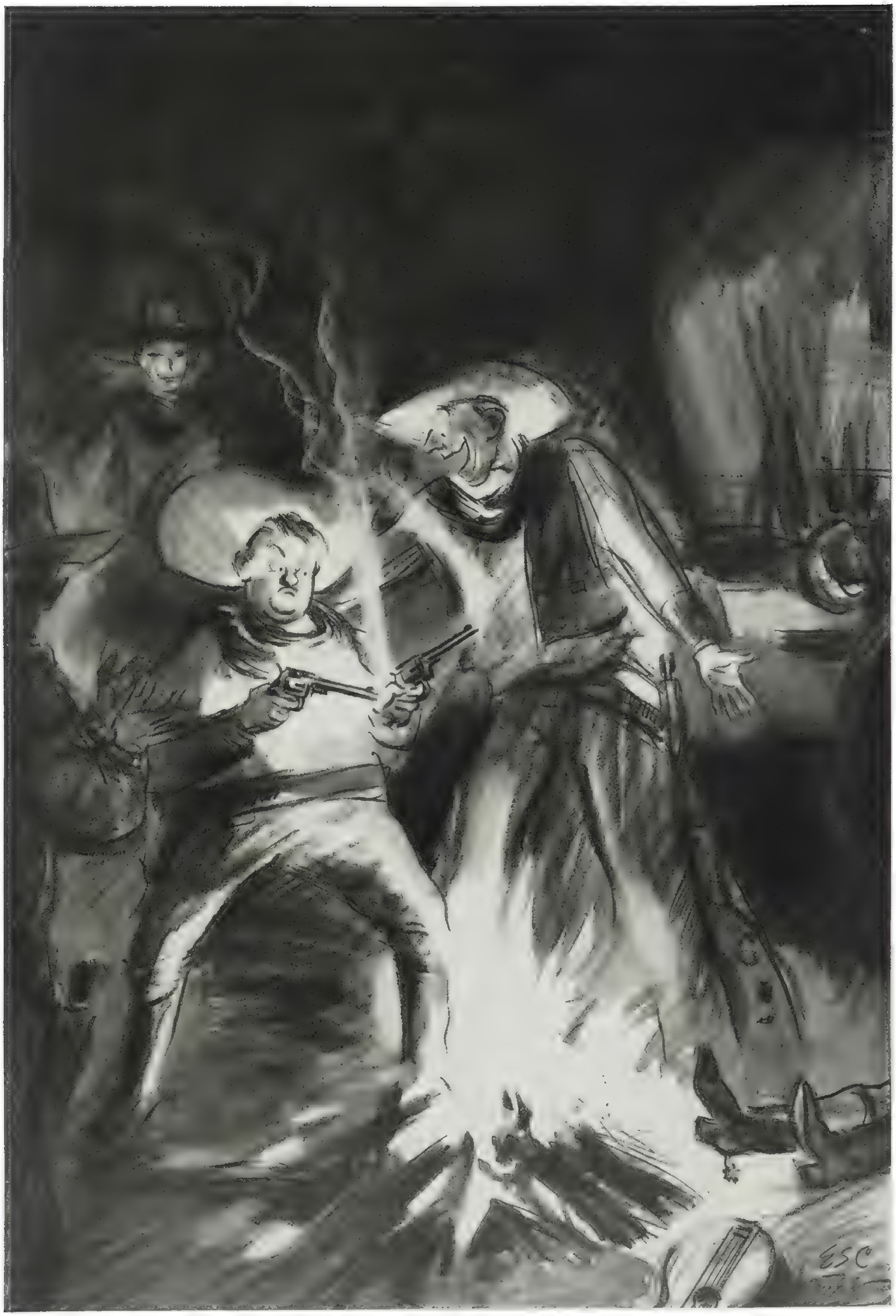


"Thanks pard—he won't sing 'Music Goes Round and Round' no more"

The Thirteenth Battle

A blind fisherman writes a most sensitive description of his capture of wily Old Juggernaut

by ALVIN LEE FLOYD

• FICTION •

Barb scars of a dozen fierce battles marked the powerful jaws of "Old Juggernaut," the sage of the streams. In his thirteenth struggle for freedom, he pitted his strength and cunning against the skill of a blind fisherman. Had he known this, it would have surprised him as much as it did me.

We met just as darkness closed about us, Saturday evening before Easter. For six long hours we had spattered the clear waters of Rock Creek with multi-colored flies and heaved our innumerable wobblers far out into the murky Grand, without avail. Not once had we inveigled a fish from his favorite haunt to strike at our tempting lures. There had been a rumor, too, that they were striking. Our waning patience darkened into disillusionment as the sun gave way to the stars and we were forced to find comfortable boulders on which to sit and resort to live baits and tight lines.

To me this type of fishing is very common and quite satisfactory, but to those burdened with eyesight, I know it must be irksome! On this occasion, however, boredom was allayed for my three companions. Harris, our genial host, has a versatility in exploring the channels of his memory and his peculiar adeptness at making his listeners relive with him the experiences of his life is truly unsurpassed in Oklahoma. In his sixty cycles of seasons, he has matched his wits against nearly every kind of fish from the speckled trout of the Canadian Rockies to the man-eating sharks of the South Seas. He has known fishing at its best and his stories throb with action.

Sitting behind us, high on a boulder, that evening, he made a long reminiscent jump from a school of ugly dolphins in the Gulf Stream of the Florida coast to a lake full of rainbow trout, high in the mountains of Colorado.

"We crawled up," he said, "and peered down over the ledge into the little cove. It was working with rainbows. I dropped a red and white trout fly down on the water and a half-second later my fly rod snapped like it had been a broom straw. The other fellow's rod snapped, too, but the next day . . ."

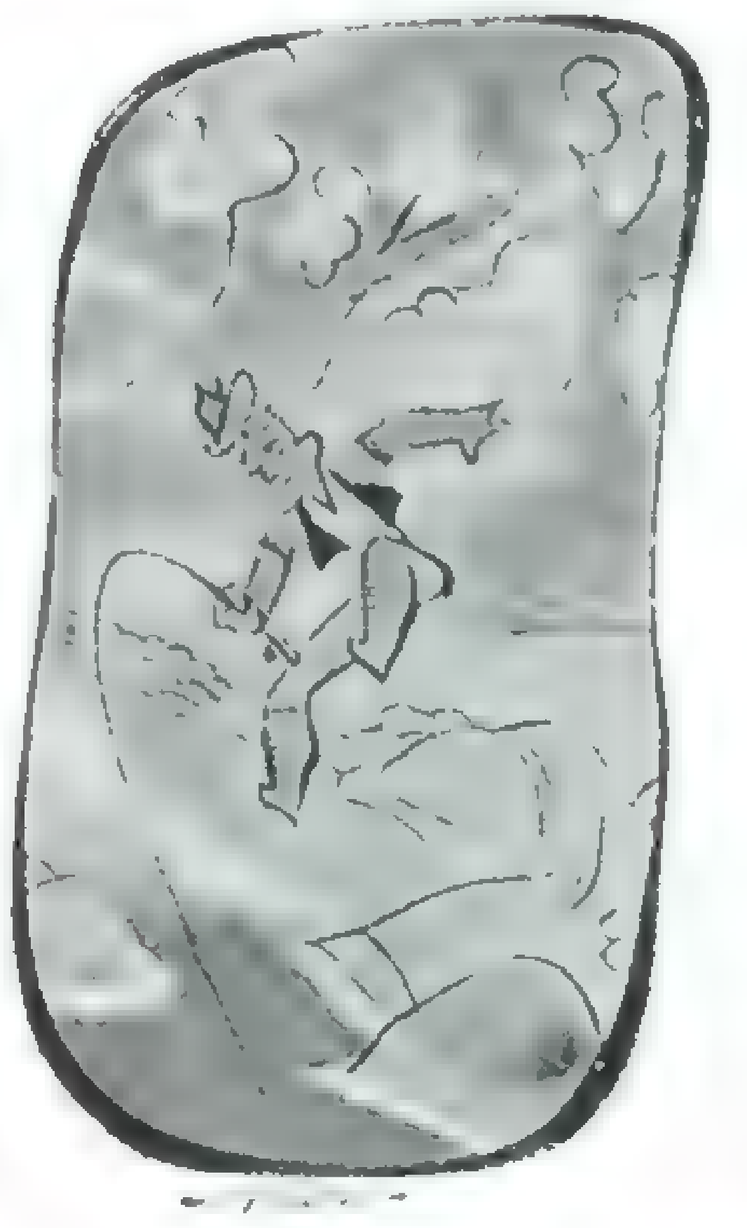
His mention of a red and white fly brought memories to me of another spot, not nearly so far away. I turned to my tackle box and fumbled for my favorite fly. It too was red and white but many times larger than the one he had used with his rainbow trout. I had used it with heavy spinner and sinker and a pork-rind. A little less than a year before, with this bait, I had succeeded in snagging a three pound bass, not over fifty yards from where we were sitting. At that point the crystal clear waters of Rock Creek flow into the darker waters of Grand River.

"Where are you going, Al?" asked Harris as I arose with the casting rod in hand.

"Up the river. It's about time for some old Juggernaut to go marauding in Rock Creek for his evening meal."

"But it is dark now!" said Harris' son, Bud, surprise in his voice.

I chuckled at his remark. For me it was no darker than it had been at midday. As I left them behind, making my cautious way along the water's edge, I heard my companion of many excursions, Bailey, reassuring them.



"No, he won't fall in. If he does, he will swim out. He loves the water as much as a black bass does."

A minute or two later I had paused where I had taken the bass the year before. The silence at twilight had fallen and I know the pleasant sound of the reel and the splash of the lure would be a clear guide to me in my casting. My method of casting has proved very successful to me. The instant my ears pick up the splash of the lure in the water, I swing my rod back at arm's length. This gives the bait the effect of starting to swim as soon as it strikes the water and it has fooled many wary denizens of the deep. In this backward swing on the first cast that evening, I felt the hook hang for a moment and then release. I thought for a moment that I had hooked a log floating past, since I knew that particular place was free of rocks and other obstructions. As I reeled in I could not but think of the thrill that would come to me if I should have a real strike after everyone else had failed. I never dreamed, however, of what that next cast would bring to fighting life. Thinking that perhaps it was not a log I had hooked before, I shot the heavy lure back to practically the same spot. Again it hung but this time solid. In the center of the back swing the rod was whipped straight. My finger was nearly torn loose from the lower hook. The line snapped tight as a banjo string and in spite of my thumb pressure against the spool, the reel howled. Off balance, I stumbled, lurched forward and went to my knees in two feet of water.

I scrambled back to my feet, the rod still gripped in my hand, with my reel screeching the warning that whatever I had was headed for the Mississippi.

Something had to be done and done quickly. If the reel spool was stripped to the end, my line would snap like a thread in spite of the fact that it was Japanese silk and had been tested out thoroughly on sunken logs and tree tops in my blind casting. I shot my right thumb hard against the diminished spinning spool and gripped the racing line with my left hand.

My heart fluttered painfully. It seemed for a few seconds that there would be no slackening of speed.

My yell, when I had stumbled, the splashing water and the howling reel brought my companions in a wild and reckless run. Tottering unsteadily on the edge of a sunken ledge, I felt an arm encircle my waist. It gave me courage. I clamped down harder with the stinging thumb and felt the result in the line as Old Juggernaut changed his course. The pull decreased and for the first time, I was enabled to prepare myself for the give and take battle. The line slackened and I ground feverishly at the reel. The arms about my waist were dragging me back to level footing and another hand was trying, in its owner's anxiety, to wrest the rod from my grasp.

Suddenly, I realized that what I had dreamed for years was at hand: a battle with a powerful fish in the dead of night when a blind man's skill and instinct gives him superiority over those who rely upon vision. This was my scrap and I would fight it out.

In my hands, the rod quivered with life. Far out yonder, in pitch darkness, on the distant end of a strand of silk, a battling demon struggled with me for his freedom. Which would be victorious? Only time could tell! He knew the haunts of the stream; I knew the hazards.

He made his first mistake when he headed for the rocks across the stream instead of the boulders down stream. Evidently, he realized this and whirled to race back before I could unsnarl my line. But I had reeled in too much for him to make the boulders. I knew his location at every move by the pull on the rod. He changed a darting course to lunge viciously against the line, but instead of breaking it, or straightening the heavy hook, my reel was luckily always ready to let him have it and he could get no tension.

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Almost Perfect Cipher System

Even when it is known to be in use the Playfair code is most difficult to unravel

by F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

• ARTICLE •

NOTE: A cipher system is like a full-dress suit—you don't need it often, but when you do you can't get along without it. The system described in this article comes as near to rating 100% in the three requirements of any code—simplicity, ease of transmission, and unbreakability—as is humanly possible. The writer believes that a knowledge of this system is worth anybody's while; and he does not hesitate to describe it thus publicly, for the reason that *even though an unauthorized person knows that the system is being used the difficulties of decipherment are in no way lessened.* This advantage is possessed, so far as he knows, by no other code.

WHEN the dirigible *Norge* made its flight over the North Pole the North American Newspaper Alliance, which was backing the expedition, naturally wished to keep all dispatches for its own use. Unfortunately the only method of communication between the top of the world and the NANA offices was the radio; which meant that anyone with a receiving-set could tune in. A previous expedition had had its dispatches printed by a rival chain, and there was no wish to hand out any free scoops again.

Brilliant in investigating uncharted airways, the men of the *Norge's* force had proved less than adequate in disguising their messages; they had simply substituted other letters of the alphabet for the original ones, and radioed on that basis, certain that their messages were shrouded in impenetrable mystery. They were rudely disillusioned when other papers printed the thrilling news simultaneously with their own group.

So NANA called the Sunday office of the *New York World*, where John O'Hara Cosgrave held gentle sway over six or seven assorted lunatics who were known to be able to produce, on short notice, information upon any subject under whatever sun. The writer, who was a member of that crew, Olav Hasholem, was elected to go down and straighten out the trouble.

"We want," said the NANA representative, "a code that can't be broken." The *Norge's* navigating officer and chief dispatcher, who were also present, nodded agreement. "We want one that is easy to encipher and decipher, and that doesn't depend on the carrying of a lot of dictionaries or code-books around latitude 90°. Can do?"

Your correspondent, as it happened, could oblige. The *Norge* outfit were then and there initiated into the mysteries of the "Playfair" cipher system. It is pleasant to record that it proved a complete success. About its workings, more anon. The story of the *Norge* is brought up here merely to illustrate a point. Some time after the expedition the NANA man asked "Could that cipher have been broken?"

"Of course it could," I replied. "But not without the expenditure of a lot of time and patience. By the time anybody outside the secret could have worked it out the story would have been dead and buried. For your purposes it was unbreakable."

So many legends hang around that most cherished belief, that any secret writing invented by man can be deciphered by man. Chief among them is the story of Poe's challenge, when editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, to any correspondent who cared to send him a message in cipher. It is usually said that Poe offered to decode *any* message sent him. As a matter of fact he stated that he would decipher any message coded according to a particular system, which he described. He started with a big advantage by knowing ahead of time how the ciphers submitted to him were composed. This is not to decry Poe's skill, but merely to reduce to terms of fact one more glamorous falsehood.

The truth of the matter is this: any secret writing invented by man can be deciphered by man, *given certain things*, which are:

Time.

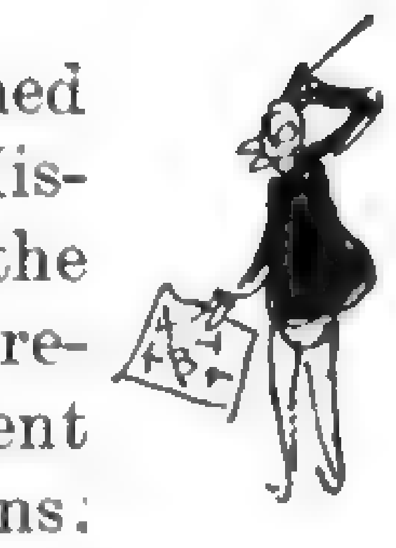
A sufficiently long specimen of the code, or a sufficient number of short specimens.

Without this aid the cryptographer is helpless. To prove it I will issue a challenge of my own. No cryptographer living can decipher the following message:

KXMQ

This may appear ridiculous, but it is only pushing to its logical absurdity the saddening thing that happens to me only too often: a challenge from a correspondent to decipher a message composed of four or five words. It can't be done—unless, of course, the decipherer should have knowledge of the conditions surrounding the message. For instance, if it were known that my test-message above were dispatched in response to a question about a certain course of action to which I was strongly opposed, it would not require much intelligence to read it as DONT. War-time cryptographers are helped considerably over pure amateurs of the art by such knowledge; they expect such words as ARMY, MUNITIONS, FORCE, ADVANCE, and so on.

The decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions is a case in point. Cuneiform was a lost language until cryptographic art was brought to bear upon it, but it is doubtful if it would ever have given up its secret if the cryptographers had not been grounded in the history of the period. A series of inscriptions was discovered which, from its importance (it was carved in huge characters upon a wall of rock) was assumed to be a royal message of sorts. History recorded that the rulers of the assumed period invariably prefaced their ukases with a statement of title going back two generations: "I, so-and-so, king, son of so-and-so, king, son of so-and-so, king—" and so on. This particular inscription started off with a repetition of the sign supposed to mean "king," but it appeared only twice: "I so-and-so, king, son of so-and-so, king, son of so-and-so—" but here the king-sign was missing. The cryptographers reasoned that this grandfather, who did not receive the title of king, must have been a usurper. It was recalled that there were only two usurpers of the period—Cyrus and Artaxerxes. The group of symbols looked a little short to represent Artaxerxes, so it was assumed to stand for Cyrus. Cyrus' son and grandson were known—and presto! they had enough letters to enable them to complete the decipherment.



About the Playfair system, though: I should recommend it unreservedly as the safest of all, for the following reasons: it is extremely difficult to decipher without the key; it can be transmitted telegraphically with the maximum of safety, for an error in transmission will affect at most only two letters; its ingredients can be carried in the mind alone; it can be enciphered and deciphered very rapidly by the key; and the statement about telegraphic errors goes for the encipherment itself—if you should make an error the worst that could happen would be that two letters would be wrong.

It works like this: the first job is to break the message you wish to send into groups of two letters, with (this is vital) a "null"—say Q or X—in the middle of each pair of doubled letters, whether in a word, as BEEN OR DIFFICULT, or at the end of one word and the start of another, as BUT THE or AND DO. Suppose you wish to notify your partner to sell a certain stock, and are afraid your telegram may be read by unfriendly eyes. The message you wish to send is

SELL AT ONCE THREE HUNDRED NATIONAL PACIFIC AT MARKET

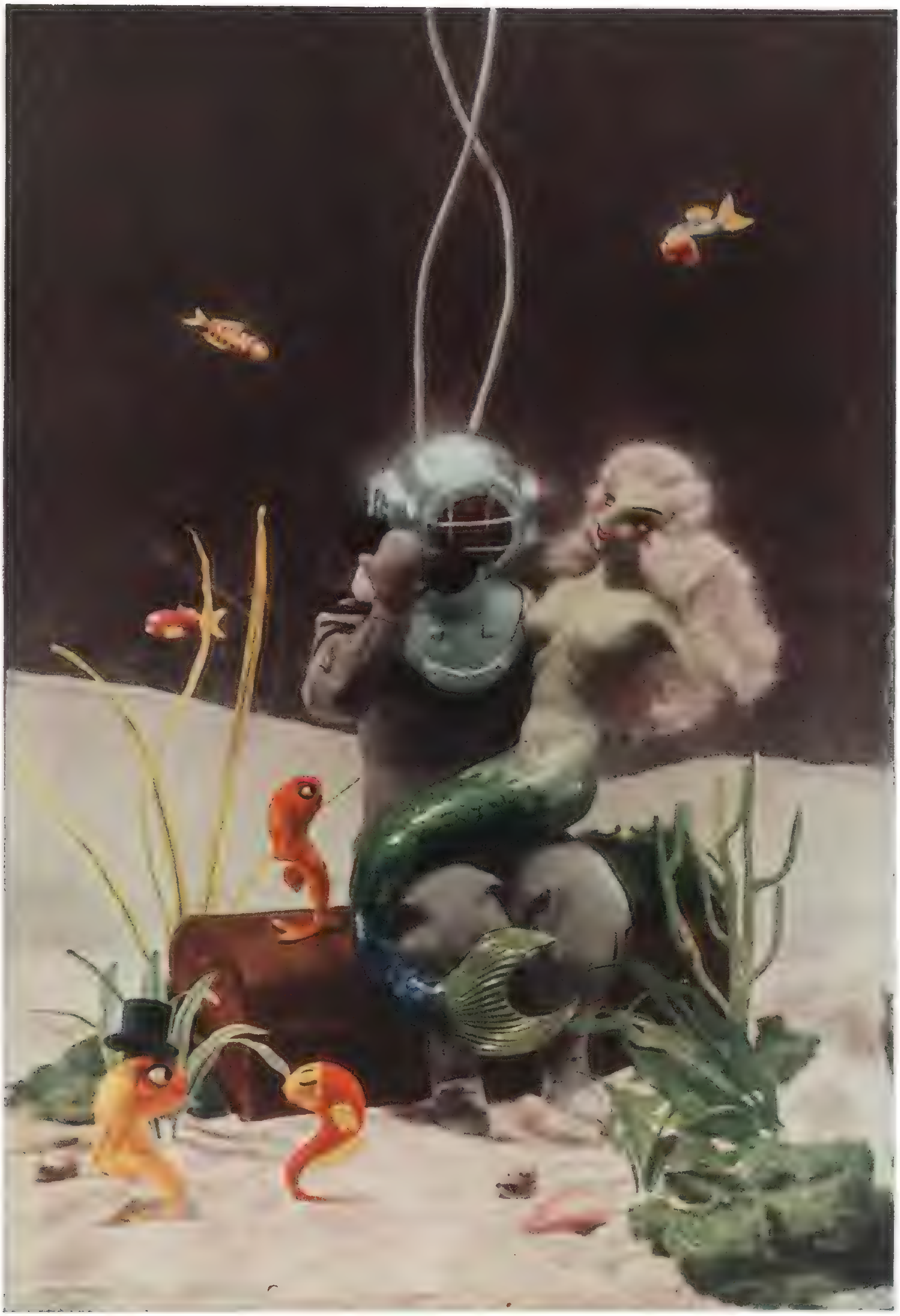
You break it into pairs, this way:

SE LX LA TO NC ET HR EX EH UN DR ED NA TI ON AL PA CI FI CA TM AR KE TX

(The final x is added to make the message come out even. It is necessary to have an even number of letters in the message, as will appear.)

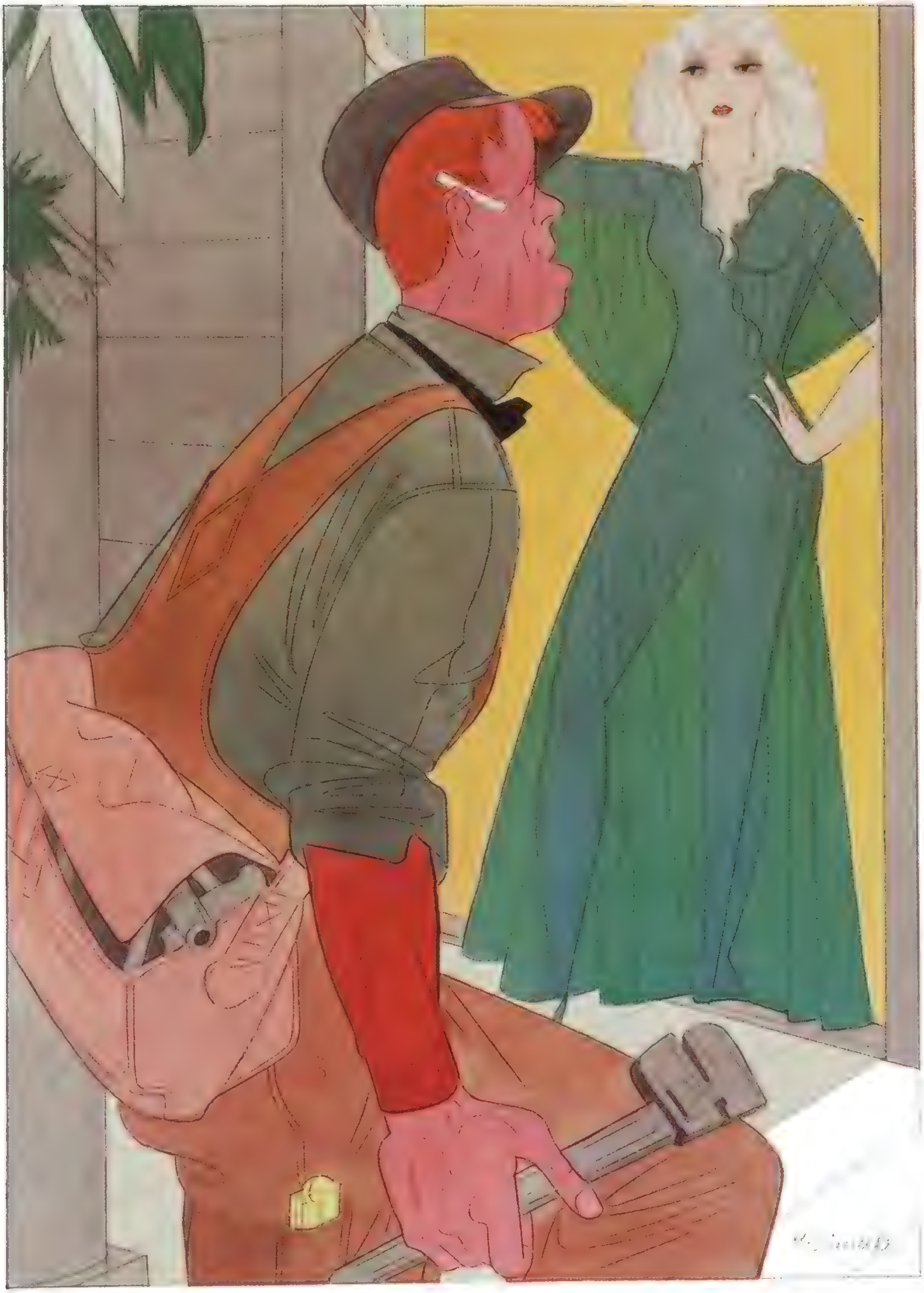
The "null" you decide to use must, of course, be known to the

Continued at top of page 140



MODELED AND STAGED BY L. NOLAN

"Hello dear. I'm sorry, but I'll be busy at the office until late!"



"Same trouble, lady?"

Chronicle of a Discovery

Fame is fickle, and even a vegetable has to find new angles to remain a celebrity

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

A MAJORITY of the morning papers of August 25th, 1940 carried front page accounts of Professor Herman Ganzmuller's remarkable discovery about parsley. After twelve years of patient research, they stated, the Professor was finally able to announce to the world that in parsley he had discovered another valuable—nay, indispensable—vitamin, Vitamin L, necessary for several important body functions, and a preventative against various serious human ailments. Ganzmuller, brought up in the best traditions of scientific research, was not given to extravagant statements, and he admitted frankly that this vitamin was also present in other commonly consumed forms of vegetation. However, he pointed out, none of them even approximated parsley in this respect.

MORE PARSLEY
WE WANT PARSLEY
WE WANT PARSLEY

It was the Professor's belief (arrived at only after the most careful checks and rechecks) that people who made it an habitual practise to eat parsley at least once a day could, on the average, expect to live longer, have better eyesight and digestion, and, to quote the initial report directly, "enjoy increased and more satisfactory reproductive faculties." Professor Ganzmuller also held that parsley-eaters could expect to be less susceptible to common colds, jaundice, tuberculosis, and possibly—although complete data on this point wasn't as yet available—cancer.

This announcement, fortunate enough to break in an interlude between wars, gang murders and attacks on the Administration—received instant and wide publicity. Several of the country's leading wits made quips about it in their columns and over the radio, and the topical cartoonists also saw to it that parsley got the breaks it so richly deserved. The Professor himself explained his theory (not too technically) before newsreel cameras in a rich Teutonic accent, and a good many newspapers saw fit to comment on the discovery editorially—most of them in a serious vein. The tabloids, regrettably, tended to lay undue stress on the reproductive faculty angle which lead Ganzmuller to emphasize that he considered this among the less important virtues of the plant. This move on Ganzmuller's part, of course, served to consolidate him with the more reputable element in the country without in any way weakening his popularity with tabloid readers who, in fact, were unaware of it because their papers saw no need of mentioning it.

The Professor made new headlines on the 31st of August, six days after his initial announcement, when Harris University, a new, heavily endowed and exceedingly earnest institution which laid great stress on having no football team nor examinations, awarded him its Feldman Prize for the year's most notable discovery in bio-chemistry. He was given a fine shiny new laboratory, and appointed to a full professorship, holding the title of Doctor of Dietetics. Not a few up-and-coming universities awarded the Professor honorary degrees, and several of the more conservative ones, which failed to, drew scathing fire from critics of higher education in America for being tied down by academic tradition.

The Parsley Movement was now under way. Herman Blatz, who always read all the Metropolitan papers for timely topics, labored in a small cubby-hole off Broadway, pecked his right forefinger untiringly at grime-covered keys, and, on September 2nd, succeeded in getting his latest song published. It was entitled: *You're My Great Big Bunch of Parsley.* In two weeks it had grossed more than any of his former hits in the corresponding time, including: *All I Want Is Love, Ethiopian Serenade,* and the smash hit of 1938, *Old Man Depression's Dying.* Radio loudspeakers, of course, blared it from coast to coast, and for many weeks it was the number one selection on all the hit-of-the-week programs. He threatened to sue the writer of a subsequent song, *A Bunch Of Parsley And You,* but everybody knew that it was simply a formal gesture. Besides, the later song was a flop, as were three or four other parsley ditties which got on the market too late.

By the middle of September, of course, parsley sales were booming all over the land, and such was the demand for this commodity that the government anticipated no immediate need for passing any edicts about parsley limitation. Everything in that respect was going very nicely, the price of parsley continually increasing, and people complaining bitterly against the exorbitant cost. It almost sounded like the good old days of Prosperity. On the 18th of September the public was thrilled to read of a daring broad daylight hold-up of a parsley truck in which the driver and two guards were machine-gunned to death. The bandits escaped with over $8,000 worth of parsley, and the incident prompted newspapers in a number of large cities to demand police shake-ups and more stringent regulations against shyster lawyers who were—so went the editorials—far more to blame for crime than the gangsters themselves.

This hold-up and its resulting publicity was, naturally, no impediment at all to the sale of Frederick Starrow's new novel, *Parsley,* and critics were soon hailing it as one of those rare books that would live for all time. It was, said the blurb on its jacket, "a poignant, mentionful story of the struggle of a poor city tenement family to obtain its share of parsley." "Mentionful" was a word in great favor with critics and blurb-writers at this particular time, having superseded "significant," "purposeful" and "authentic," and meant, as far as anybody could figure it out, having plenty of things in it worth mentioning. Starrow became a national figure, receiving several large prizes, and attended several literary dinners given by his publishers during which he always sat next to Professor Ganzmuller. His publishers were powerless to prevent pictures of the two men together from getting into the newspapers.

The phenomenal sales of this book were further aided by a Senatorial investigation of alleged manipulation of the parsley market. On September 23rd parsley suddenly shot up from $3.18 a peck to $7.34 on the Chicago market. On the 25th it dropped from $6.95 to $3.81. Unfortunately the writer has mislaid the data on what this investigation disclosed. Suffice it to say that people at the time were about evenly divided as to the justice of the decision arrived at by the investigating committee.

Concurrent with this investigation ran a brief counter-parsley movement sponsored by a large chain of newspapers which claimed that the parsley craze was an entering wedge for Communism. It is not clear just how this idea got started, but apparently it had some connection with a statement Ganzmuller made some twenty years before in which he remarked, or is said to have remarked, that some people are a lot better off than they deserve to be. However, when another string of papers accused the

Continued in center of page 160

Artists of Wrecking

A tractor can't compete with the boys in Local 95 of the New York Housewreckers Union

by ALBERT PARRY

• ARTICLE •

JUST as the automobile industry pulled us out of the panic of 1907, and the radio boom out of the bog of 1921, so may the housing stampede help us to our feet after the debacle of the early 1930's.

The ugly slums of today shall be wrecked to give place to the unbelievably charming and sanitary palaces of tomorrow. An awful lot of wrecking to be done, you see, and this gives me a chance to introduce to you that race of strong and fearless men, of veritable giants who daily perform tasks of risk unequalled in any other jittery walk of life.

I refer to that spectacular Russian group in New York, the housewreckers. New York, say I, for it is there that housewrecking has developed into an industry of the first order, nay, an art, and an immigrant folkart at that, as noteworthy as your German brewing in Wisconsin or Finnish logging in Oregon or Japanese fishing off California or what have you.

To this day the Russian housewreckers of New York have remained largely unsung, for work of destruction in this country is seldom praised, the general sentiment on the subject being that of an obscure American poet who wrote:

It's a pretty good thing to remember
But a better thing to do—
To work with the construction gang,
And not with the wrecking crew.

In Seattle, for instance, the housewrecking contractors find it suitable to hire, for the work, elephants from the circus. A certain economy, in that. Or perhaps lack of qualified men. But in New York a contractor will use no other body of strength but Russians.

In busy times you will find them demolishing the city or battling one another in the streets with crowbars and bricks over the fine points of pay-scales and strikes. On dull days you will behold them pondering over cards and checkers in their acrid hall on the second floor of the Ukrainian Labor Home, in East Third Street, a brick's throw from the Bowery.

Their organization is celebrated among the immigrant plebs of New York as Local 95 of the Housewreckers' Union, a roaring child of the A. F. of L. One-hundred-percenting Bill Green and Matty Wall may not particularly fancy it, but the fact is that for years the internal affairs of Local 95 have been conducted in Russian, debates, votes, fist-fights and all. The English translation of the local life is resorted to only when there is a picketing placard to be lettered, a cop to be sassed, an ambulance to be summoned, or an injunction to be answered.

Most of these great and lumbering fellows are somewhat clumsy while on terra firma but agile while on the cornices. Like most of the Russian Russians in this country they are called Pollacks (it is the Russian Jews who are here called Russians). They came to the States in the decade preceding the World War, from the marshy villages of Belorussia, the Western and most backward part of the ex-Empire.

The were not revolutionaries. They did not flee the Czar's gendarmes. They merely heard of the easy dollars this side of paradise.

But there must have been a latent revolutionary drive in their illiterate souls, a craving for the destruction of things existing. How else would you explain the phenomenon that within a very short time all the housewrecking crews in New York, formerly manned by the Irish and other natives, were full of these Rooshians?

What really happened was this:

Early in this century a certain Jake Volk and other Russian Jews began to pick up contracts for the demolition of New York's small frame houses, things that the bigger Irish and American contractors wouldn't bother about. The Volks prospered and edged into bigger and juicier destructions. These Russian Jews were quick at jobs, quicker than the Irish and native Yankee contractors. This was because back home they had known intimately the pogrom abilities of the Russian Russians, and so recruited them as soon as these landed.

Soon enough the Nordic bosses were impressed by the crews of their Jewish rivals. They, too, journeyed to Ellis Island for similar giants. One incentive for the switching from the Irish to the Russian wreckers was, of course, the lower pay that the mouzhiks accepted. To the Czar's subjects the pay seemed enormous while the work was child's play, a sadistic pleasure, a simple affair not requiring any knowledge of English.

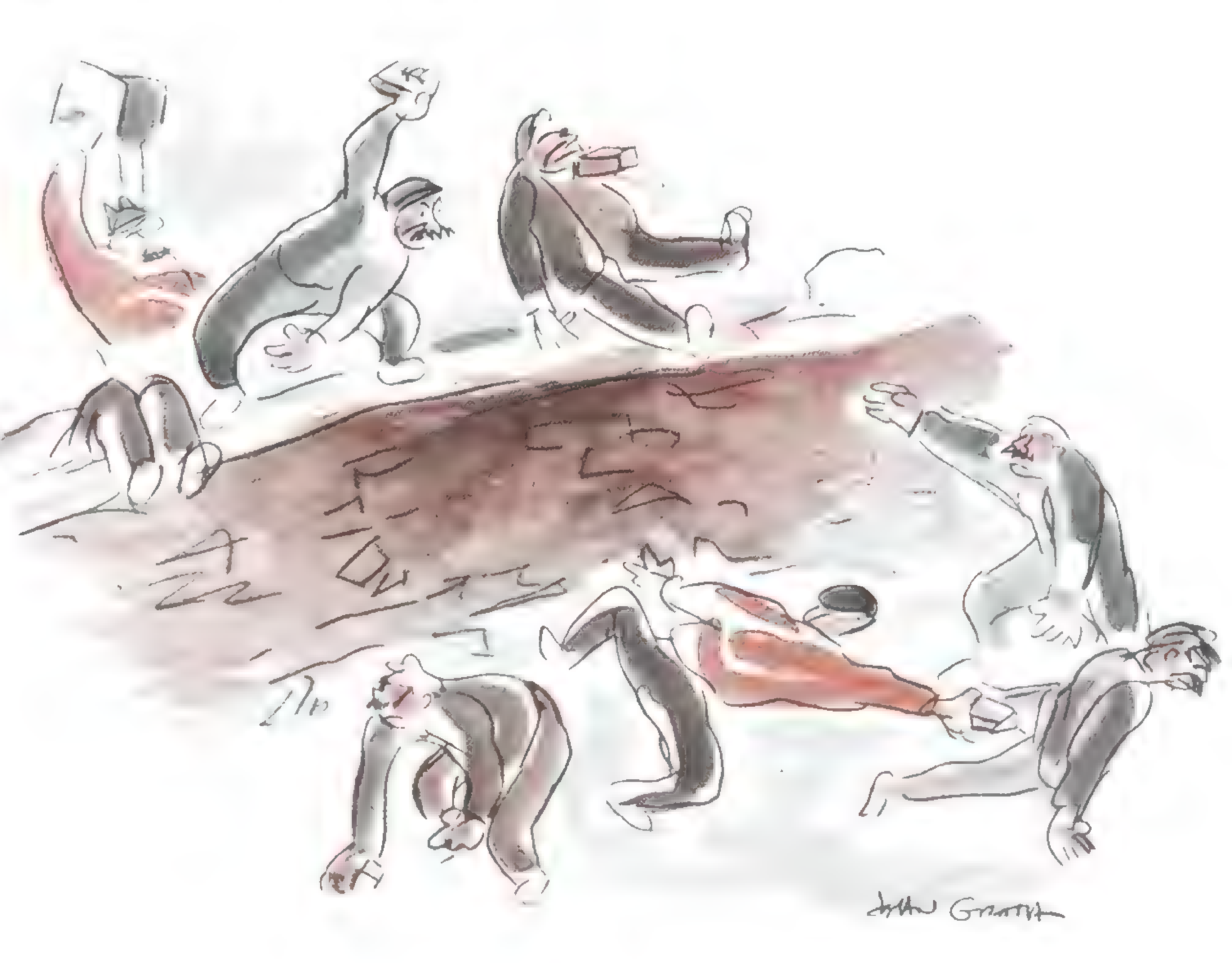
Later, leaders arose amongst them. These were the craftier of the mouzhiks. In Russia they would have been classed as potential or actual kulaks. In New York they became union organizers, union business agents, presidents, secretaries, treasurers, walking delegates.

They led strikes and won the increases in pay. In the process some of them were accused of enriching their own money-belts (few of them trusted banks). There were battles, bloody and legal. Some of the leaders were run out.

Through all this, Local 95 grew rich and powerful. The general post-war prosperity helped things along, of course. By 1925, the peak-time of house-smashing in New York, there were 2500 wreckers in the Local, and more than $35,000 in the Local's treasury, a perfectly colossal sum, gasped the other, less fortunate Russians of the city.

By 1929, speedy destruction was at such a premium that on the Bank of Manhattan job, at Wall and Pine Streets, the Russians of the Local were making up to $150 a week per man, destroying things twelve hours a day, seven days a week.

Subdivision realty salesmen, jewelry ped-



dlers, bootleggers and pimps swarmed around the wreckers, for many of these ex-peasants had surprisingly become known as lusty men and easy spenders.

Russian intellectuals danced attendance to the wreckers' treasury, saying:

"We will organize for you lectures, libraries, plays and other culture."

But the wreckers had the old country's mistrust of intellectuals. Tney answered, briefly:

"Go chase yourselves."

The other Russians also envied the wreckers their occupation because of the rumor of hidden treasures.

Indeed, the legend of finding a million dollars in the walls of a demolished Fifth Avenue mansion, or a miser's cache in an Essex Street tenement, dies hard. But by law all findings belong to the contractors, and whenever they smell a cache they are not at all bashful about it. In fact, some contractors begin by consulting old blueprints and records, and head the wreckers' parties opening up the old cornerstones or wall panels. Sometimes a wrecker does not realize the value of his find and hands it over to the boss of his own free will. Thus, on one occasion, a contractor gained a rare portrait of Bach (or was it Beethoven? I forget which), autographed.

But once, while demolishing a dingy office building in Brooklyn, a wrecker working alone found beneath the floor boards some bonds of a Southern railroad of the 1870's. He brought them to me, and I rode with him to a Wall Street office specializing in the tracing and cashing of old securities.

The specialists traced the old railroad, through several succeeding controls, to the Burlington ownership; there was hope of several thousand dollars for the wrecker; the Russian colony of all hues waited with breathless gossip; but word finally came from the Burlington people that, on the way to their hands, the Southern Railroad had been once disgraced by bankruptcy, and that consequently the old stock was now worthless.

The wrecker, disconsolate, drank for two weeks, while I became inspired and wrote an ideological thriller-novel about a treasure found in a mansion wall by a Russian wrecker in Chicago (so that the New York wreckers wouldn't get sore about it). I sold the thriller to a Russian newspaper on the East Side, and it was run in daily installments for two months. My Communist acquaintances promptly denounced the serial as too thrilling and not sufficiently ideological. True enough, it did contain a love affair and a couple of murders. Some even said that I was guilty of a slur upon the class-conscious, pure-minded wreckers.

The wreckers' fights were quite picturesque. As a matter of fact, they still are.

Usually labor fights between the Rights and the Lefts, or the strikers and non-strikers, or the gangsters hired by the two factions, happen on slummy streets, near factories, on the lower East Side, and other such terrain.

But when housewreckers fight among themselves, the battles take place also in the most genteel neighborhoods, for it is there that their jobs of the morticians of the building trade often take them.

So that, with the background of nice looking buildings in the process of demolition, such fights in such neighborhoods are quite instructive. They give the genteel New Yorkers a foretaste of what the future American revolution may look like.

The color is heightened and the picture is complete when the wives of the wreckers light into the enemies of their husbands, as happened in August of 1930, on lower Fifth Avenue, in the fight between the Communist and non-Communist factions of the wreckers.

Another time the wreckers chose the Times Square subway station as their battleground. With a happy flight of imagination they timed it for the rush hour.

Once, the demolition jobs happened to be in West Twenty-ninth Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, the heart of the fur trade. When the wreckers fought over those jobs, the unemployed furriers (mostly leftist) promenading the local sidewalks bubbled over with delight and joined in the battle for the sheer pleasure of it. For it was a long time since the furriers had had their own fights—a week or two, maybe—and they wouldn't miss the opportunity.

On another occasion the wreckers fought in the Bronx, and that was truly an event. The populace turned out in a body to watch, to participate, to cheer the combatants, to razz the police. The striking wreckers rushed the building in the process of demolition. The scabbing wreckers defended it as if it were a barricade. As everyone in the two factions reached for a brick, the building was reduced materially (the subsequent rumor was that the contractor received a bonus for the speed). Repulsed, the strikers retreated to the surrounding housetops and a station platform of the "L," and hurled their bricks from there.

The next day the New York *Times* came out with a special editorial on Playful Housewreckers.

Once, the lawyer for an opposing faction objected to the murder of two of his clients, their throats cut in the hallways of their homes.

"The thing is really going too far," said he.

"Why, we never heard of it," said the police.

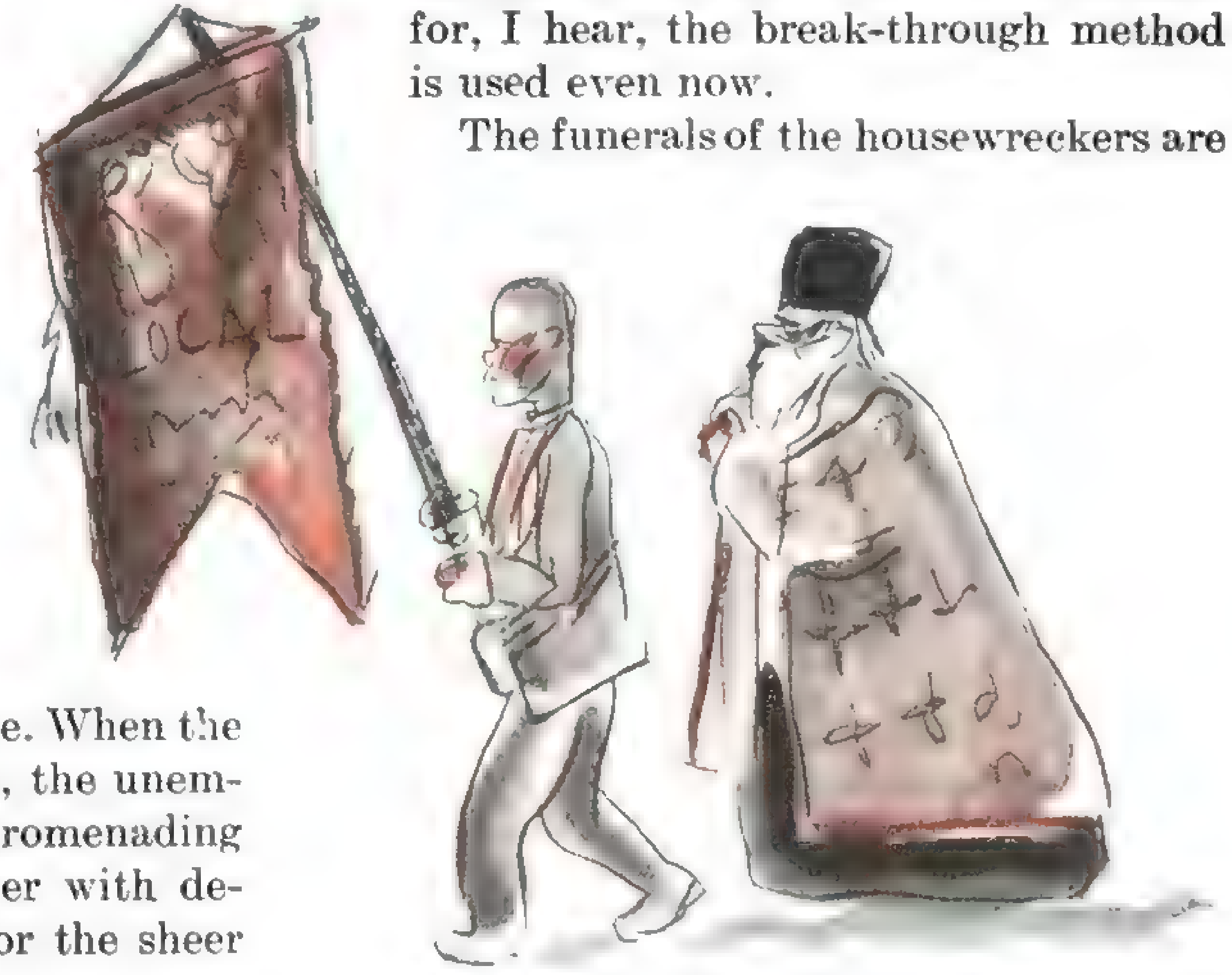
The inference of the police most likely being that no housewrecker could possibly be murdered by a mere knife. You've got to use dynamite or drop 'em from the Empire State observation tower. Nothing short of that. So tough they are, them housewrecking bozos.

But deaths do come to the housewreckers' afternoons, and frequently, rather.

Despite the perfect sense of balance possessed by most wreckers in their work aloft (only riveters and bareback circus riders can vie with them), fatal falls do happen.

The wreckers blame the break-through speed-up method introduced, comparatively recently, on some of the jobs. This is the method where men are told to chop holes in the floors, dump the debris to the cellar below through these huge openings—all this while clinging to the walls precariously—then topple the walls of all the stories at once. The wreckers prefer the old method of breaking floor by floor as much safer, even though it takes from one-half to one-third more time than the new method. In one year alone they lost twenty men in mortal falls as the result of the break-through method. They fought this method by strikes and litigation, pushing the fight into Albany where some safety legislation was finally passed for them, but it seems the point was not covered well enough, for, I hear, the break-through method is used even now.

The funerals of the housewreckers are at times somewhat gaudy. The banner of the Local is carried, followed by as many members as can absent themselves from the walltops. A loud Italian band in black-and-gold uniforms is hired to play Chopin's dirge. In the rare case where the victim was a religious man, a Greek-Orthodox priest in his glittering robes walks stiffly and chants sulkily. He sulks because he knows that most of the men shuffling behind him are atheists and whisper disparaging remarks about his long hair and robes. Also because he does not like the band. In old Russia hiring a band for a non-military man was not done.



But priests are not the only people who are wary of the wreckers.

In truth, if wrecking operations are about to start in your own neighborhood, it is advisable to stay at home and guard it

Continued in center of page 132

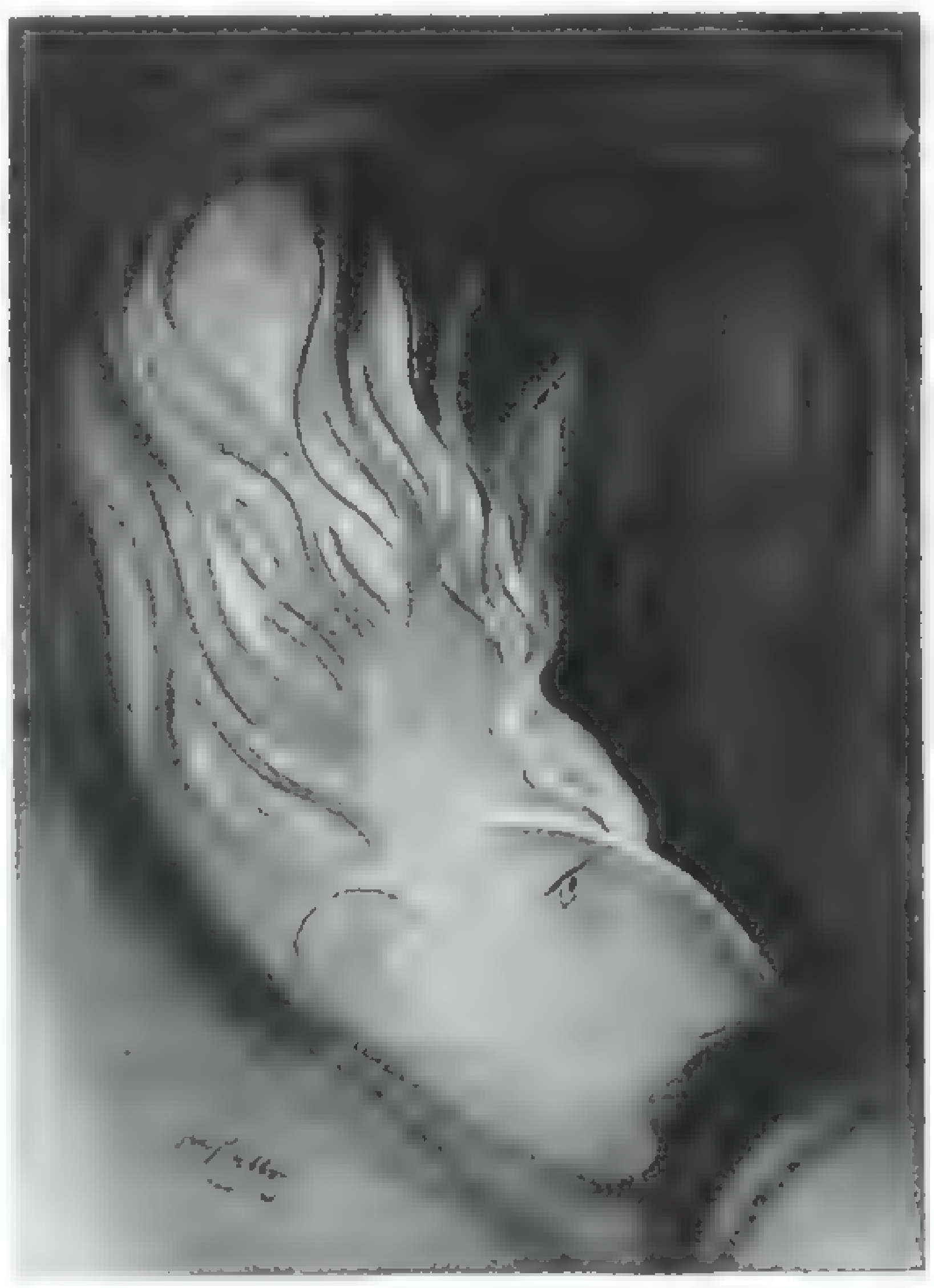
Philadelphia's Firebird

Stokowski wings his orchestra for an American tour and may even make a Wagnerian movie

by RICHARD ANTHONY LEONARD

ARTICLE ▪

Some day some psychologist who is also a musician may be able to unravel that bundle of contradictions, that prize-package of anomalies which is Leopold Stokowski. If so, the resultant clinical study will prove fascinating reading indeed. Among all the personalities in music today, composers and performers alike, Stokowski easily carries off the palm as the combination of most disliked and most fanatically worshipped. For more than twenty years a small war has been raging around this svelt, blond, supercharged conductor of the great Philadelphia Orchestra, with two factions among the music-wise sharply divided on his merits and demerits.



For the anti-Stokowskiites there is something unholy and blasphemous about a high priest of the temple of music being at the same time a showman with a knack of getting his name in the newspapers. For them Stokowski is a musician who thinks of himself first and his music afterward; for them he talks too much in public, dresses too well, poses on his podium too gracefully. In short, a man who propels a brilliant and driving personality in front of instead of behind the music he interprets.

The pro-Stokowskiites, on the other hand, pay no attention whatever to the Stokowski speeches or stunts. They care not whether he appears in the regulation claw-hammer evening coat or a bathing suit. But whenever he conducts they pack the hall to the doors, and they buy his phonograph records by the hundreds of thousands. For them Stokowski has that gift of all gifts: the absolute, thrilling mastery of a great orchestra. He may flaunt all the flamboyant airs of a wayward prima donna—but once on the conductor's stand he delivers the goods.

Viewed objectively on his podium Stokowski offers a picture of classic perfection—a blend of ease, grace and controlled power. He is past fifty, yet rigid diet and exercise have given him the slim figure of a man of thirty. His clothes fit faultlessly as a musical comedy star's; his grooming is immaculate. A crown of wild blond hair reminds one of young Siegfried, while the Stokowski nose, jutting out like a promontory, is a proud symbol of intellectual strength. He uses no baton; instead he goes at his music with bare hands. At times he is taut as a bowstring, whipping his orchestra into action with clear, precise beats—charged with electrical energy of the most contagious kind. Again he will mould each phrase with long sensitive fingers, stroking it as if it were so much clay. His is a picture both elegant and inspiring to the pro-Stokowskiites—and unspeakably annoying to the antis.

There is one point about Stokowski on which everyone is agreed. When the Philadelphia Orchestra speaks for him even his bitterest critics remain silent. It is probably the finest symphonic band that ever existed, and its creation by Stokowski was a work of genius.

In point of numbers the Stokowski advocates must be legion, for their support has made him the highest paid conductor who ever lived. A few years ago his salary as Music Director of the Philadelphia Orchestra was $110,000 a season, and Philadelphians paid it gladly. Recently he took a voluntary cut which reduced his fee to around $62,000. But to this amount must be added broadcasting and phonograph record royalties. He gets 50% of all the orchestra's revenues from both these sources. His record sales are enormous; in good years they have run as high as 550,000 discs, yielding a royalty of $110,000, of which his share would be $55,000. In brief, there have been recent years when Stokowski must have earned close to $200,000.

This spring thousands of music lovers who know Stokowski only from his records and broadcasting will have an opportunity to judge him in person. In April he is taking his entire orchestra on a trans-continental tour, the first by a major symphony orchestra in many years. For more than five weeks they will travel and live in a special air-conditioned train, giving concerts in more than twenty cities all over the United States and Canada. It is one of Stokowski's long-dreamed projects.

The origins of the maestro are somewhat hazy, clouded singularly enough by his own reticence. He has steadily refused to amplify the sparse facts about his early life revealed in *Who's Who*, on the ground that publicity about musicians is to be deplored, since it tends to take the public's mind off the more important music. Be that as it may, he was born in London around 1882, of an English mother and a Polish father. Every once in a while the story goes round that he was born plain Leo Stokes and that the present name (and his curious accent) are mere grease paint, but Stokowski has emphatically denied this. He took his degree in music at Oxford, and then studied further in France and Germany. The year 1905 found him in America as the handsome young organist and choirmaster at fashionable St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City.

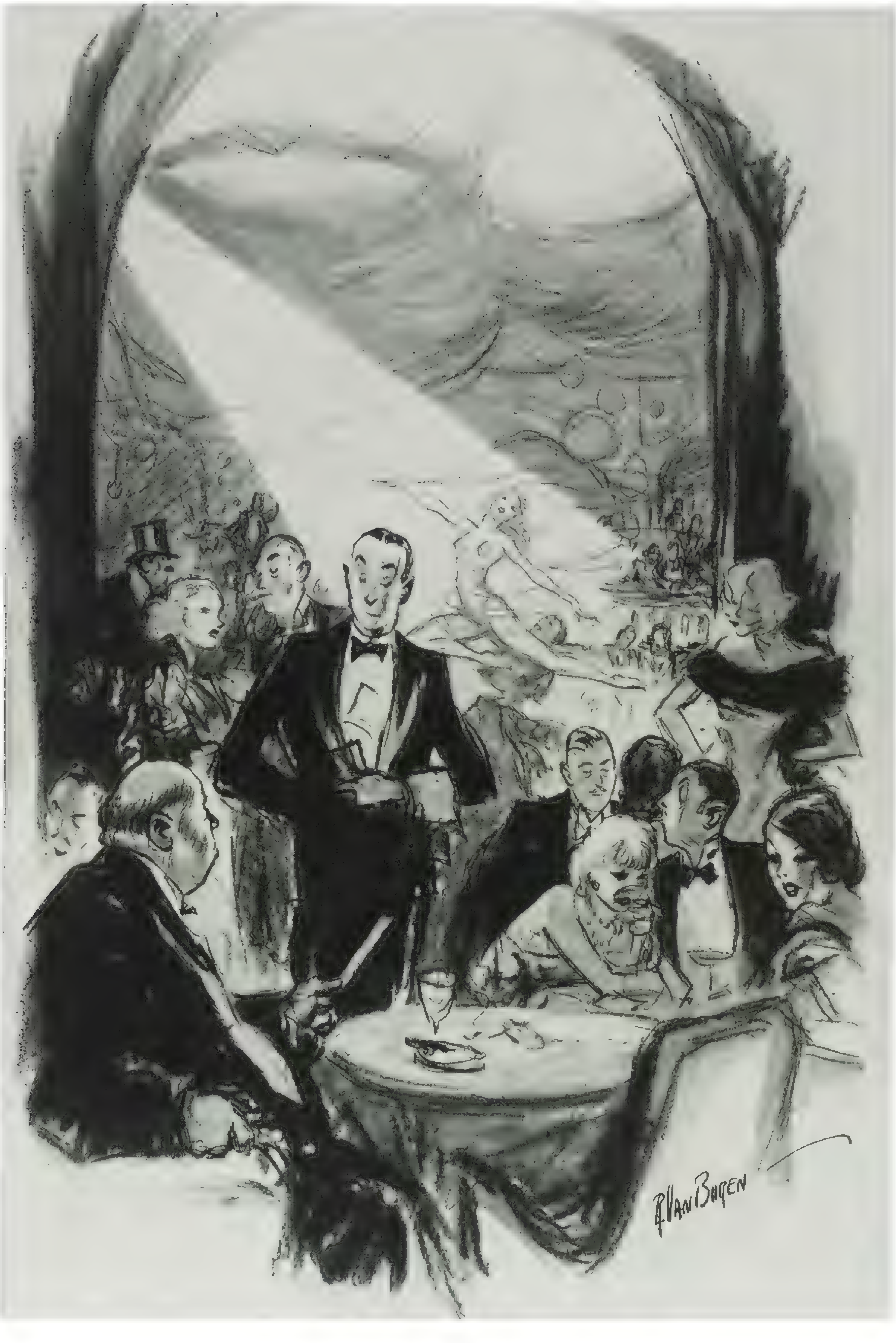
In 1909, with very little practical experience behind him, he tackled his first important orchestral job—conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony—but his real chance came in 1912. Proud music patrons of Philadelphia, disgusted with their lame, third-rate symphony orchestra, were scouring the field for a new leader. They offered the job to Stokowski and he accepted it. It is said that at the time his heart was set on getting the New York Philharmonic and that he was turned down by that venerable Society which took the flabby Josef Stransky instead.

Philadelphia was not New York; but Stokowski, always with an eye on the main chance, realized that it was close enough to New York for him to make a sound that would be heard in the music capital of the world. As for Philadelphia, its citizens were soon to learn that Stokowski's coming was their greatest moment since Connie Mack took over the Athletics.

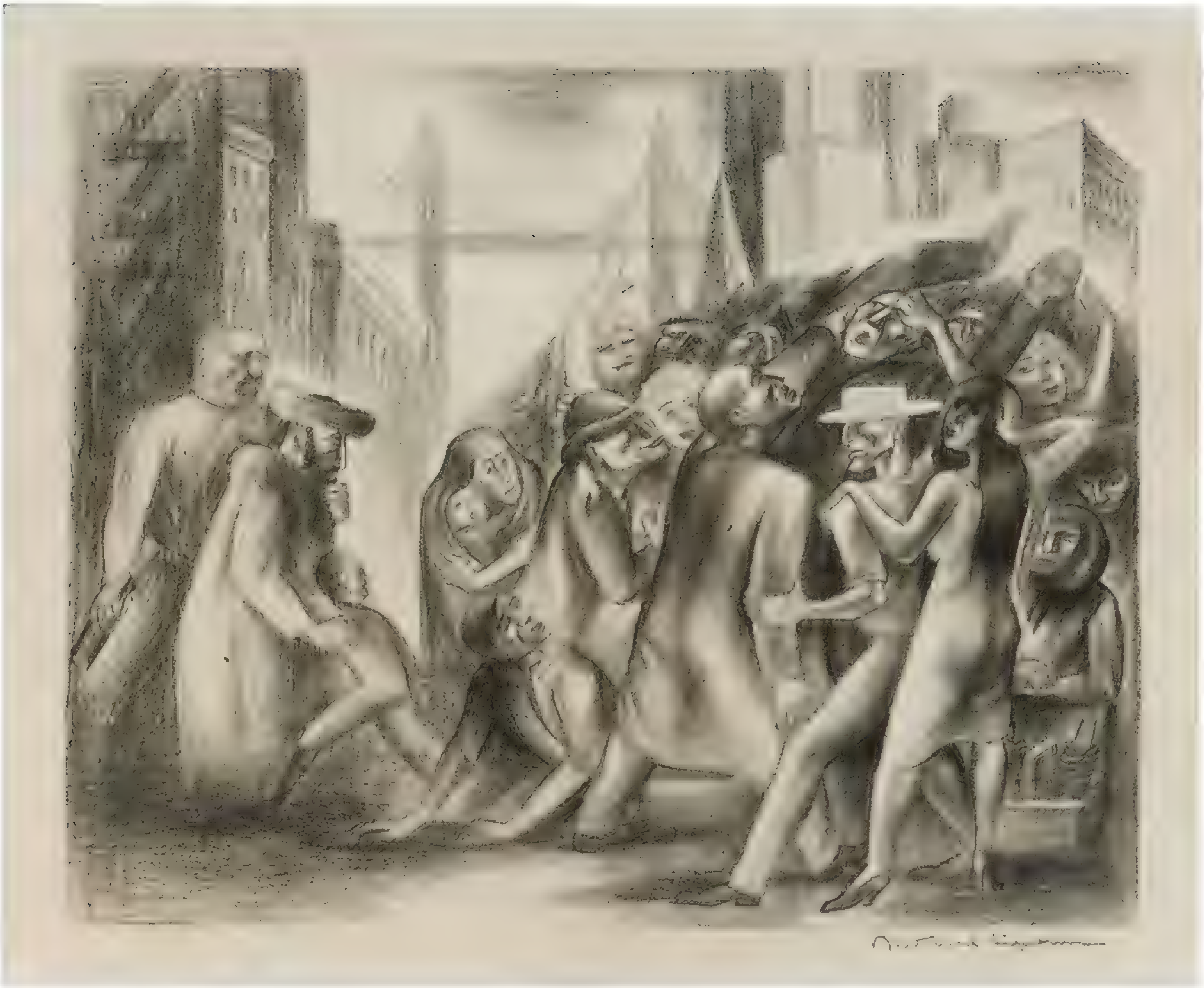
Within six years Stokowski had put Philadelphia on the musical map. He gave it an orchestra whose renown traveled to every music center in the world. At the same time he made himself a conductor of the first rank. The record is astonishing—the more so because it is so typical of everything Stokowski touches, typical of his own dual personality. It is a record on the one hand of superb musical accomplishment, not only in the drilling of the orchestra but in the equally difficult task of building its repertoire; and on the other hand it is a record of a long series of "Stokowski stunts"—some of them interesting and provocative, some merely tedious, all of them serving to keep the Stokowski name constantly in the public prints.

The fireworks began as early as 1916 when he announced to a startled Philadelphia that he would perform Gustav Mahler's 8th Symphony, called the *Symphony of One Thousand* because it is a gigantic work requiring an army of players and singers. It was a hazardous undertaking, yet Stokowski not only played to ten sell-out performances in Philadelphia, instead of the scheduled two, but he took the whole troupe

Continued on page 156



"*Would you mind sharing your table with the dancer when she's through?*"



Towers of Manhattan — *by* RICHARD ALDINGTON

I knew that American émigré—
Once there was something to him.
Now he is a middle-aged sophomore
Bawling out the ghosts of dead profs.
Shifts on his hunkers in a gondolier's tenement
And writes "American Notes"
From last month's *Times* and *Ledger* . . .

Towers of Manhattan!
America is not static,
America is incommeasurable;
It is a dream only half-true,
It is energy almost pointless
Asking itself impatiently "Whither next?"
It is comfort discouraged about being comfortable,
It is Mesozoic and crashingly up-to-date,
It is forty thousand phrases and wise-cracks,
But it is not the "American" note of émigrés.

Towers of Manhattan!
I the stranger, the alien, the hereditary enemy,
Coming to you with suspicion and a little fear,
I can at least feel sure of this:
Your émigrés are those without courage
Who could not face your hard dynamics,
Dared not attempt your roaring whirlpool,
Pioneers of funk and failure.

Towers of Manhattan!
In a way I am sorry I walk among you
A stranger, and yet I am glad
Not to be a son of your large and noisy house.
Home of many wanderers,
You are no home for me.

I have glimpsed your girls, your Jews, your Negroes—
Strange juggleries of alien chromosomes—
Your luxuries and squalors,
Your red and gold neon signs,
The vistas of your ravines;
Sensed the baseness, the bunk, the greed . . .

Yet, in the evening,
Looking back from the long bridges—
Towers of Manhattan!
Why so wistful, why so uncertain
In the cool blue haze,
Why so ashamed of the new visible body
Uttering a strange new soul?

Pity the Poor Hunter

A movie producer in safariland finally catches up with the ghost elephant, and survives

by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

• SPORTS •

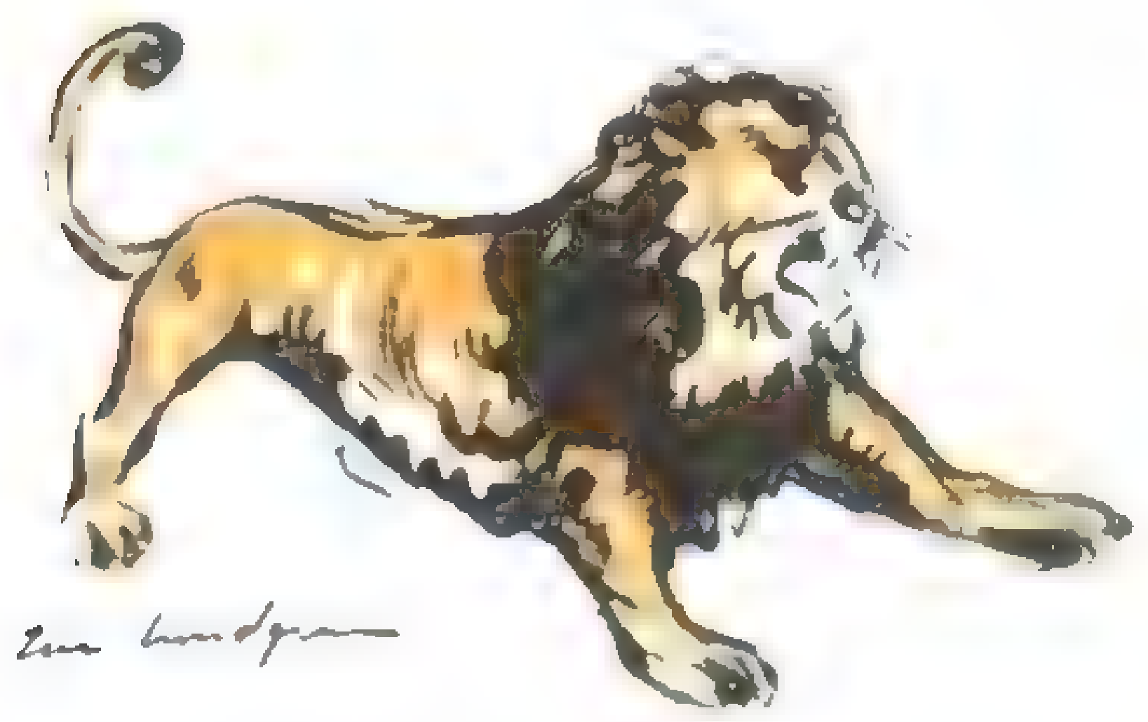
I NEVER knew that lions had such a following until the news got around that I was planning to go to British East Africa to hunt them. If I had given the matter a thought at all, which I have every reason to doubt, I should have concluded that most of the folks back in Kansas and Nebraska could take their lions or leave them alone.

It was a bit of a shock, then, to get letters from perfect—well, almost perfect—strangers lambasting me for my grisly designs on Leo and Mrs. Leo. Even some of my best friends thought it was deplorable. If I had to kill something, they told me, I was in a perfect spot for some helpful slaughter right there in Hollywood which abounds in such carnivora as censors, critics, actors, directors and even fellow producers. Why travel across a few continents, not to mention a couple of oceans, just to drop a slug into a harmless old lion who probably had never even seen a motion picture?

"I can't understand how you can go all the way to Africa, risk your life in a malaria-infested country, and wantonly butcher poor, defenseless game just for the ghoulish sport of killing."

If I heard that once, I heard it a hundred times. Nor was I spared a multitude of undocumented accounts about the amazing toll of African wild life taken by the greedy white hunters. Conditions were so bad, according to some of these homegrown experts, that the natives had forgotten the taste of lion steak, broiled over a rhinoceros chip fire; that even the cannibals were on a compulsory vegetable diet; that the pigmies were completely dependent upon the canned corned beef hash and salt distributed annually by the Martin Johnsons.

The barrage was so constant that I found my defenses crumbling and my answers growing weaker. Only because I had known some of the hardships of the hunting trail (I started with coyotes when I was a boy in Western Nebraska and worked my way up to moose, caribou, bear and timber wolves in Canada) was I able to venture a few meek words of self-defense. And I tried to head off lectures, whenever possible, by referring to my proposed safari as a photographic expedition instead of a hunt.



Anyway, my mind was made up; I had been planning an African hunt for years; and I could not tell how much of the pro-lion propaganda was true until I consulted the lion and his neighbors. Still, when I slogged off to Africa—and an expensive bit of slogging it was—I half-believed my fellow-travelers could see the mark of Cain on my forehead.

I wanted to leave my wife in Capri (we had detoured to Europe), but she already had been inoculated against the more common types of African diseases and decided it would be a shame to waste all the serum. So we were off, completely off, as our friends made a point of remarking.

From Brindisi, that little seaport on the heel of Italy, we flew via Imperial Airways across the Adriatic and the Mediterranean to Cairo. We covered the next 2,400 air miles in four days, following the Nile from Wadi Halfa, Khartoum and Juba to Nairobi. The trip was not particularly interesting. Anyone who has flown from dawn to dusk over primitive, unpopulated wilderness can quite understand that it is not the perfect vacation. Nairobi proved to be a modern British community, dedicated chiefly to the outfitting of safaris.

Theodore Roosevelt is still the idol of the town and no visitor is permitted to escape without seeing the tree that he planted on his famous African hunt twenty-five years ago. At the moment of our visit, the shops were in the throes of a window-display contest, the feature of each being a well-known brand of California canned goods.

We were not safari shopping, fortunately. A British firm, with the Florida-boomish name of Safariland, Ltd., had made all our arrangements in advance. Their agent told us we should find our safari, consisting of twenty black boys and George Runton, our white hunter and guide, established at a camp in the Serengetti Plain in Tanganyika.

The next several days were spent in outfitting ourselves with personal wardrobe to meet this most peculiar of climates. As usual, everyone we met gave different and contradicting advice. I might state here and now that we ended by stocking up with all the wrong things and omitting the right ones. If it had not been for the additional wardrobe supply that Runton carried as a precaution, several days of our trip would have been miserable.

At that time, however, we were pretty proud of our equipment and of ourselves and were anxious to get down to business. We chartered a single-motored Moth and headed southwest. We crossed into Tanganyika, stopping at Arusha to have our passports examined, and flew another 150 miles over the Rift Valley and the N'Gorongora Crater to Serengetti Plain.

Before long we sighted the campfire of our safari, by courtesy of Safariland, Ltd., bless 'em! The blacks had cleared the brush from a fairly level plateau and we side-slipped in. As we descended, the plain came alive with hysterical herds of gazelle and wildebeeste. Terrified by the roar of our motor and by the cries of the boys, who were trying to drive them away, they kept milling about the field. Time and again our pilot tried to set the plane down and had to nose her upwards at the last minute. But finally the path cleared and we bounced to a safe stop.

The camp was splendidly equipped, even to the waiting lunch of hot buffalo tail soup and cold illand tongue. We managed to greet Runton without any "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," and soon were saying so-long to our pilot. He flew off, with instructions to pick us up at Arusha a month later. And there we were in oxford grey Africa, without a lion in sight.

Our education began at once. By word and example, Runton outlined the do's and don'ts of African hunting. The lessons lasted for days and, long before he had finished the primer, I had stopped pitying the poor lion. The hunter is the man who deserves sympathy.

The first rule, laid down with a nod at my movie camera, was that a sportsman never shoots what he photographs. Generally, you get an animal into camera range by seeing that he gets regular meals of zebra and gazelle. To shoot him, just when

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Mind of a Martyr

The Passion of a student who flung his body down to block a dictator's rumblecart of war

by J. W. WALLACE

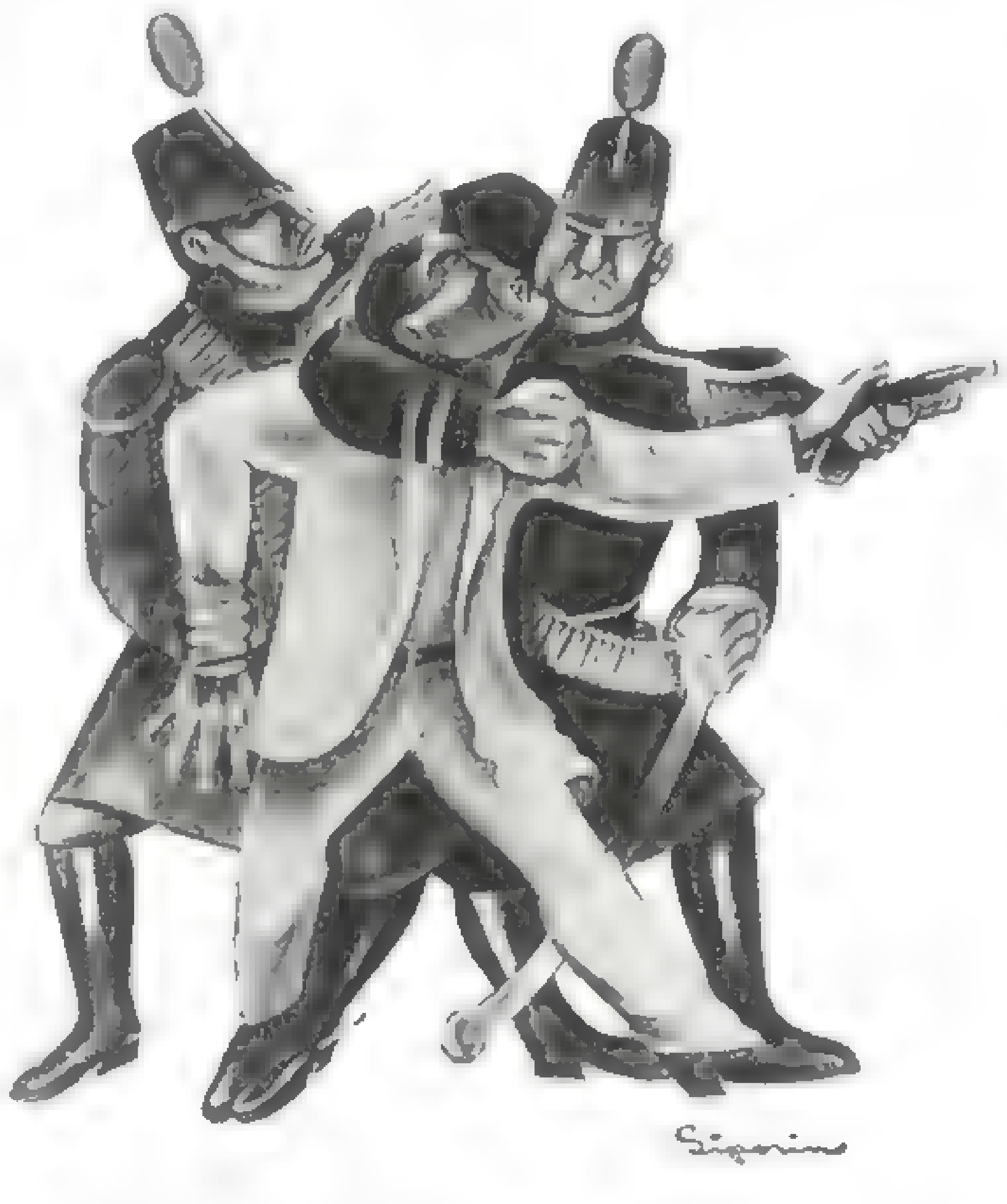
• FICTION •

GUSTAVO MENDIZABAL, law student at the University of O........., in one of the South American Republics, sat alone at one of the tables in the café Comercial, reading the morning newspaper, *El Debate*, with close attention. He was dressed in a black suit with a double-breasted jacket, and he was handsome in a slightly dissolute fashion. His large dark eyes glistened with that strange feverish liquid brilliance noticeable in people of remarkable intelligence whose thoughts run with extreme rapidity.

On the page he was so greedily scanning were details of the military display arranged for the following morning at the racecourse. His Excellency, the President of the Republic, Señor Augusto Gomez, was to review the troops preparatory to their leaving for the frontier. War was expected to break out at any moment—the moment, in fact, that the troops were massed at the frontier ready to attack.

The cause was trivial enough. The neighboring state had been denounced for building a fort outside their territory. Diplomatic notes had been exchanged. The neighboring state declared that the fort was an ancient one, that it stood some two kilometres back from the frontier and that it was merely being repaired.

Actually what the neighboring state said was true but President Gomez considered this was an excuse for war.



He needed a war for several reasons. He had now been in power for nine years and the term of a dictator's power is seldom longer than a dog's life. Enthusiasm among his supporters had cooled into a routine obedience and his opponents were steadily growing in number. The prisons were crowded with political offenders. In spite of his formidable well-paid secret police, the censored newspapers, the pro-government propaganda from the broadcasting stations, there was no way of checking the whispering campaign carried on in private houses which was undermining the regime. President Gomez hoped to staunch his ebbing popularity by placing the nation in danger and thus unite the people behind him under the banner of patriotism.

Gustavo put down his paper and stirred his coffee which was now stone-cold. "Supposing someone should jolt my elbow at the crucial moment?" he thought. "To shoot—and miss! that would be the disaster! The decisive act which is to crown my life, and my death, for that matter, with an accomplished purpose will be degraded to a futile ignominious self-sacrifice. And yet is it not worth running such a risk when there is the chance of changing the destiny of a whole nation? By destroying the life of one man I shall save the lives of thousands of my fellow-men. Surely no one can consider it an immoral act. Assassination is only immoral when the motive is immoral. If I were to kill His Excellency from jealousy, revenge or for mere personal gain, my action would be reprehensible. But that is not so. My motive is to benefit others, not myself, to benefit the whole population of this country by ridding it of a powerful and dangerous leader, a man who is perverting the minds of the people with his propaganda in favor of a pig-headed patriotism, a suicidal patriotism. He is obstructing the progress of civilization, for the whole trend of history has been, and still is, operating to smooth away racial and nationalistic prejudices, to create a more tolerant attitude of mind between the different nations towards one another. But this man is deliberately trying to revive and strengthen the bestial instincts that civilization is trying to extinguish. I propose to deal with him in the same way that society deals with a mad dog—by shooting him. There is no argument here that assassination is inutile. That is true when power is divided among several and the lopping off of one branch leaves the tree standing. But if a man gathers into his own hands the full powers of government a single stroke will bring his regime crashing to the ground, destroyed. The moment I see His Excellency, ruler of a million people, fawned on by the favored, hated by the intellectuals and feared by the masses—when I see this man crumple to the ground and lie gasping to death, why, that will be worth a thousand years of a life of tame submission to me."

He paid for his coffee and walked along the main street, crowded at this hour, just before lunch, with girls walking up and down dressed in tight-fitting summer dresses and black lace mantillas, their mouths painted a brilliant red, while young men stood in groups at the street corners or in the shop doorways, gazing admiringly and audibly commenting on the girls as they passed by, toward the Valcarcel's house. Señor Valcarcel, a wealthy chemist, was an old friend of Gustavo's father and this was how it had come about that Gustavo was staying at his house while he remained in the capital studying at the University. The Señora Valcarcel was a stout woman who wore nondescript black garments and spent most of her days sewing and gossiping with friends and relations who dropped in to see her at all hours of the day and well into the night. They had one child, Anita, a girl of eighteen with round innocent-looking eyes hedged by long pointed lashes which, when reinforced, as they usually were, by black gum, could support a full-sized lead pencil with ease.

During lunch the conversation turned, naturally to the military display which was taking place the following morning. Señora Valcarcel, after inquiring from her husband whether he had remembered to reserve a box in the grandstand, said she supposed that Gustavo would be able to accompany them too.

"I am sorry," replied Gustavo, lying, "but I have already made other arrangements. I have promised to go with a group of students."

"It should be a most imposing spectacle," remarked the señora, in her trite way. "Especially with His Excellency there. He so seldom supplies us with an opportunity of regarding his face nowadays."

"I do not blame him," said Sr. Valcarcel. "It would scarcely be wise to expose himself too often as a target for his enemies. He is loathed by the most dangerous people on this earth—the Idealists: they are a menace to all civilized countries."

Gustavo felt a wave of anger surge up in him at this statement. He usually avoided political discussions in the house, knowing that Sr. Valcarcel held completely opposed views to his own and he felt that he could not for very long keep a civil tongue in his head once he embarked on a political argument with the old gentleman. But now the future, his future, was shortened down to a few hours, the susceptibilities of his host lost their importance.

"What makes you say that?" he asked, looking up at Sr. Valcarcel with an expression of considerable, amused surprise.

Señor Valcarcel smiled slightly and scornfully at a piece of bread he was crumbling with his fingers on the tablecloth. "Supposing," he said, "that when the President tomorrow reviews the troops there should be among the crowd one of these 'idealists.' Do you think he would be right in taking the life of a man he considers an obstacle to the establishment of his ideals?"

Gustavo shot him a quick glance. It was almost as though Sr. Valcarcel had guessed or suspected his intensions. "It is against

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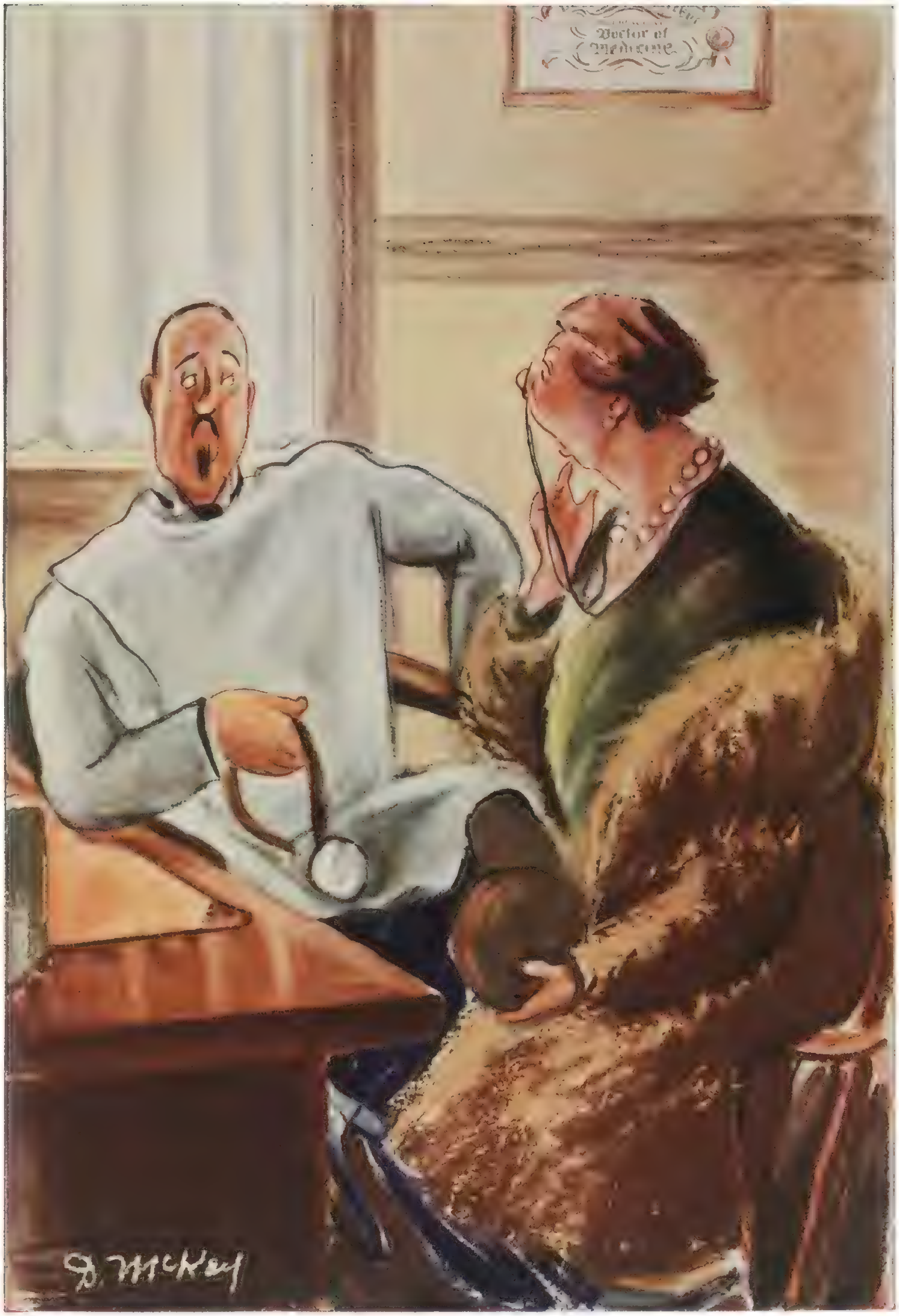
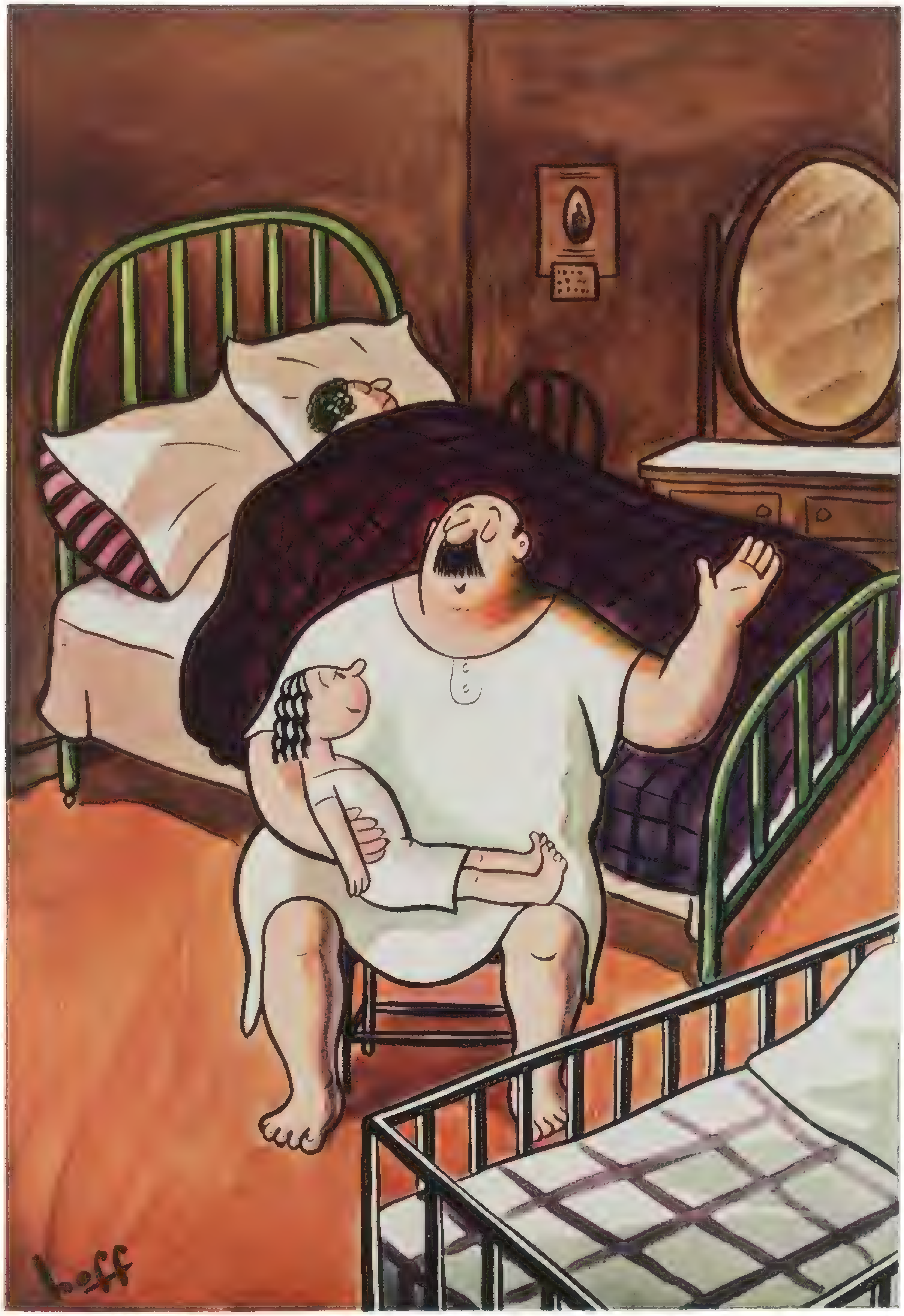

Doctor of Medicine
D. McKay

"Remember, Mrs. Craven, we're just like a machine—as we get older the parts start wearing out"



"Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman—"

Revue of Reviews

Wherein S. Choirboy swings again his still dripping little hatchet, slicing away great gobs of guff

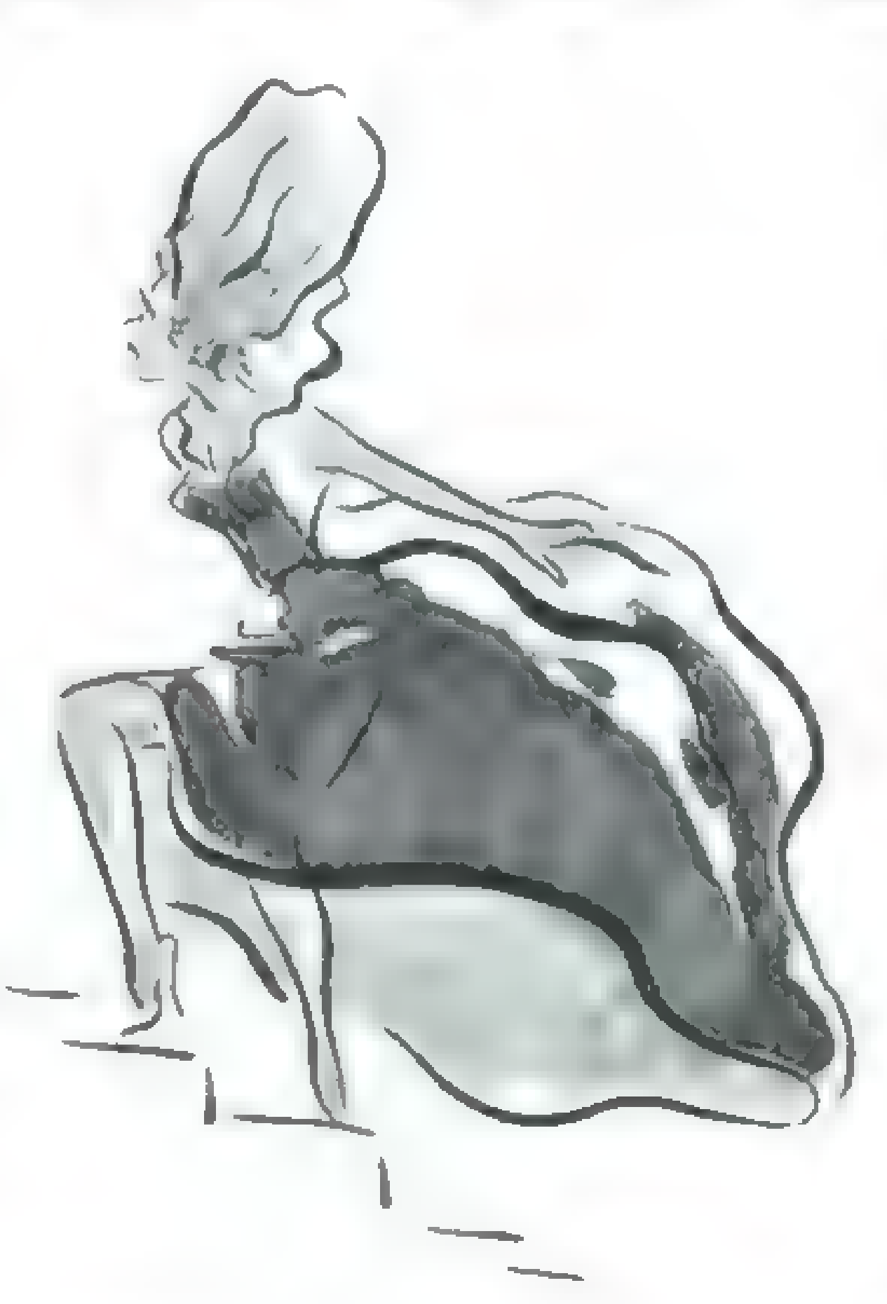
by VAN WYCK POTTER

• THEATRE •

I wish to warn Billy Rose that these records of the freak performances of our dramatic critics are duly protected by copyright and that he will have to pay the usual royalties if he wants to base a sideshow on them to add to *Jumbo*. The lads have been acting up even more handsomely this last month than the month before, some of their critical dicta being so extravagantly freakish that Barnum's old bearded lady, two-headed boy and sword-swallower were rank pikers in comparison.

Take John Mason Brown, who does the critical stuff for the *New York Post*. In a review of the Russian Valentine Katayev's soviet farce, *A Million Torments*, which ripped the gazookus out of it, Brownie—by way of a big derogatory climax—had this to say: "Apparently Russia is still in the Charles Hoyt period of farce." Inasmuch as Brownie is the youngest of all the New York newspaper reviewers—he is a mere pink-cheeked, wide-eyed, curly-headed kid—it is, of course, doubtful that he ever saw a Charles Hoyt farce, inasmuch as only a single one has been produced in the theatre in the last fifteen or twenty years (*A Texas Steer*) and inasmuch as, further, the Kirke La Shelle estate which controls the rights to the farces has never, so far as I know, consented to having them published. That the Brown kid therefore can't know anything much about Charley Hoyt's farces is pretty plain. He is bluffing. Because if he did know them intimately he'd know that the mentioned *A Texas Steer*, a lampoon of Washington politics, *A Milk White Flag*, a razz of the militia, *A Contented Woman*, a spoof at women in politics, and other of Charley's farces, beautifully original and often as funny as all hell, were and are anything but the cheap things he seems to believe.

While we're on the subject of Brownie, a sweet little guy otherwise and with the prettiest young bride you ever saw, both he and Burns Mantle, the venerable critic for the *News*, have fallen like a couple of tons of bricks for the old makeup hooey in the case of Helen Hayes as Victoria in Housman's *Victoria Regina*. In the two last episodes of the play Helen appears as the Queen in her late years, fat and florid of face and overly plump in body. By sticking a couple of pieces of cut apple into her cheeks and by padding out her figure she manages successfully to look like the pictures of Victoria in her later days, and this seems to the two clucks mentioned to be a wonderful feat. Brownie says that it is "a triumph in makeup" and Burns, after paying Helen much the same kind of tribute, adds that "the actress who can add so much to a makeup by padding her gums and still speak clearly and with such emphasis as is called for is something akin to genius."



Nuts, boys! Anybody who knows anything about makeup will tell you that one of the easiest things in the backstage world is the so-called "Victoria" makeup. It's a bigger cinch than even the Southern colonel or old darkey makeup. What's more in Helen's case, she isn't called upon to stand up or move about—which can give the effect of the makeup away; she simply squats first in a chair and then in a wheel-chair. That makes it doubly child's-play. Beryl Mercer, who did Victoria in the piece written by Walter Prichard Eaton and David Carb, produced at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre some seasons back, had to move all over the stage and yet was pictorially and realistically a Victoria that Helen, sitting down and not stirring, can only suggest. Even amateurs have beaten Helen at the Victoria makeup game—and without any helpful stage lighting, or any sliced apples or anything else stuck into their cheeks. The late Captain Hugo Rumbold, who married Zoë Akins, was a knockout at the business and could look and talk so much like Vicky that you'd think you were seeing a Buckingham Palace spook. Then there was that young Englishman named Douglas Bing who, with the simplest of makeup tricks, entertained New York and London society—both in drawing-rooms and night clubs—with such a realistic approximation to the look and speech of Victoria that it made folks gasp. I could go on and give you a pretty lengthy list.

Burns thinks, furthermore, that if you pad your gums and can still speak clearly you deserve to be hailed as something of a genius. Burns is what Hitler calls *meshugga* (if that's the way it's spelled; I'm a Presbyterian). If Burns will stick a slice of apple or a cork or a rubber pencil eraser or a dental pad or even the last royalty statement on his annual collection of "best" plays into either cheek and then recite the complete works of Brander Matthews, he will find that he can do it as easily as rolling out of bed. The cheek-puffers won't impede his speech or influence its clarity and emphasis in the least. In my acting days I was called on to do the cheek trick to myself in a couple of plays, and I—or any other ham—know what I'm talking about. Burns doesn't.

Robert Garland, the critic for the *World-Telegram*, is another lovely ball of fire. In a review of Lynn Riggs' *Russet Mantle*, after stating that "Mr. Riggs' basic theme has to do with the recurrent problems of the younger generation, a younger generation which, like all younger generations that have gone before, believes its problems to be the toughest the world has known" and adding that "Kay and John proceed to argue it out between them, deciding things for themselves as younger generations have always done and will always do until there is no younger generation left to argue," winds up by insisting that the play is profound. There's a tootsie for you, dear reader! The play, allows Bobby, is basically old stuff, stale stuff, routine stuff, stuff that resolves itself in the time-honored way, yet it's profound. Boy, the booby-wagon, quick!

The dramatic critic of the *Stage*, the monthly magazine devoted to the theatre, is a good-looking gal named Ruth Woodbury Sedgwick, but Ruthie's critical comments, unfortunately, aren't quite on a par with her looks. In her review of Clifford Odets' *Paradise Lost*, Ruthie pulls some fancy ones. For instance: "The excitement lies in the certainty that if he had been able . . . to dive into the heart of his theme and come back with a vision capable of being articulated, he would measure up now as a great playwright, instead of merely one well on the way to greatness." For sheer out-and-out drool, I give you that statement. Ruthie might just as well, and every bit as intelligently and accurately, argue that if Samuel Shipman, Irving Stone, Ann Nichols or any other such lousy playwrights were able to dive into the heart of a valid theme and come back with a vision capable of being articulated (which, like Odets, they are wholly unable to), they also would measure up now as great playwrights instead of flops. How, to continue, does fair Ruthie find the excitement which she specifies in an effort that, according to her own statement, doesn't at all come off? And why and how is Odets "well on the way to greatness" when he has failed so completely, as she

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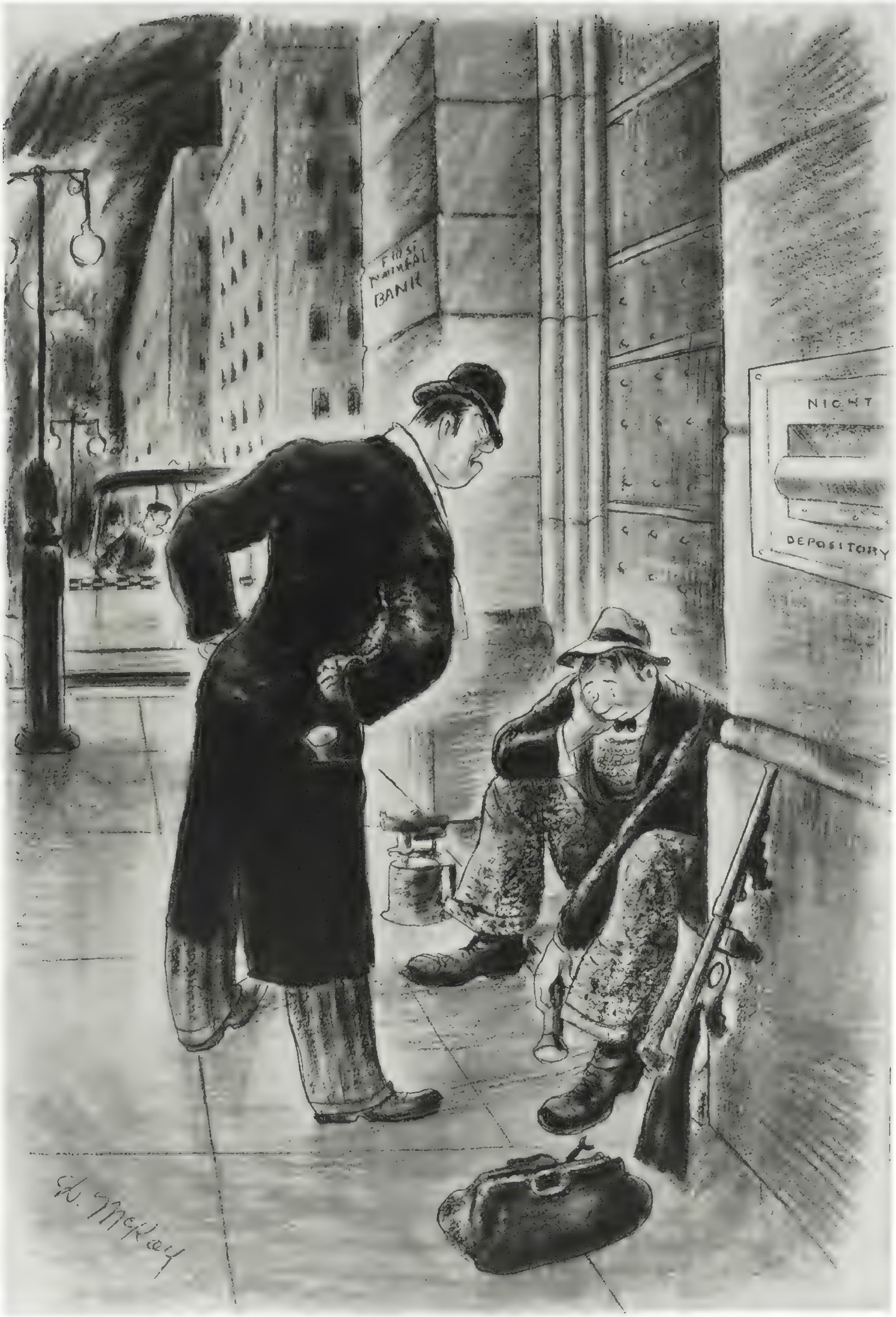

First National BANK
NIGHT
DEPOSITORY
D. McKay

"This is a fine time to wrestle with your conscience!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Of the brave exciting days when Cabell was the subject of a gory literary dog-fight

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

JAMES BRANCH CABELL'S *Preface to the Past* (McBride, $2.50) is not likely to interest any one who is not familiar with Cabell's work but to Cabellians it will come as a refreshingly intimate monologue on the author's way of working, the genesis and development of his various books and the fate of these books once they had fallen into the hands of reviewers and the public. He clears up many points of conjecture; he refreshes our memory of the literary state of affairs of two decades; and he shows us, implicitly, that he has contrived no irony comparable to the irony of fact. It is a book which beginning authors should read to chasten their spirits and prepare them for the vagaries of fortune which are very likely to plague them.

TODAY ONLY AUTOGRAPHS OF THE AUTHOR

Cabell's début as a writer was as brilliantly successful, say, as the début of F. Scott Fitzgerald. This début began with his selling the first of a series of short stories in 1902 to Charles Hanson Towne, then editor of the *Smart Set*—a series of short stories, which, five years later, were woven into the pattern of a novel called *Cords of Vanity*. During the summer of 1904 Cabell's first novel, *The Eagle's Shadow*, was serialized by *The Saturday Evening Post* and published as a book in October of that year by Doubleday, Page & Co. Cabell was twenty-five years old; he was a contributor to the *Century* Magazine as well as to *The Saturday Evening Post;* he was a commercial as well as an artistic success: his first novel won the accolade of the severe and discriminating critic, Percival Pollard.

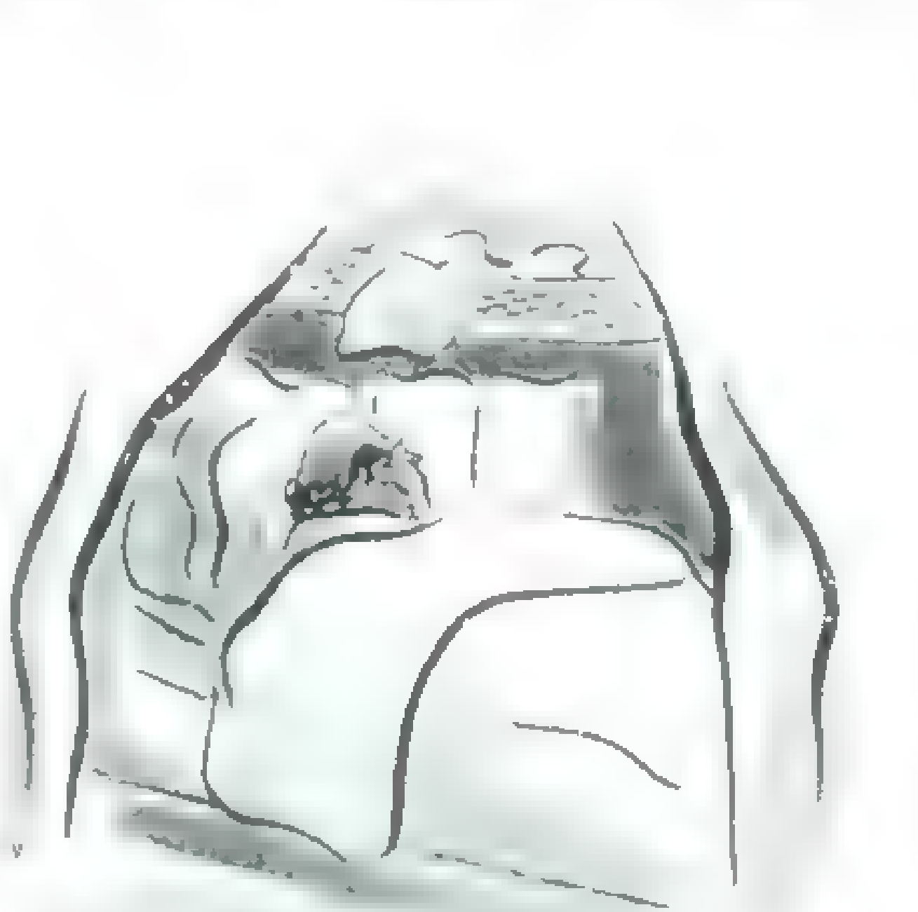
Then, for ten years, although Cabell published a new book every year, none of his work was a commercial success. During that period he received scant notice from the reviewers (with one notable exception) and most of the attention he did get was unintelligent and vituperative. The notable exception among reviewers was—I say without modesty—myself. Coming upon *The Cream of the Jest* as the first book of Cabell's I had encountered I praised it enthusiastically in a review in which I predicted (correctly) that a first edition of the book would mount in value, and began a campaign on behalf of Cabell which succeeded at least in making Cabell's name familiar to the Middle-Western readers of the *Chicago Tribune*, to eastern literary editors and to visiting English authors.

In 1917 I was assistant Sunday Editor and feature writer on the *Tribune* and also a staff reviewer for the book page conducted by Robert Burns Peattie, father of Donald Culross Peattie, then a dreamy, lanky adolescent and recently the winner of the gold medal award of the Limited Editions Club for *An Almanac for Moderns* which was deemed by a committee composed of Carl Van Doren, Harry Hansen and myself as the book by an American for 1934-35 which is most likely to endure as a classic.

Space was limited in the *Tribune* during those days of war news to three or four columns of book reviews. Since only a very few books could be treated in such inadequate space, it was Mr. Peattie's habit to award this space to books by publishers who advertised in the *Tribune*. Review copies of other books he locked up in a tall bookcase with glass doors until the case was full, whereupon he shipped them out to the Cook County Jail and the Cook County Hospital for their respective libraries. McBride & Co. were at that time not advertising in the *Tribune*, nor, to be sure, were they advertising extensively anywhere else. *The Cream of the Jest* promptly went into the bookcase.

One afternoon I was looking through the glass at the titles of these books which were destined to go unreviewed and I was so struck by the title, *The Cream of the Jest*, that I asked Mr. Peattie if I might take a look at it. That night I read it in that state of exalted excitement which comes from discovering something new, rich and distinguished. I considered it one of the strangest and drollest books I had ever read and that not the least droll of the author's ideas was that of setting himself down in the front of the book as the author of twelve non-existent books, with such fantastic titles as *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, *The Cords of Vanity*, and (among genealogies, *The Majors and Their Marriages*). The next morning I communicated my enthusiasm to Mr. Peattie who told me I could have space to review the book if I kept the review "within half a column." I looked up Cabell in *Who's Who*. I could not find his name there. In the issue for that year his name had been dropped out, although as I learned later, his biography had been included in previous issues. (Not until later did I discover Cabell had published all the books he ascribed to himself.) I called up Lewis Galantière, then a salesman in Kroch's bookstore, and asked him if he had ever heard of Cabell. He said he had, and not only that but had mentioned to me the fact that Guy Holt of Robert McBride & Co. was particularly enthusiastic about *The Cream of the Jest* and had asked me as well as Galantière to do him the favor of reading it. I had forgotten this: so many books were being called to my special attention by publishers.

The heading on my review was "Here Is a Chance to Own Another First Edition" and, within the limits of the space given me, the review was an impassioned exhortation to the reading public to treat themselves to this book which had given me so much pleasure. (I used twice as much space as Mr. Peattie allotted me; but he did not cut my review.) Shortly thereafter Mr. Peattie was retired on a pension and I became Literary Editor in addition to my other duties as Assistant Sunday Editor and Editor of a page opposite the Sunday editorial page which was set aside for essays and called (in the office) the "Highbrow Page." In this I serialized parts of Cabell's next book, *Beyond Life*, and thereby provoked one of the bitterest and most entertaining literary dog-fights ever staged in this country. Rupert Hughes attacked what he misunderstood to be Cabell's aesthetic tenets to the extent of three columns; Cabell replied with merciless and malicious humor; Hughes countered with an extraordinary document largely devoted to his career wherein he said he had learned Greek at his mother's knee and had been an encyclopedist as well as an acknowledged scholar in many fields; and Cabell replied in a brief but utterly devastating quip. Bert Leston Taylor, Keith Preston, Richard Atwater, Vincent Starrett, Llewellyn Jones and Ben Hecht joined in the squabble. Robert Nichols, the English poet, came to town as a litterateur-propagandist for the Allies and after his first lecture he asked me to dinner. I went only to berate him as an illiterate condescending Englishman over here to boost fifth rate English writers without ever having read American writers like Sandburg, Masters, Aiken, Dreiser and Cabell. I bawled him out for not having read *The Cream of the Jest*. He got a copy of the book and read it (he wrote me) all night long in a Pullman berth: it was, he said, a work of genius—a



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The Candid Cameraman

René Clair doubts that Chaplin could ever develop his genius if he started in pictures today

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Anything Goes: Sophisticated merriment with speedy gags and catchy tunes and several of the dirtiest cracks that have slid through the Hays office since the church turned censor. For instance, there is the scene where Ethel Merman walks in on Arthur Treacher who is exercising in his shorts. He doesn't see her, and thinks it is the steward who has come in with a tray of cocktails. "Put it on the bed," says Mr. Treacher. There is a close-up of Ethel catching the remark, apparently addressed to herself. The script abounds with double-sided remarks of that sort. Bing Crosby helps a quartette sing some very catchy lyrics, among them *Sailor Beware*. For sheer insouciance, as the literati calls it, this effort comes close to the mark set by *Top Hat*.

Ceiling Zero: The progress of the air-pilot, from the days of adventurous individualism, to the days of super-safety on schedule. Cagney, as the last of the conceited roughnecks, turns in one of his real characterizations. Within the Cagney-Pat O'Brien pals-and-a-gal formula, the producers have managed to achieve a fresh and spirited film. Dialogue is authentically American, without too much wise-cracking. The sequence where the ground crew is trying to guide a ship through the fog, after its radio has gone haywire, is extremely tense. There is a surprisingly honest conclusion.

The Milky Way: Best Harold Lloyd picture in many years; the star coasts along in a very funny comedy of situation, surrounded by a cast that makes most of the laughs but lets them fall around him. The surprise of the picture is Adolphe Menjou in a loud and fast talking comic role as a prize-fight manager. The yarn concerns a milk-wagon driver who accidentally gets into the papers as the man who knocked out the middleweight champ in a street-fight. The Fighting Milkman's cock-eyed progress to the championship may recall another funny picture, *Palooka*. Fortunately, a good gag bears repeating every couple of years.

GO ALONG TO SEE

The Ghost Goes West: The British film-makers have contracted René Clair, the French director whose satirical photoplays placed him among the few creative personalities in cinema. This, his first English picture, is more whimsical than satiric, and unevenly paced.

When it moves, it's a deft and richly amusing jest about a ghost and his living double. Both acted by Robert Donat. But there are minutes when it doesn't move. More about René Clair in the main article.

Next Time We Love: It is always amazing to find a stale scenario brought to life by a fresh personality. But when there are two such personalities, the scenario actually seems original. This is the old old tale of careers versus marriage. He wants to be a famous foreign correspondent. She wants to be a famous actress. It's hard to be an actress on Broadway and a wife in Rome simultaneously. So comes tragedy. Margaret Sullavan and a newcomer named James Stewart get into this creaky chariot and charge it with passion. There are long stretches when their sincerity is so effective that they become personalities disassociated from the screen. James Stewart is undoubtedly a find. The reticent, feignedly casual behavior of the characters when under stress, which is certainly the dominant pose of this generation, is effectively achieved in this film. Praise is due to the director, Edward Griffith, for this, as there has been a succession of films, notably of the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone school, in which that pose was almost comically exaggerated.

Riff-Raff: If it were not for one dishonest touch, this film would be the outstanding product of the year. It's one of the rare films that show ordinary working folk in their own background. The opening sequences in the crowded shacks of the tuna-fishermen, showing the kids beds made on chairs, Jean Harlow sleeping in her slip, the scramble of getting to work, the zest and wise-cracking knowingness of the fishers and cannery girls, are swell. Like *Black Fury*, this is a picture that is really sympathetic to workers, but whose plot manipulation leaves a slight taste in the mouth. The picture is great as long as it sticks to people and background; Harlow and Spencer Tracy do a bang up cat and dog love scrap job, and Joseph Calleia is a treat as the sad-eyed cagey Greek who owns the tuna fleet and the cannery; the dance hall scenes and the scenes on the boats and in the cannery are spirited, punchy, sometimes riotously and innocently funny. As in *Black Fury*, the trouble between boss and workers is laid to an "agitator;" in this case the agitator is completely unexplained. When he comes around, at the climax, to toss a bomb and blow up the fleet, his presence is utterly unprepared for and believable only to those who believe everything they read in the Hearst papers. Spencer Tracy, like Paul Muni in *Black Fury*, plays the role of a fine but conceited worker, duped into believing he is a leader, and used as a tool by the agitator. When he sees his error, he smothers the agitator and his bomb. The net message of the plot of such a film is that the worker has no brains and should stay in his place; while *Black Fury* and *Riff-Raff* admitted the injustice of the wage-scales, and were nasty to scabs, both wound up by pointing out that unions were useful only when they called off strikes. The question is whether an audience reacts more strongly to the emotional quality of the film, which in both these cases was pro-labor, or to the plot-devices. I think that the audience simply lives with the people in *Riff-Raff*, and disregards the unreal turns of the plot. But keeping this picture honest might have made it great.

Soak The Rich: The third of the Hecht-MacArthur movies is supposed to be a satire on radicalism in the colleges, winding up with the crack that being radical is just a new way of petting. There are a few notably funny spots, such as the activities of the G-Men in smothering a supposed bomb, and the kidnapping of the girl by a super-anarchist. Of course the campus radical marries the millionaire's daughter.

GO ALONG IF YOU HAVE TO

Exclusive Story: Scoop mad reporter unraveling the numbers racket and the secret behind the burning of a pleasure liner. Over-touted because of the authorship of Martin Mooney, a reporter who recently won notoriety for going to jail. Franchot Tone, Stuart Erwin, and Joseph Calleia.

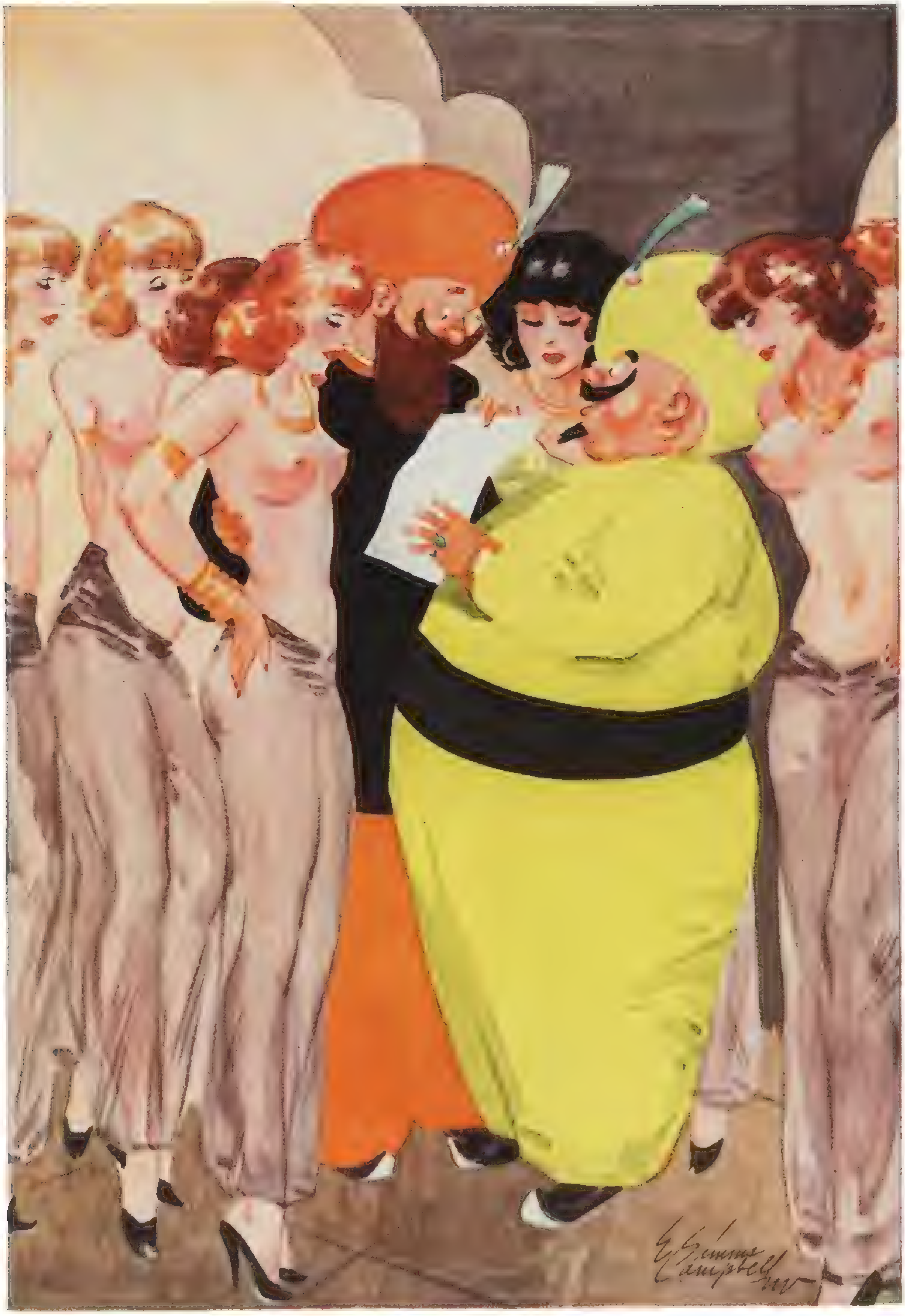
Timothy's Quest: A Kate Douglas Wiggin story about a couple of orphans melting the heart of a spinster. Eleanore Whitney looks very nice, and there are potential Shirley Temples and Jackie Coogans.

The Widow From Monte Carlo: Dolores Del Rio in a bathing suit.

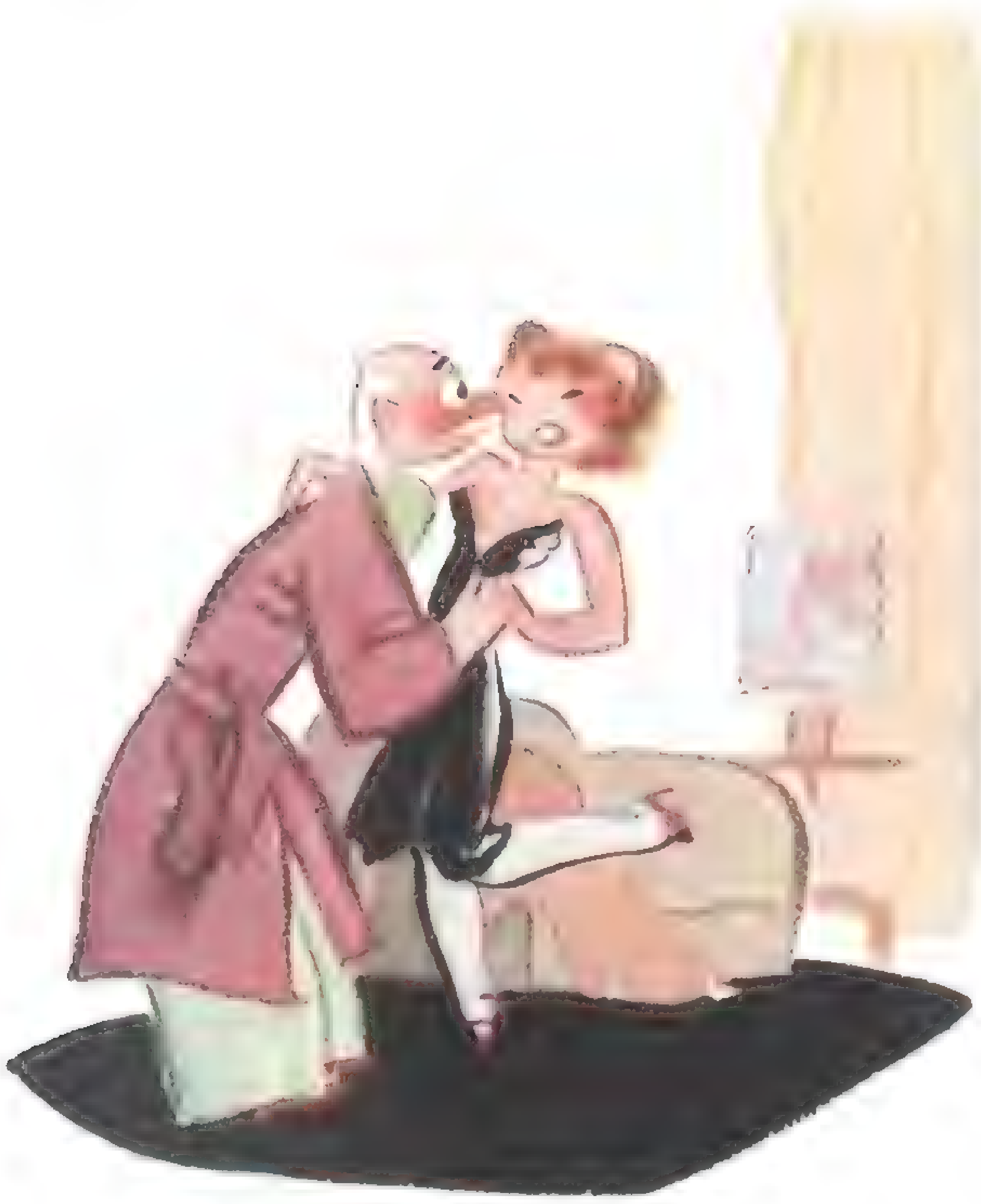
WASTE

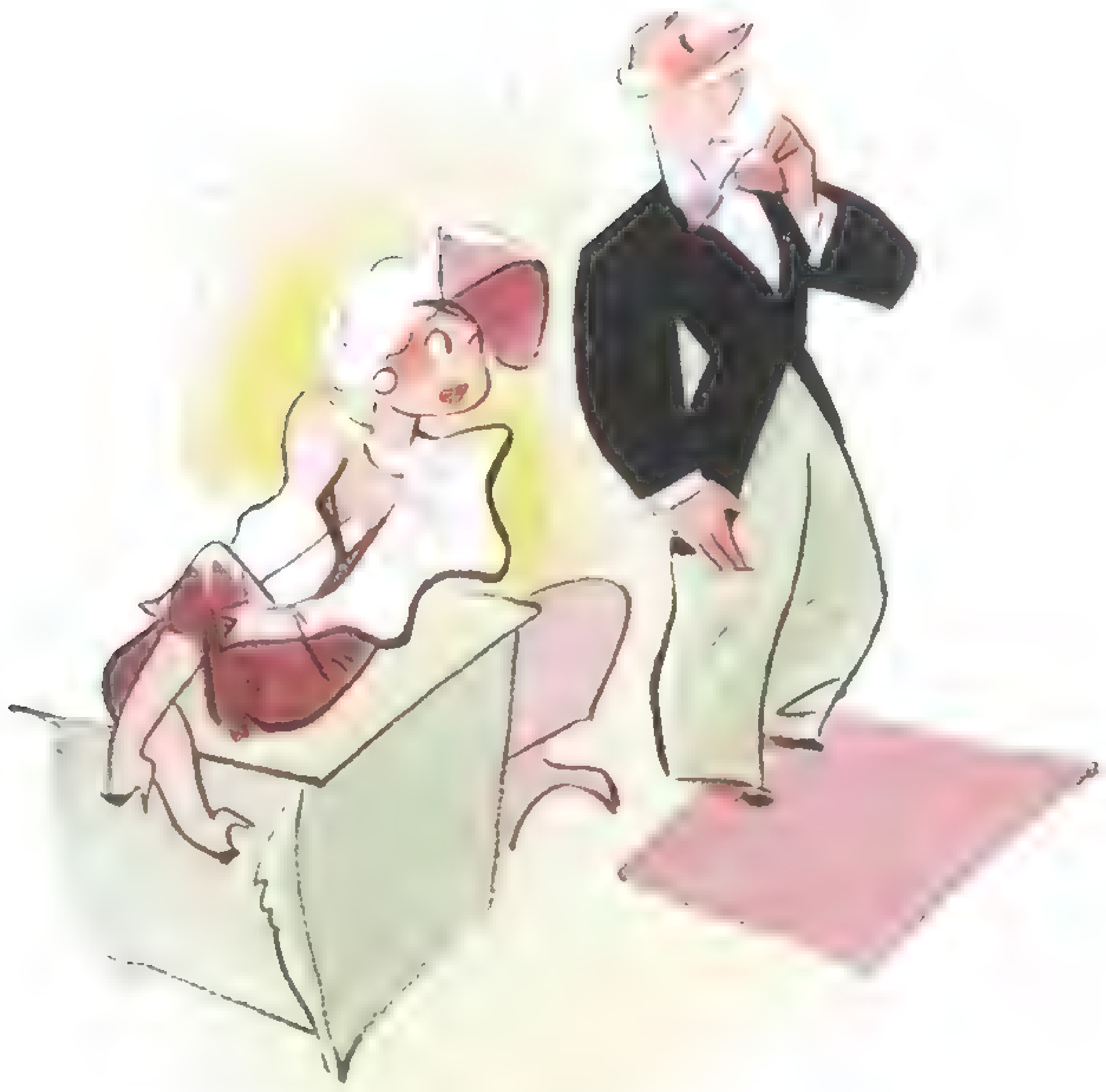
Freshman Love: Frank McHugh in some sophomoric antics having to do with the college beauty and a rowing crew.

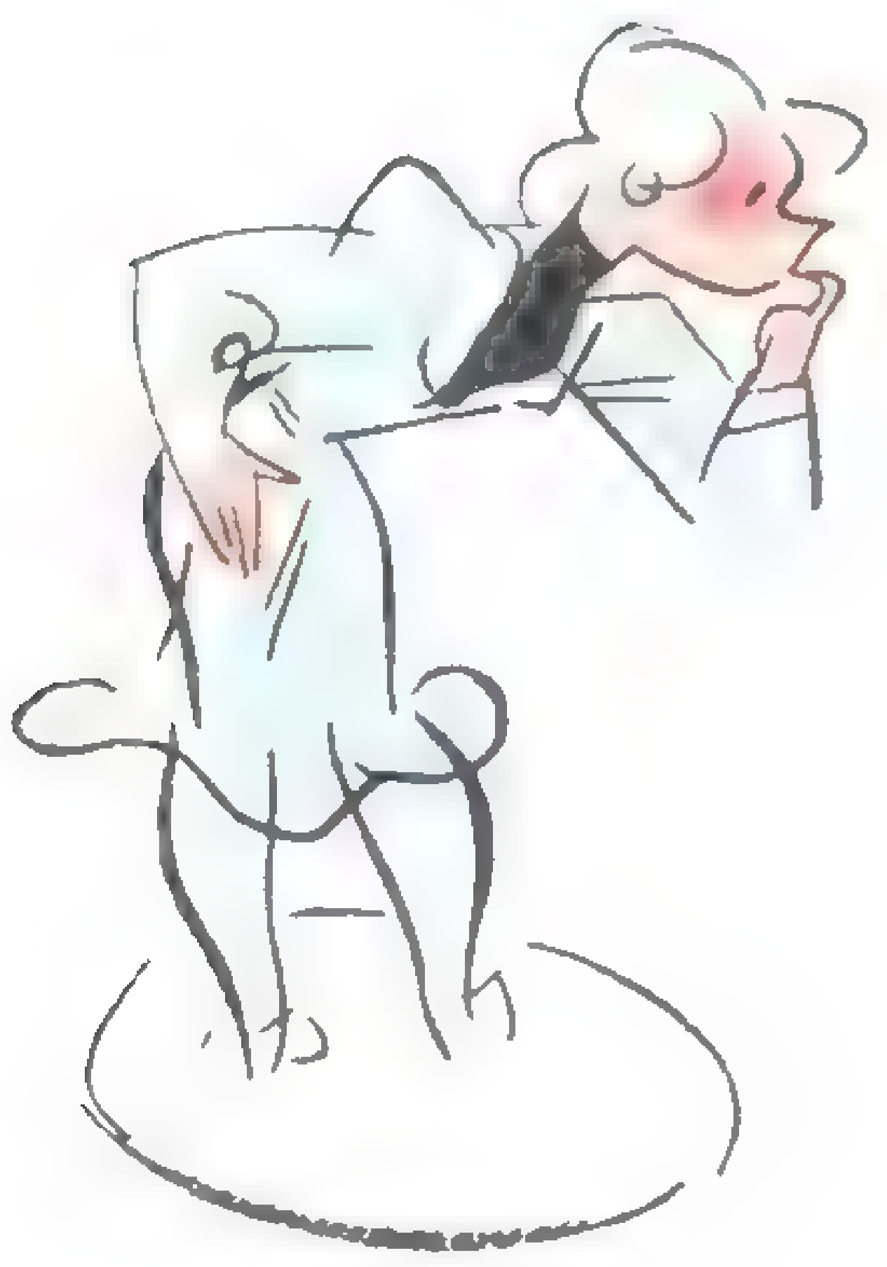
Continued on page 162

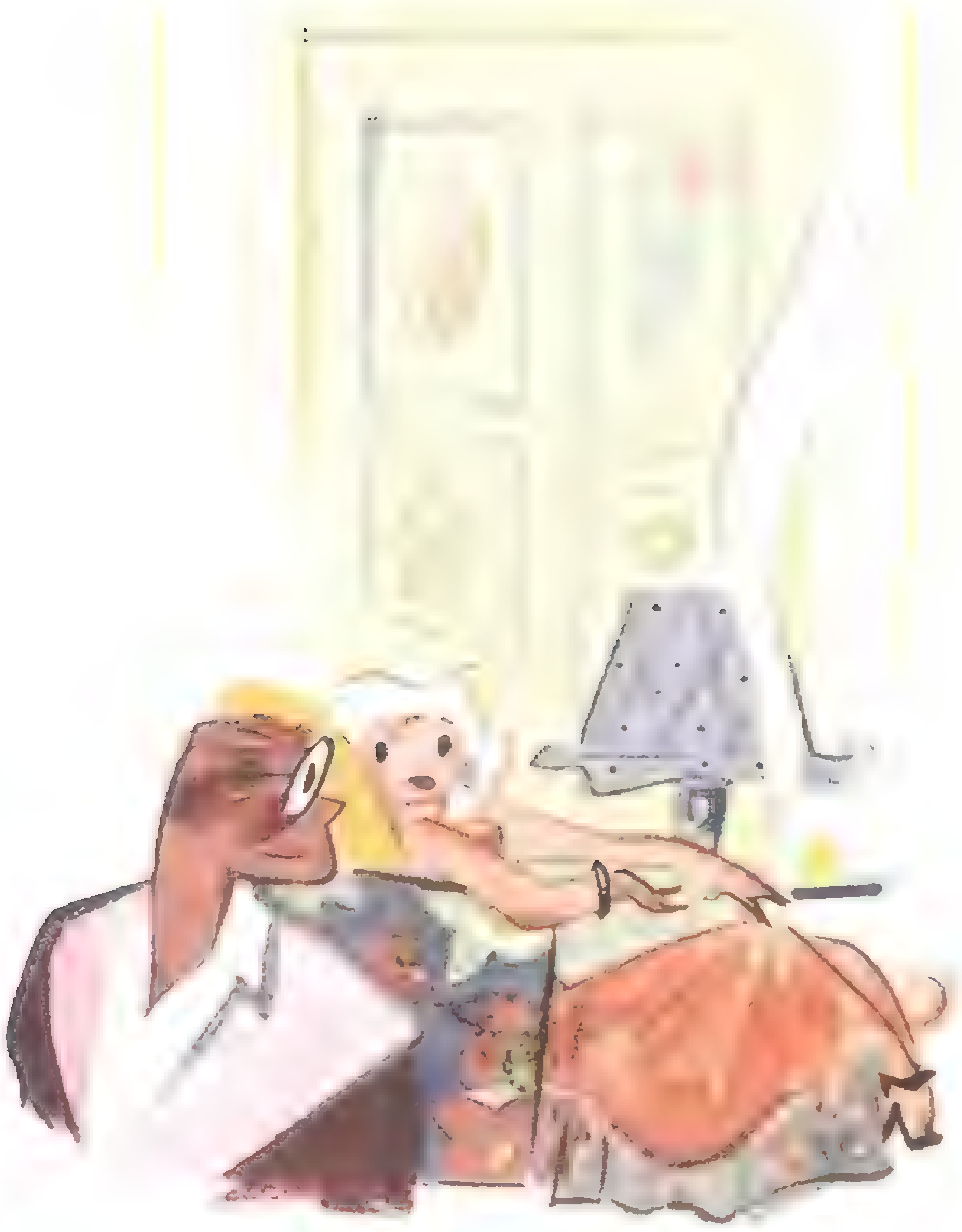

E. Simms Campbell

"There's some mistake. What I ordered was two elephants and a camel"









Eros in Metropolis

by GILBERT SELDES

In order to meet the competition
He changed his name from Cabot
To Montmorency Offenbach.

It stood him in good stead.

He waxed, not fat, because he played golf,
But rich and prosperous, and threw
A covetous eye upon the wife
Of his exceptionally private secretary
Whose name, oddly enough, was not Uriah.

She was one of those women who stroll into their husband's offices
at times.

"Go" said Montmorency unto her one day as she was leaving his
apartment
Which was furnished in the purest style of the middle-movie period
"Go to my department store and order yourself an expensive present.'

"That is no more than right" was her answer,
"But unless you raise my husband's salary
Some fifty times above his puny worth,
How can I explain the presence of a present?"

They both laughed heartily.

"When you have bought it
And charged it to me
Have it sent to me, too,
And I will arrange. I have a scheme."

Dramatic Interlude in the Life of a Saleslady

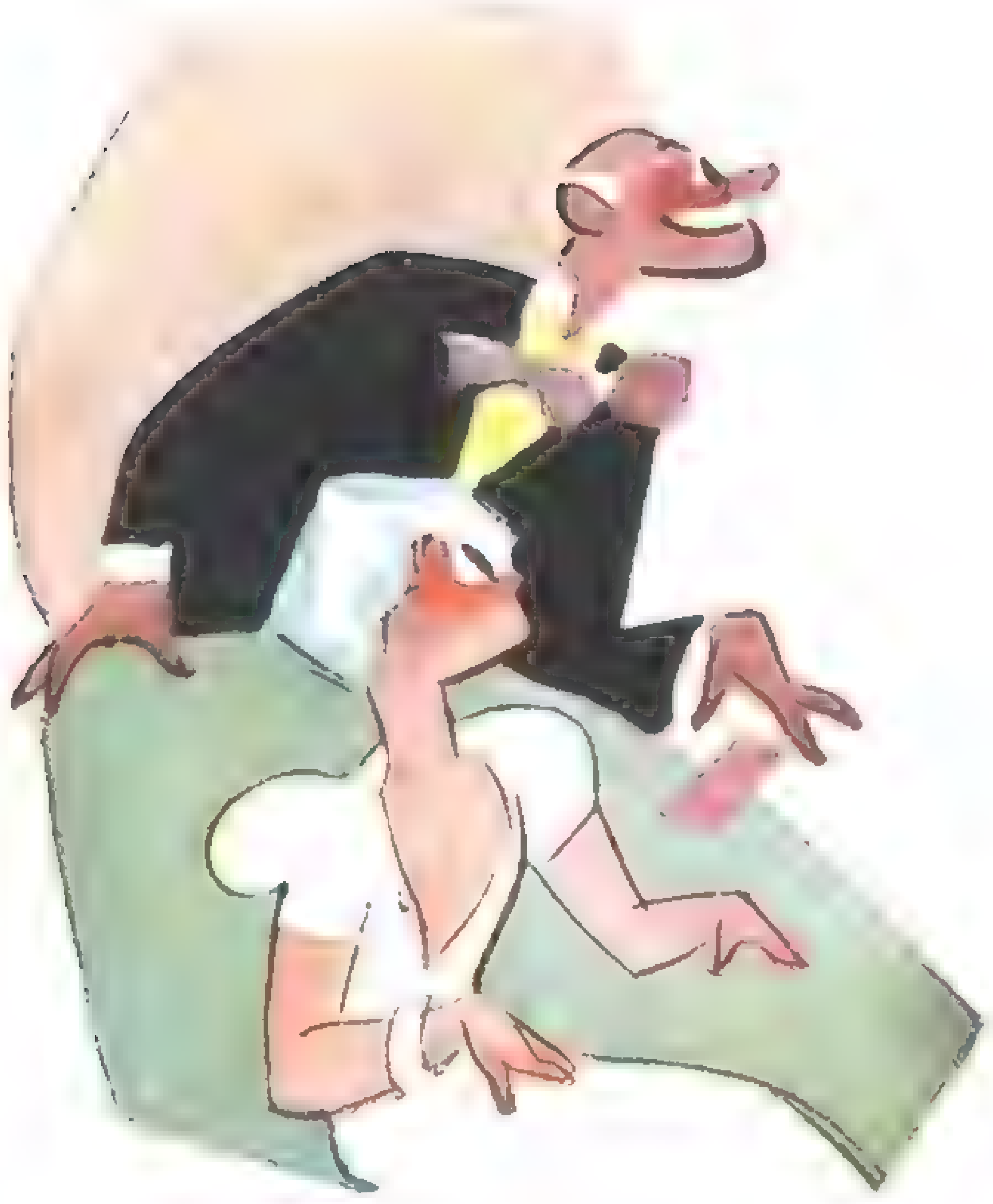
In the Offenbach store, in a very swanky salon where furs were
displayed,
One fur resisted the blandishments of the sales-force,
And remained unsold for a year, a chinchilla valued, for purposes
of sale,
At fifty thousand dollars.

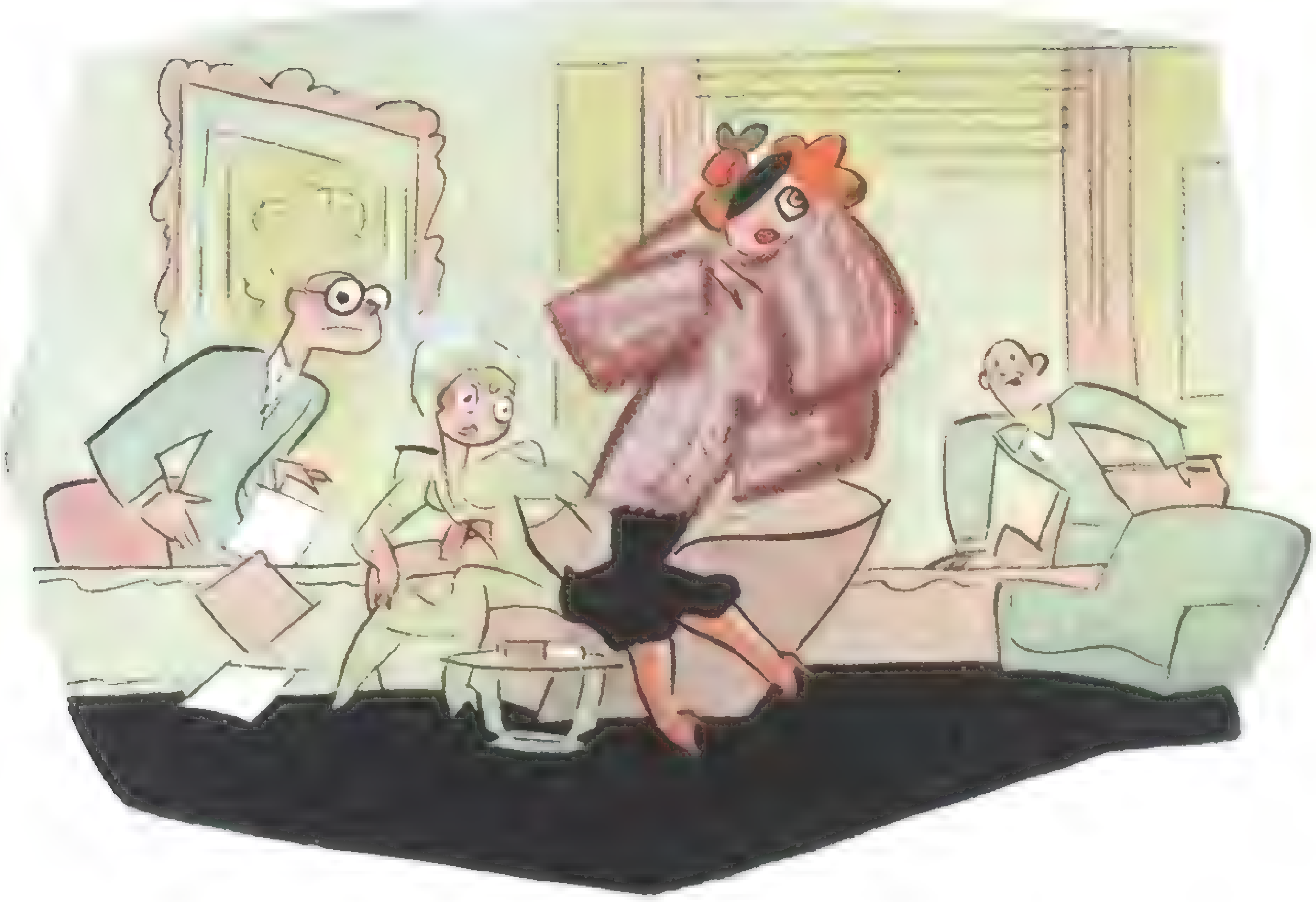
It is the policy of great stores
To thrive on rapid turnover,
And the fur which clogged the moving stream of profits,
Was not soft to the skin as a fur should be,
But a thorn in the flesh of the departmental manager.

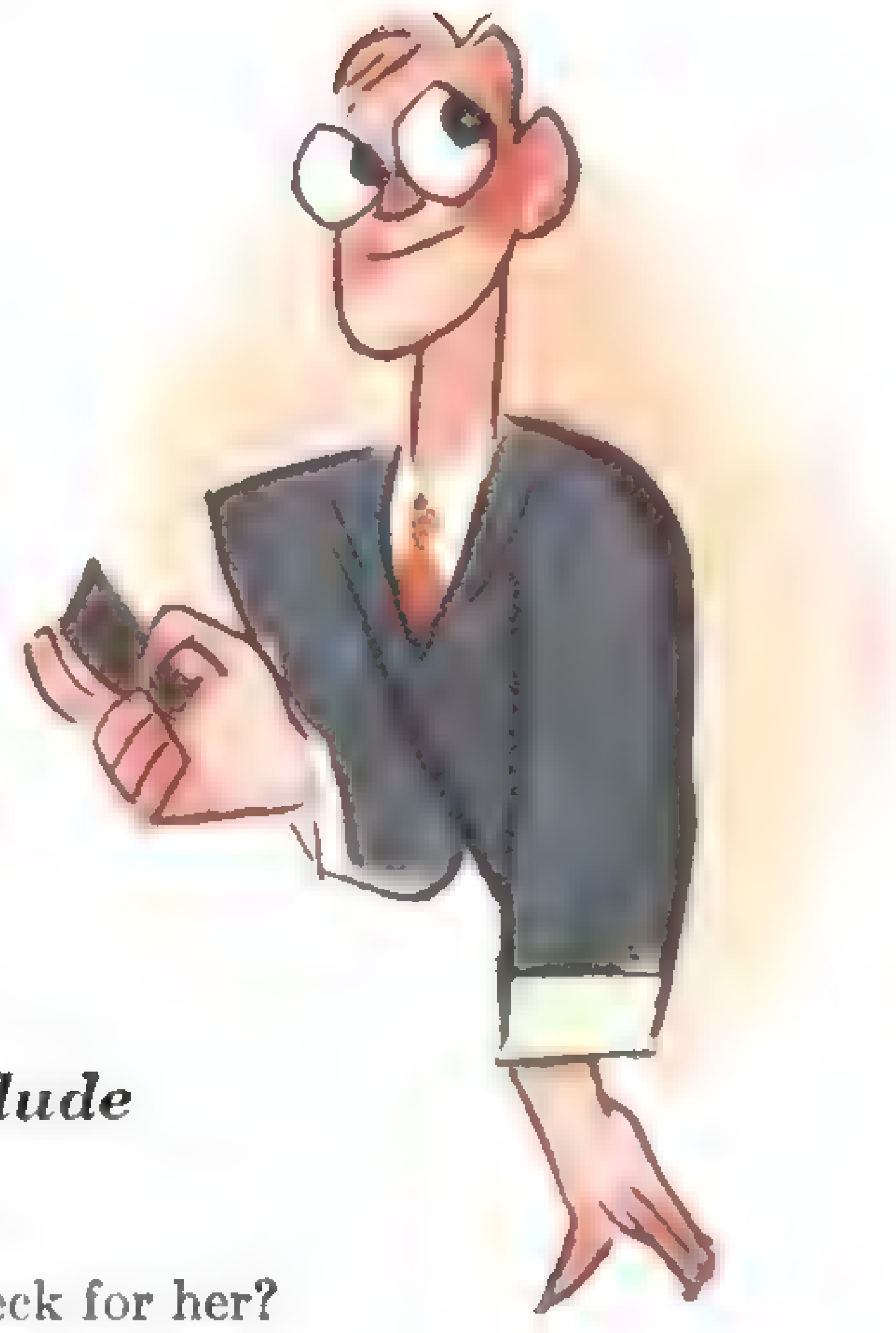
So he proclaimed to the force of discreet and intelligent saleswomer
That whoever among them should sell the costly cloak of fur,
At any price above forty-five thousand dollars,
Might keep as a bonus the remaining paltry thousands.

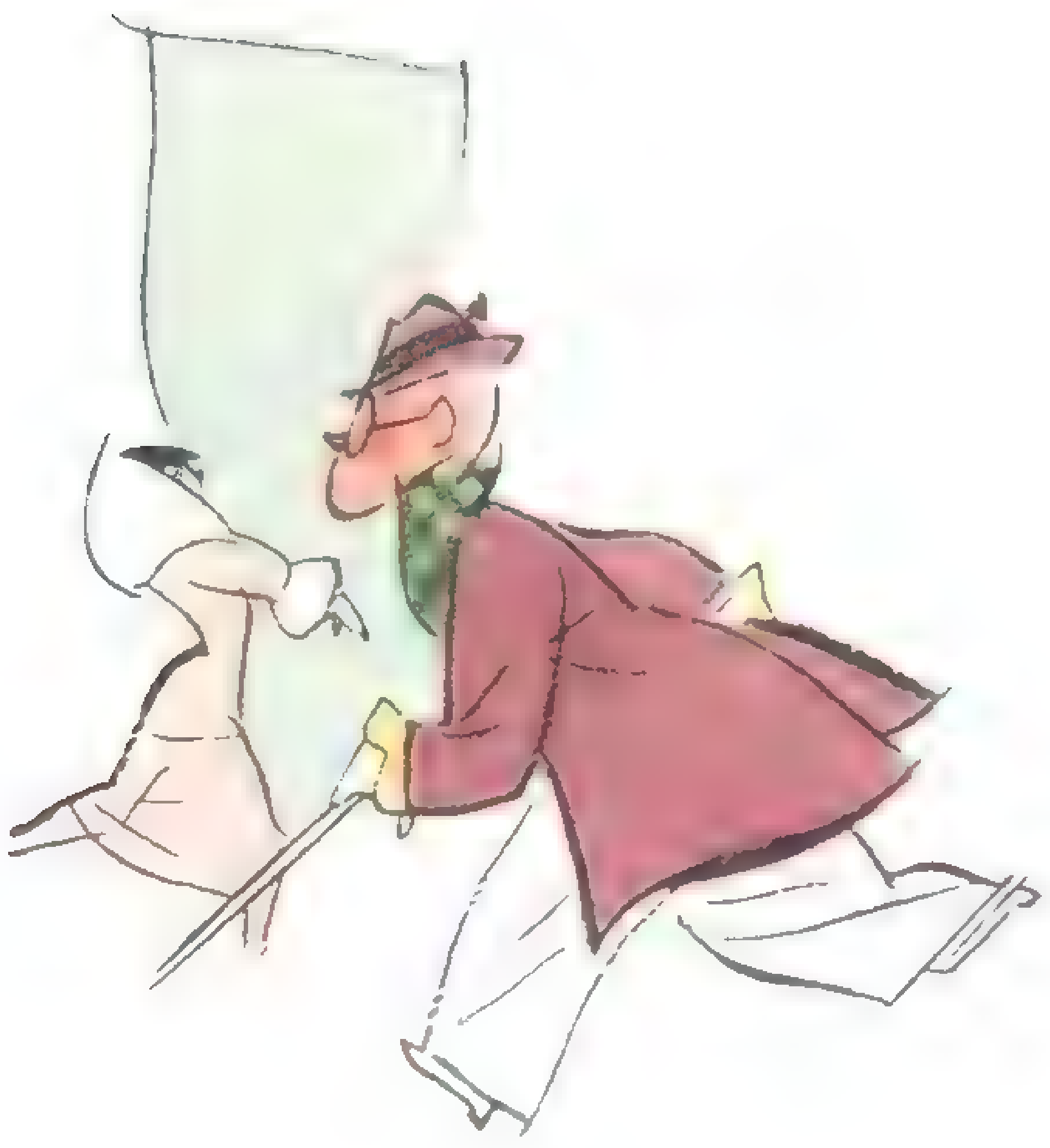
You guess at once what happened.
But do you guess the excitement of the young woman
So poor herself that she cannot afford more than mink,
And actually rides in a public conveyance from Grand Central to
the store.
Absent you from felicity a while
And think of the cruel blow to this girl
When the name of the buyer is presented to her
And she knows that the bonus, even if paid to her,
Must come out of her dear employer's pocket.

It is heartbreaking.









End of Interlude

The day after the momentous purchase
The sinful woman, radiant as virtue,
Calls on her husband. Can he cash a check for her?

While he goes down to the cashier's window,
Montmorency presses into her hand a stiff bit of paper,
She looks at it in dismay, for she has never had a pawn-ticket before.

"Give it to your husband and say that you found it, my chick"—
That was the scheme which the brain of Offenbach had invented,
The brain which had made him what he was at that very instant.

In the dismal quarters of the man whose name was not Uriah,
Yet whose wife was coveted by his King,
Where there was not more than one grand piano,
And the radio was in ordinary mahogany without pearl inlay,
At their simple repast of only some fifteen courses,
She mentioned her discovery, her find, she gave him the paper.

"I will look into this" he replied, "perhaps it's of value.
The amount the pawnbroker gave—let me see—
A hundred and fifty—
They give you a tithe of the value—if it's good, I'll unhock the object,
And give it to you, my jewel beyond price, my faithful one, my only love."

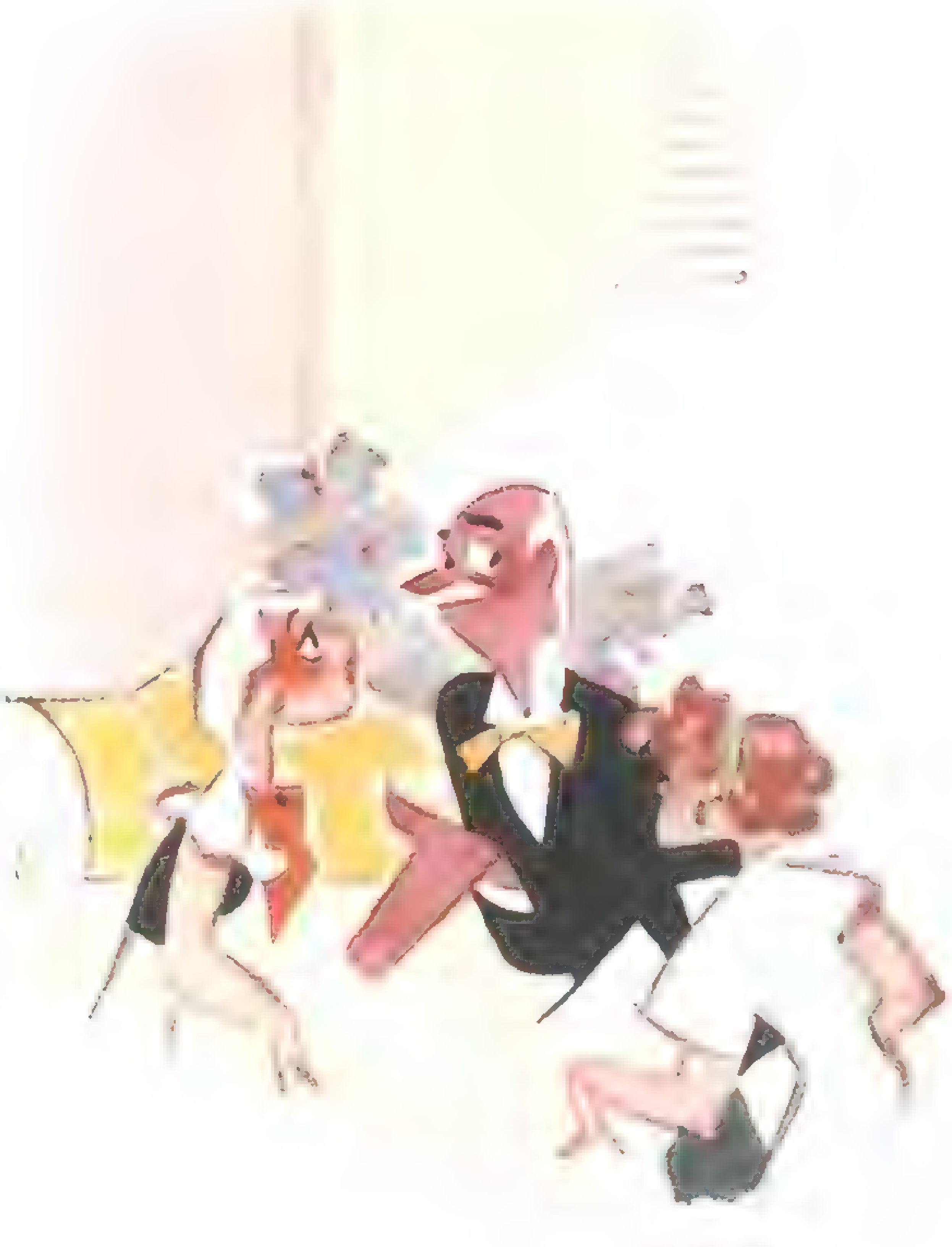
Several days passed and he who was not Uriah
Said not a word of the object he found at his Uncle's.
She, foredoomed to pretend
Ignorance of the object deposed,
Perforce was silent, until
Woman flesh could bear it no longer.

She asked if he had visited the broker.

He had. "A mangy fur coat" he said,
"Not even a good kolinsky—cat fur from a Siamese cat,
Shedding at every touch—worn and frayed—the last person
Who wore it
Was a sloven, I should not wonder. It wasn't
Worth what the pawnbroker gave. I yielded the ticket.
Tomorrow I'll buy you a coat
Of excellent fur, at twice the price of that cheap one."

Tomorrow she fled to his office
And chatting a while with her husband
Made signs to the great Montmorency
That things had not gone very well.

"Imagine" I quote from a poet,
"The perturbation"
Of the wife and the guilt-laden lover,
When innocent-eyed and excited,
The stenog came back from her luncheon
Wearing the coat from the pawnshop.



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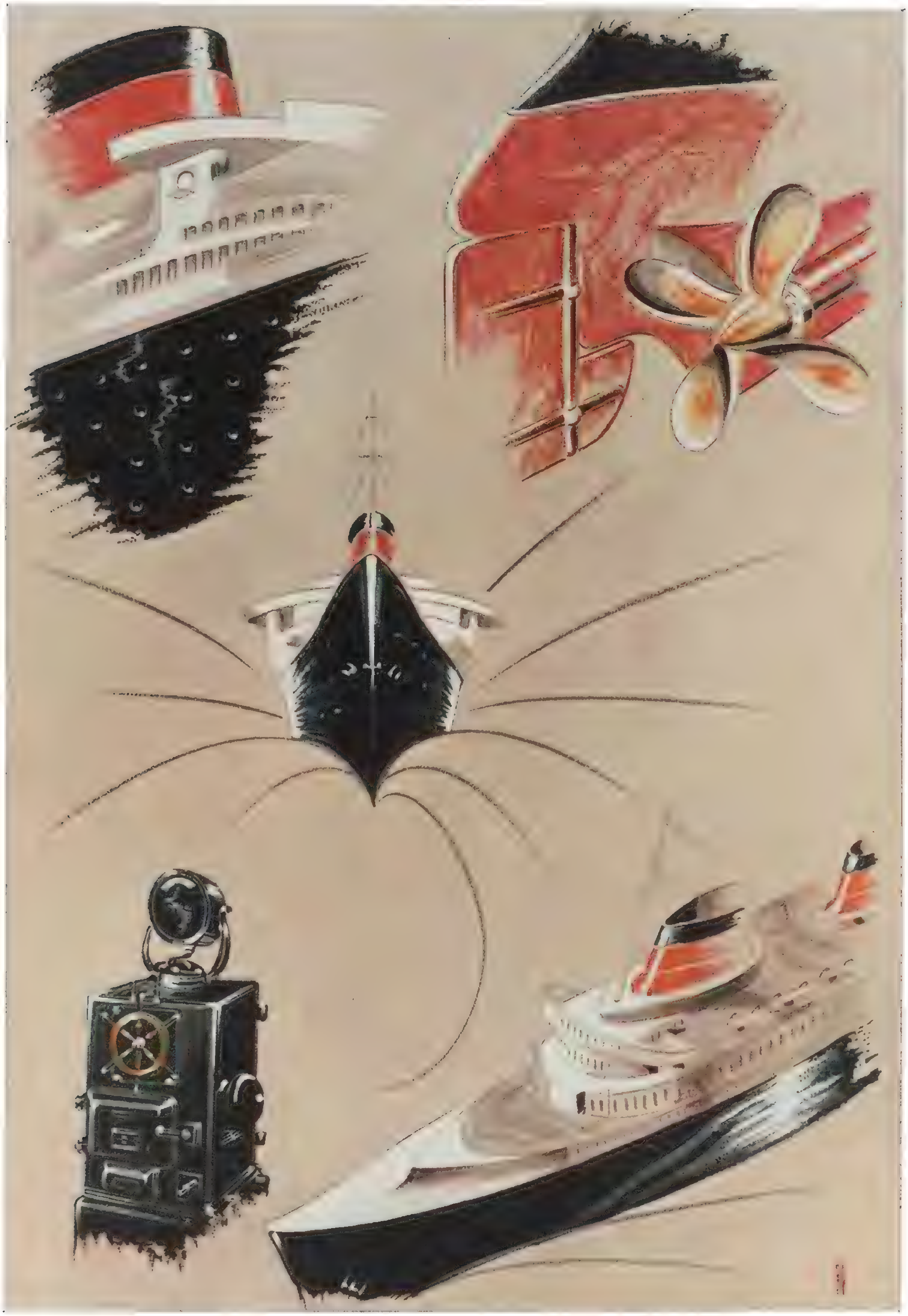


MECHANESTHETIC *by* ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

While most of us are fairly Babbitty where Bach is concerned and can take the painting of the Manchu period or leave it alone, there is one kind of appreciation that we feel instinctively—the beauty of the machines. Believing that this functional type of beauty cannot be fully expressed by photography, the artist proposes to give his impressions in a series of "mechano-aesthetic" sketches, of which this is the first. He has portrayed that miracle of modern invention, the trans-Atlantic liner, in a group of sketches which include the broadside of the ship with its long rows of portholes and its ominous, powerful looking funnels; a panoramic airplane view of the ship; the submerged screws below the water line; and the wheel control—a two-foot wheel in a small box—which ingeniously directs sixty thousand tons of steel and iron and wood.

The Music-Box Review

A mess of Mozart and the masters, Lehmann for the layman, and swing gone retroactive over old timers

by FRANK BLACK

▪ RECORDS ▪

There is so little left to say about Mozart that I might as well say it. He was the first composer who could sound happy in a minor key. The Russians did it differently and much later, but, then, Tschaikowsky was happiest when weeping.

Mozart died in poverty at the age of thirty-five, but while he lived he certainly enjoyed life according to all accounts except those of the biographical sob-sisters.

Some day, someone is going to write something about Mozart's giant musical intellect instead of making him a naïve, coy, nice little nincompoopser. He knew the value of brevity without terseness. He knew the value of contrast and of monotony both in melody and rhythm. Listen to the biting brevity of the first movement of this-here-now-symphony, and to the monotony of the rhythm in the melodies of the second movement. Has anyone since done better? Certainly no greater minuet has been written than the third movement, and when Mozart wrote contrapuntally (I am not going to mention fugue), he did so without saying, "Get ready, here it comes." Nothing finer can be said about this *G Minor Symphony* than, "Here is a great art work."

Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor from up Boston way, swings the big stick over the heads of the London Symphony and out comes a great recording. The purist may differ with Koussevitzky's tempo changes in the first movement. Well, Mozart might have played it that way, and it didn't offend me, but, then, I'm not a purist, only your reviewer, God help you!

Oh, just a minute, the orchestra plays superbly.

Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in G Minor—Serge Koussevitzky conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

Musical Masterpiece Series—M-293.

* * *

Beethoven had to have a "first" as well as the lesser gods among the composers. Here is his first piano concerto, although it is marked his second. To become professorial, it was published after the so-called first, hence the second.

The foregoing all sounds terribly involved, so, extracting my feet from the mud, I proceed. This work is not Ludwig's greatest, yet the model he used (Mozart) is still regarded in our parts as a pretty slick writer of notes and clefs.

It is a show-off piece, and I can well imagine the good old burghers of that time looking askance at this young revolutionary, or dismissing him with an "Oh, phtt!"

Now about the interpreters: I never have considered it necessary to be authentic to the point of trying to make an instrument sound like its forerunner. Improvements in pianos were made to help the sustained, singing tone, to clarify passage work, and to build up tonal quality and quantity. He who made the sustaining or, as it is damnably called, the loud pedal, will answer to the composers' god. Musicians call it "the pianists' friend" because when a tyro comes across a too-difficult passage he pedals his way out. True, no one hears the music clearly, but what difference does that make as long as it is louder and funnier, and the pianist is ferried across the Jordan? Perhaps I'm not impressed by Artur Schnabel except when he does a superlative job. You look for far more when the angels get out their *Aida* trumpets and fanfare the interpreter into a greater man than the composer whom he represents. In spots, when Schnabel's good old right foot goes into action, the passage work is muddied up and the music goes round . . . excuse me. . . . I mean, it creates a cymbalo-like whirr.

If you are Beethoven-minded, or piano-minded, or concerto-minded, or mind it at all, hear these records. The opening orchestral tutti is grandly played and important sounding, and the whole last movement will make you want to own the album. After all, if you have the other four Beethoven piano concertos, you might as well.

Beethoven Concerto No. 2 in B Flat Major (Opus 19). Played by Artur Schnabel and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conducted by Malcolm Sargent.

Musical Masterpiece Series
—M-295.

* * *

There is a string quartet which can play with rhythm and not like a group of old muff-beards playing French jazz. It's name is "The Carioca String Quartet". This crowd has nothing more in common with Vinnie Youmans' *Flying Down to Rio* other than the name "Carioca". They acquit themselves with heroism, and rhythmically cover themselves with laurel and glory in their playing of this modern (and I don't mean horribly so) work by a Latin. It is program music and difficult. The second movement has orchestral effects which are going to cause the composers who didn't think of them first to say, "But he's trying to make a quartet sound like an orchestra!" Which was probably just what he was trying to do. He certainly gets new tonal effects from four stringed instruments.

The third movement opens with a theme which we used to sing when we were children, and the words were "Johnny had an apple." It develops very much like Debussy (who also is "in" as a composer), and the sonorities are richer than I've ever heard from any quartet writing. The last movement has some startling effects. String quartets! Just because you play Brahms or Beethoven passably well, be careful before you tackle this work because you'll take a rhythmic tumble that will break your heart, and, worse still (or perhaps the same), your ego.

Brazilian Quartet No. 5—by Hector Villa-Lobos. Played by the Carioca String Quartet.

Victor Red Seal—Nos. 11212 and 11213.

* * *

Rugged Elgar music-making; stolid in its daintiness, bucolic in its placidity; that is Elgar's *Sonata in E Minor for Violin and Piano*, Opus 82. Albert Sammons, violinist, and William Murdoch, pianist, are the interpreters, and they jolly-well polish the entire thing off in good shape. This is not a great sonata, but it is important because of the Elgar name. He could do wrong, musically, once in a while, too.

Elgar Sonata in E Minor for Violin and Pianoforte, Opus 82. Played by Albert Sammons, Violinist, and William Murdoch, Pianist.

Columbia Masterworks Set—No. 241.

* * *

Prokofieff's *Concerto in D Major* has the benefit of the best in this recording: Joseph Szigeti as soloist and Sir Thomas Beecham supplying appropriate gestures, helped along by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The work is really a significant addition to violin literature. I do not agree with Columbia's statement that no one in the world could do it as well as Szigeti, but it is a commendable job and the album is exceedingly worth while, You don't have to be an avid modernist to enjoy it.

Prokofieff Concerto in D Major for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 19. By Joseph Szigeti and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.

Columbia Masterworks Set—No. 244.

* * *

Lotte Lehmann gives us a song recital in German. She has skimmed the gems from the Teutonic lieder repertoire (songs, to you), and when she is through rubbing her vocal polish on them you realize that they

Continued on page 154

The Tank

Continued from page 58

maintenance engineer?"

"I'm the maintenance engineer. What's your trouble?"

"Well, I tell you, mister," Stretch hands him a card, "it ain't my trouble; it's yours. It's about that tank over there. We're hurrying through on our way to Springfield. Got a little job down there—take us a week or two."

"Get this!" Fatty whispers.

"We seen this plant of yours over here and we figured you needed a job on that tank. Just finished a city job up beyond Cobblestown—Beaver River was the name of the place."

"I been there. Tank jacks, are you?"

"Yeah. Well, like I say, we're hurrying through to Springfield—got to be there tomorrow—and I'd like to give you a figure on that tank. There's no sense in telling you she needs it—you let water stand in that baby much longer and she'll damn near wash away your shop."

"Maybe. Say, you know the last fellers worked on the tank, one of them got killed. Sure, right over there he landed. Nice feller, too." The fat man points to a pile of jagged rock at the base of the tank. "His legs went right up in his belly."

"That's too bad. One of my boys fell last year up in Ravensdale. Yes, sir. Maybe you know the place. Ravensdale Furniture Company—the chief foreman is Legion Commander up there. Feller named Robertson. He's a hell of a nice feller—Swede, I guess."

"Sure, I know Robertson. You a Legion man?"

"Yeah, from down in Kingsford. That's my home town, Kingsford."

The fat man grins and rubs his hair with thick black fingers. Maybe someone will be killed this time.

"Well, I don't know, mister. Guess we better go in and talk to the boss."

"Sure. I been in this business for fifteen years. Hell! I'll give you a five-year guarantee. Yes, yes. Any time they have trouble with a job of mine I come right in and fix it for nothing. Only had to do it once in fifteen years. I got to be careful with my work to keep the trade—it's my life's work, you might say. If anything went wrong with a job I done here I'd be here in two days to fix it up. Yes, yes."

"If they could catch you," Fatty mutters. "I don't like this racket. It ain't honest. The damn liar—he never seen the inside of a water tank until three years ago. He's a steeple man, a rigger and no tank monkey. The damn liar! He'd fix it! Sure. He'd fix it the way he fixed that wooden tank in Rhode Island. Dumps a hundred pounds of beet pulp in it to stop the leaks! I don't like all this lying. He's got dirt in his blood, that guy."

It is hot and sticky in the car so we walk beneath the tank and look up at it. The coarse grass at the base is damp and drops of icy water splatter down on us, stinging our arms and shoulders. A garter snake slides through the grass and hides quickly between two slimy, wet stones. When I was a kid we used to catch garter snakes and stake them out at the end of a string, and last year at the University we took one of them apart. I tell Fatty about it and he jerks his thumb toward the factory.

"You'll never live to use all that education if you hang around with that guy," he says.

"I'm alive now."

"Yeah, that's probably what that other guy said. The one that fat feller was telling about."

Stretch has the job. He comes out of the factory, bending a little at the doorway, winks at us and hurries to the car.

"Jerusalem!" he says loudly. "We'll have to wire that feller in Springfield. Is there a town near here, mister?"

"Sure, Bell Falls. Yeah, you can leave your trailer in the shed. No one never touches anything around here."

* * *

I am painting down the standpipe of the tank with cheap black graphite. Dip, slap, slap, slap, slap—dip, slap, slap. How did that scar get in the sheathing away up here? Unhook the rigging from the bo'sun chair, tuck the safety under your left arm, drop three feet with fingers burning around the line, tie in the rigging, tie in the safety, test the knots, dip, slap, slap. Nothing to it if everything goes all right. Nothing to it. Painting a standpipe is tiresome, though, because you can't get out of the chair once you begin unless you want the long, hard climb back again. You have to go all the way to the ground, all the way down a hundred feet of it, dip, slap, slap for two or three hours. The sun is hot and the edges of the chair grind into your hips. Sweat stings your eyes, the wind whips paint in your face, your cigarettes and matches are soaked, and the smoke from the factory stacks chokes you. It is stifling, that awful soft coal smoke. It burns your nose and throat, you cough and spit and blink tears into your eyes. The water in the milk bottle is hot and grimy, and it slops on your legs when you kick the chair around the standpipe.

Stretch and Fatty are spotting off the legs with red lead. Wherever there is a rust spot they scrape away the old paint and dab it with red lead from the little pails that swing beneath their chairs. They are resting now hanging from their threads of rigging like two giant spiders and cursing each other. All day they have been quarreling steadily; the heat and the smell of smoke is bad on a man's temper. When they reach the ground and get cleaned up they will be friends again.

"Spot it off!" Stretch snarls. "Hell! don't diddle with the bastard! Don't scrape it—Jeepers! we'll never get through that way! Slap it the hell on! Anywhere, I don't give a damn. Make it look good from the ground. *What is the matter with you,* you tight-faced little turtle? Can't you hear me?"

"You go to hell, Rowman! I'll work like I want to. You ain't payin' me no million dollars to hang on a rotten piece of string in the sun and listen to you howl."

"Yeah? Well, let me tell you something, sweetheart. You ain't quitting no job of mine until you pay me what I loaned you. And while you work for me you'll work my way. Try and get that through your thick head. Damn Irishman!"

Fatty kicks and jerks in his chair like an angry monkey.

"I got through high school which was more than you ever done, Rowman!"

"What the hell has that got to do with it? I went to war while you was sitting around sucking your fingers. You do like I tell you, Fat, and maybe you'll get somewhere."

"The pig's ear!"

In the afternoon the tank doesn't shade you. The sun burns through your shirt, your face prickles and sweat rolls down your belly. Dip, slap, slap—it's a long way to the ground. If a man fell here, he'd turn over and over in the air, screaming until he hit that little patch of wet, paint-spotted grass. He would be plenty dead, so dead they wouldn't bother to cart him to the hospital. Where the hell is the hospital anyway?

I wonder what happened to that jack the maintenance engineer talks about, the man who had his legs driven into his body. Did he walk on wet paint, did he get dizzy crossing a girder? Maybe a bit of jagged metal cut his rigging. Maybe somewhere up above my head that same bit of metal is gnawing at my rigging—easy, son, that's no way to think. That's the way to take a tumble, thinking things like that and letting them get on your nerves. But tonight I'm going to ask the fat man . . .

"Fear death?—to feel the fog..." you never dangled on the end of one of these things, Mr. Browning, like a bug on a thread. There's nothing like being a cultured steeplejack. I howled Wordsworth at the boys this morning until Fatty told me to can that tripe—which may be quite an adequate comment on Wordsworth. "Fear death?" It's a long time since I thought of you, Mr. Browning. Painting water tanks and steeples isn't exactly conducive to poetry, is it? And you, too, Mr. Cezanne, but you'd probably like this place. The flat roof of that factory, red against the trees—you could do a great deal with it. And the mountain, the fat, grinning mountain covered with shady trees and mossy rocks, hell! Mr. Cezanne, it's as beautiful as St. Victoire. Why is it that everything is so bright this summer; why do I remember everything I see? At Beaver River we did a tank that stood above a paper dump. A river passed the factory, a fast, tumbling river full of rocks and short, white rapids. I can close my eyes and see that river chewing at the edge of the paper dump; I can see it, Mr. Cezanne, just as clearly as I can see the roof below me and the fat man sitting in his doorway. He never seems to work, that fat man. All day long he sits in the doorway smoking and looking at us. Probably he is waiting for someone to fall, and I hope he gets blisters waiting.

"Mr. Mathieson was the first to reach the scene of the accident. Mr. Mathieson says that he had been waiting for something like that to happen. Mr. Mathieson is a member of the American Legion."

I wonder what they pay a maintenance engineer for sitting in a doorway all day long. Maybe he does it for nothing. Maybe he likes it.

* * *

Today I am in hell. The heat inside of the tank is like the heat of a furnace pit. It weighs down on you, it crowds around your throat, it makes the veins stand out on your wrists like tubes of wet blue rubber. The sweat rolls from your body and drips in a steady stream to the red pool of water in the basin of the tank.

"That isn't rain, Fatty, it's sweat from me."

My voice crashes around me and I hear my words tangled and magnified by the tremendous echoes. Fatty, painting with red lead near the bottom of the tank, looks up and grins wanly.

"What?"

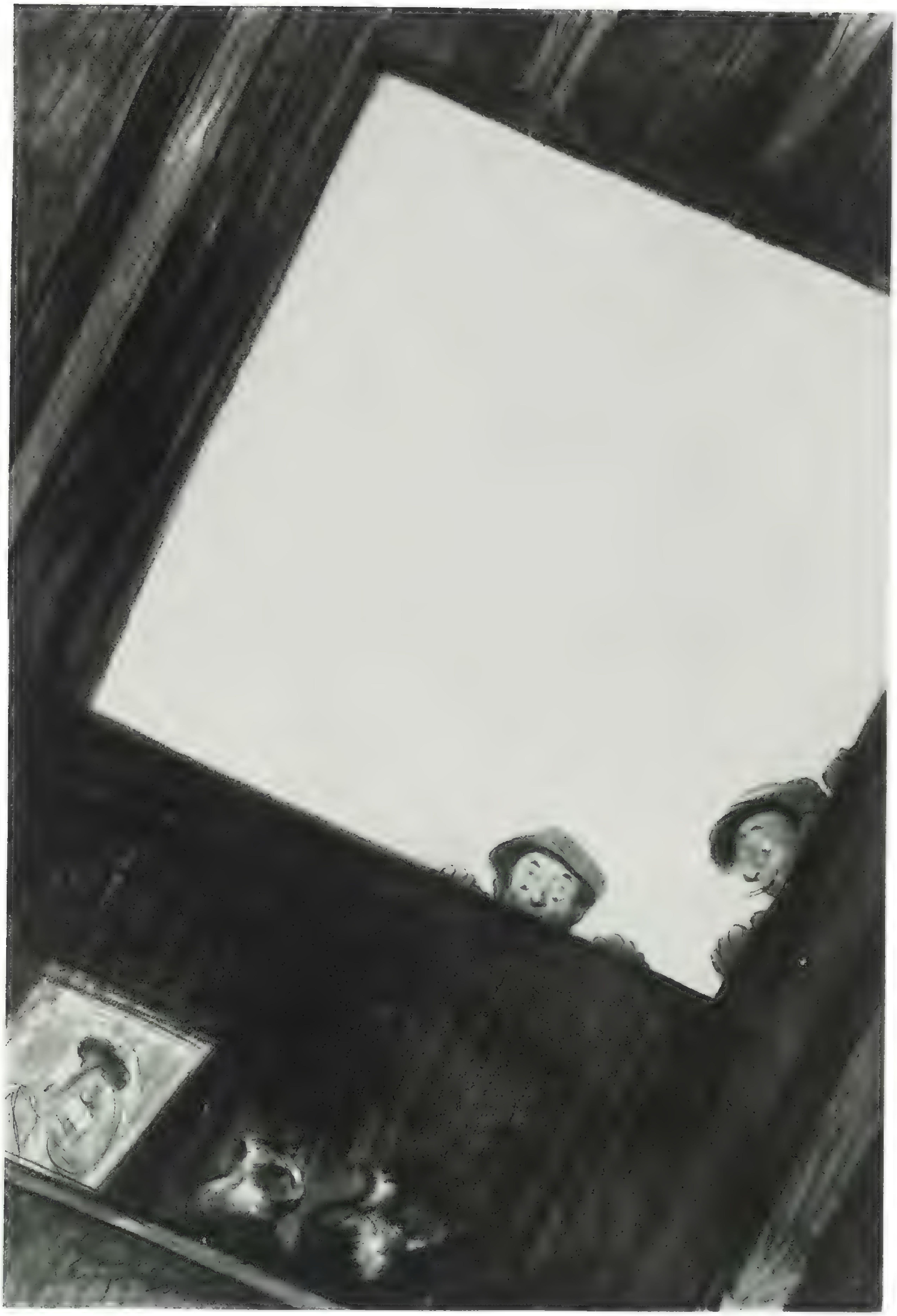
"Forget it."

There is never silence inside of the tank. A man taps a fingernail on the wall and the whole place is full of sound. It is like being inside of a huge bass drum with a giant hitting it, a stinking bass drum that smells of fresh paint, rust and turpentine.

I sit on a thing like a tire rim twenty-five feet from the floor. Under the roof the heat is sickening; twice during the afternoon I have vomited into the red pool. Sixteen steel rods radiate from the tire rim to the wall of the tank, and we are putting in new rods, pushing them through the tire rim and out through the wall where Stretch bolts them into place. The temperature is one hundred and forty-five degrees in the peak of the conical roof where I am working. Twenty minutes inside, then five blessed minutes of air in the hatchway. You can't afford to faint when you are sitting on something that springs and bucks whenever you move.

Without proper ventilation this heat and the paint fumes will get a man's heart, stop it as effectively

Continued at top of page 112



"I wonder when he's gonna start paintin' her?"

The Tank

Continued from pages 58-110

as a bullet. It is a strain on your sanity, too. They tell about a jack from Boston who went stark mad and dashed his brains out against the steel wall.

Stretch hammers signals on the outside of the tank. Bang! bang! bang!—the rod is through; bang! bang!—I've bolted it down; bang! the old rod is free. Sweat blinds me, I am dizzy, I am sick, I am half naked in a steel hell where the sight of the cool sky in the hatchway is a constant torture.

This is no way for a human being to live, this is no way . . . three dollars an hour for this little special job . . . little special job . . . takes a day . . . three times eight is what? Three times eight . . . I'm supposed to be a student in the University! Three times eight . . . pitcher of beer . . . give it all for a glass of beer. God! how my eyes sting! I'd give a whole week's wages for a glass of beer. This is . . . bang! bang!

"Time!" Stretch roars from the hatchway.

I crawl over the rods and climb weakly into the air. The hot August breeze feels like an icy shower, cold enough to set me trembling. Fatty is staying inside this time.

"How are you, kid?"

"Damn near dead. I'm weak as a fish."

"How's Fat?"

"Looks all right from above. He's got the water down there to bathe his wrists in."

I lie on the roof of the tank, not too weak to clutch the hatchway rim firmly. The landscape swings grandly in sweeping circles; the mountain swells and falls and in the distance a river tips crazily like a seesaw. Heaven help the jack who doesn't know when the balance wheel in his head is off center! Stretch douses me with water from a milk bottle and the mountain sits down again.

"One more shot and we'll be through for the day," he says.

"Yes, one more."

One more. The peak is twice as hot after the brief taste of fresh air. I slide the rods through the wall and Stretch bangs outside. Fatty is washing his wrists in the red pool. He scrubs his face, spits at the outlet, wipes his fingers on his overalls.

One more rod. Bang! bang! bang! Fatty is lying in the basin of the tank with his feet in the water. That's funny. His feet shouldn't be in the water. You slip with wet sneakers. The little man lies on his side with an arm crooked behind his head and his feet in the red pool. Almighty God!

"Fatty! Hey, Fat! Stretch, come in here! Fatty!"

I scramble to the ladder and climb to the bottom of the tank. I shake him but he doesn't move. Stretch's head appears in the hatchway.

"Heat got him. Get a block and line, Stretch."

Stretch ties in a block and sends the line down to me. I fasten it under Fatty's armpits and we drag him up to the hatchway. There is a fearful moment as we struggle to get him over the edge; then we lower him like a bundle of old clothes to the cat-walk.

Stretch slaps his face and pours water on him while I rub his wrists.

"He's all right. He's coming to. He'll be all right."

"Don't yell, kid. Shut up. Everything's all right."

"What the hell . . ?" Fatty growls, opening his eyes.

That engineer, that damned fat man is standing in the yard staring up at us. That damned engineer. . . .

Stretch leans far over the railing and shakes his fist toward the fat man.

"You'll have to wait a while yet, you fat pig!" he cries. #

The Camera Eye

Continued from page 51

I'm just wildabout Harry
And Harry's just wild about me

Father wants economy. Mother craves opportunity for her children, daughter desires social prestige, and son wants travel, speed, get-up-and-go

Runnin wild, lost control

such exploits may indicate a dangerous degree of bravado but they display the qualities that made a boy of highschool age the acknowledged leader of a gang that has been a thorn in the side of South Florida

THE yellow room is curly blue with cigarettesmoke pink and white with wellshaved and carefully made up faces, teems with gindrinks, wisecracks, a certain organizing attitude in the woman's mind that must put each drinker in a pigeonhole. What you do today you must do tomorrow. You wear a personality over your face dont you? Smilingly with owning teasing eyes the woman pins on each man a badge. Thank you, cant explain but why me? . . . Inhibited . . . Goodby. The old hat quickly snatched from the rack. Outside with the closing of the door the jingling cocktailvoices fade.

Even in this old brick house madeover into Greenwich Village the stairs go up

and down, lead through a hallway with a rank of bells and names not labelled yet in the mind evoking tangles of lives as yet unclassified. From the door the rainy street where cabs slither, slushing footsteps plunk, slant lights shimmer on the curve of a wet cheek, a pair of freshcolored lips, a weatherlined neck, a gnarled red grimy hand and old man's bloodshot eye . . . of the four directions the street runs at least two ways, east and west, and at the next corner boxes the compass

You walk and walk

staring at imagined labels in storewindows. One of the underprivileged (proletariat sticks in the gullet) shouldn't you make

speeches. The crowded hall, the handclapping the pats and smiles of the others on the platform, the easy climb slogan by slogan to applause (if somebody in your head didn't say liar to you) and on Union Square

when you leant from a soapbox over faces, avid young, opinionated old, the middleaged numb with overwork, trying to tell them the straight dope (make them laugh, tell them what they want to hear, wave a flag, whispers the internal agitator crazy to succeed) you suddenly falter ashamed, you get red and stammer. Why shouldn't I tell these moneyless men stamping in the cold wind, that we stand on a quicksand, that doubt is the whetstone of useful truths, instead of urging "Picket John D. Capitalist the bastard, if the cops knock your blocks off it's all for the advancement of the human race," while I go home after a drink and a hot meal and read (with difficulty in the Loeb Library trot) the epigrams of Martial and ponder on the correct political line that will pry loose from power the exploiting few and restore our story book democracy . . . and all the time in my pocket a letter from a boy in college asking me to explain, why, being right, which he admits, the radical intellectuals are in their private lives such utter twits. There's a chance to make

other things than speeches; money (for the privileged. Twist your tongue round upper class)

money. After all you understood what he meant the old party with a white beard beside the crystal ink pot on the cleared varnished desk in whose voice boomed all the remembered clergymen reluctantly listened to in childhood, shrilled the hosannas of the offkey female choirs. 'All you say is very true, but there's such a thing as sales, and I have daughters. I'm sure that you'll end by thinking differently.'

MONEY in New York, lipstick kissed off the lips of a fashionably dressed so fragrant silky girl at fiveoclock in a taxicab careening down Park Avenue, when the west, at the end of each crosstown street is flaming with gold and the smokestacks of steamboats leaving port and the sky is greenbacks.

The rivetters are quiet; the trucks of the producers are shoved off to the marginal avenues,

and winnings sing from every streetcorner.

Crackle of dollars in the lights going on in the showwindows in the klaxons and silver imported toodling horns of millionaires.

Money is silky in her hair, soft on her dress, the dropped rosepetal that you kiss on the way to the ginny speakeasy dinner on plush seats, the lilt of the show, the laughingjag in the cabaret, the shufflingshuffling danceorchestra. Money howls out of the saxophone, clicks sharp in the hatcheck girl's goodnight.

IF not why not? But I only walk

and peel the speculative onion of doubt,

walk nameless unrecognizeable with soggy shoes through the rainy street

uptown downtown, along the wharves, under the El, peering (why?) at faces, into taxicabs, at the drivers of trucks, at people chewing in lunchrooms, young men reading jobs off blackboards outside of agencies, at drunk bums drooling in alleys, newsvendors, old men selling chestnuts, a woman with a shawl behind a set of picklejars, a plain girl in a neat hat running up the subway steps, a redfaced cop kidding out of the corner of his mouth at another cop across the street, the smack of a kiss from two shadows under the stoop of a brownstone house, faces at a streetcorner suddenly broken open in yells, the thud of a blow, a whistle, scampering feet.

Tonight at least we'll hock this old raincoat of incertitude, ship somewhere, join up, sign the dotted line, take up work with, enlist, become one of . . .

but instead I find myself (if self is the bellyaching malingerer so often the companion of aimless walks) sitting happily amid nibbling chinamen at the Thalia in the Bowery, ears dazed by the crash of alien gongs, the chuckle of rattles the piping of incomprehensible flutes and the lilt and squawk of a language I dont know,

Again the traveller (destination unknown),

the stranger with his hat pulled down over his face

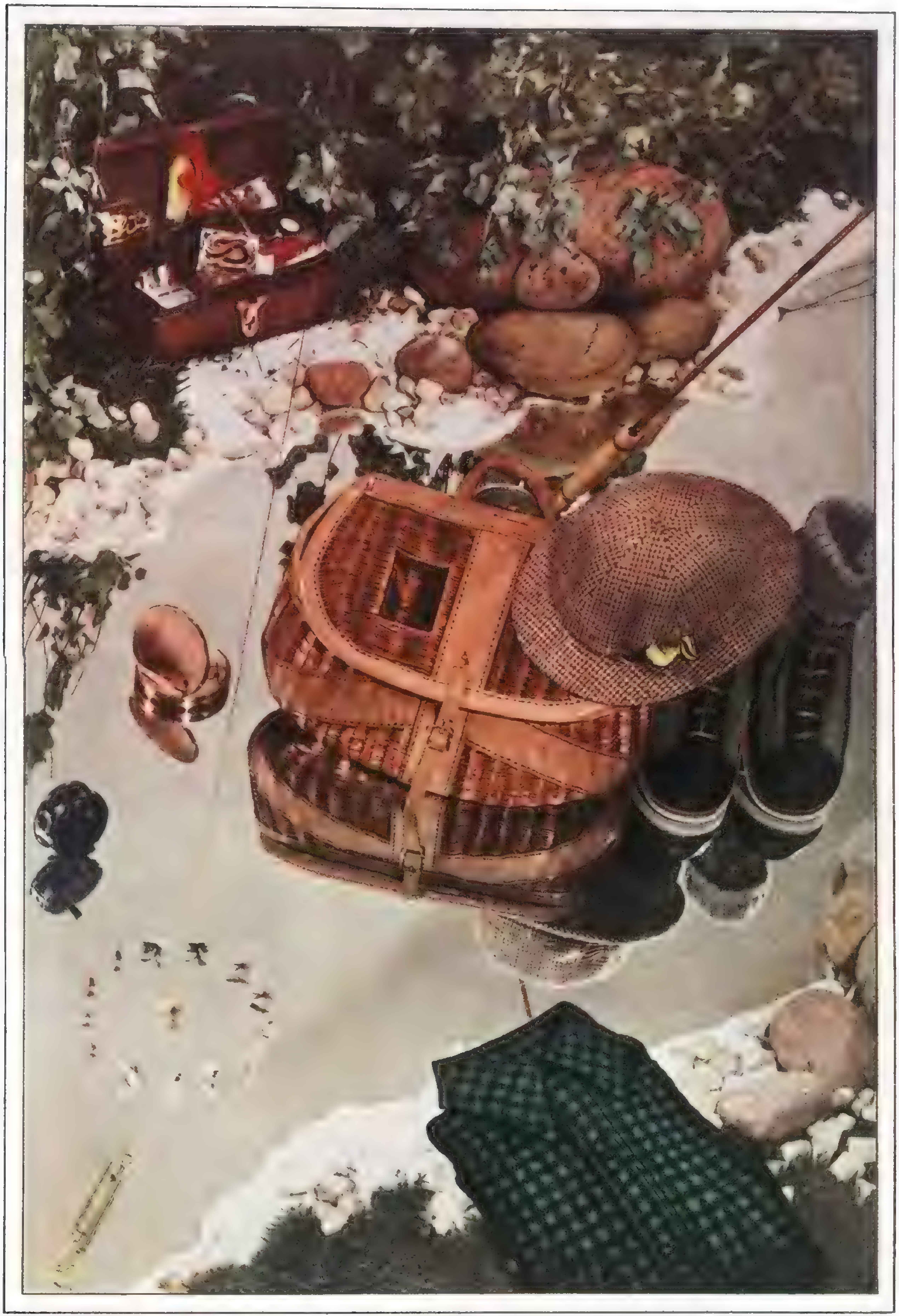
who stays to look and listen a few minutes and goes away after having silently refused to step out on the stage;

a vagrant straggles home

across the empty aftermidnight bridge, yearns for a split second towards the litup officebuildings where the wornout scrubwomen are washing the floors, towards a couple locked into a single shadow on a bench, towards three men shooting craps in the back of a lunchroom;

but when you've climbed the creaking stairs to the empty anonymous room you see when you take off your rumpled coat to hang it on the chair beside the bed

the badge the woman pinned on you. #



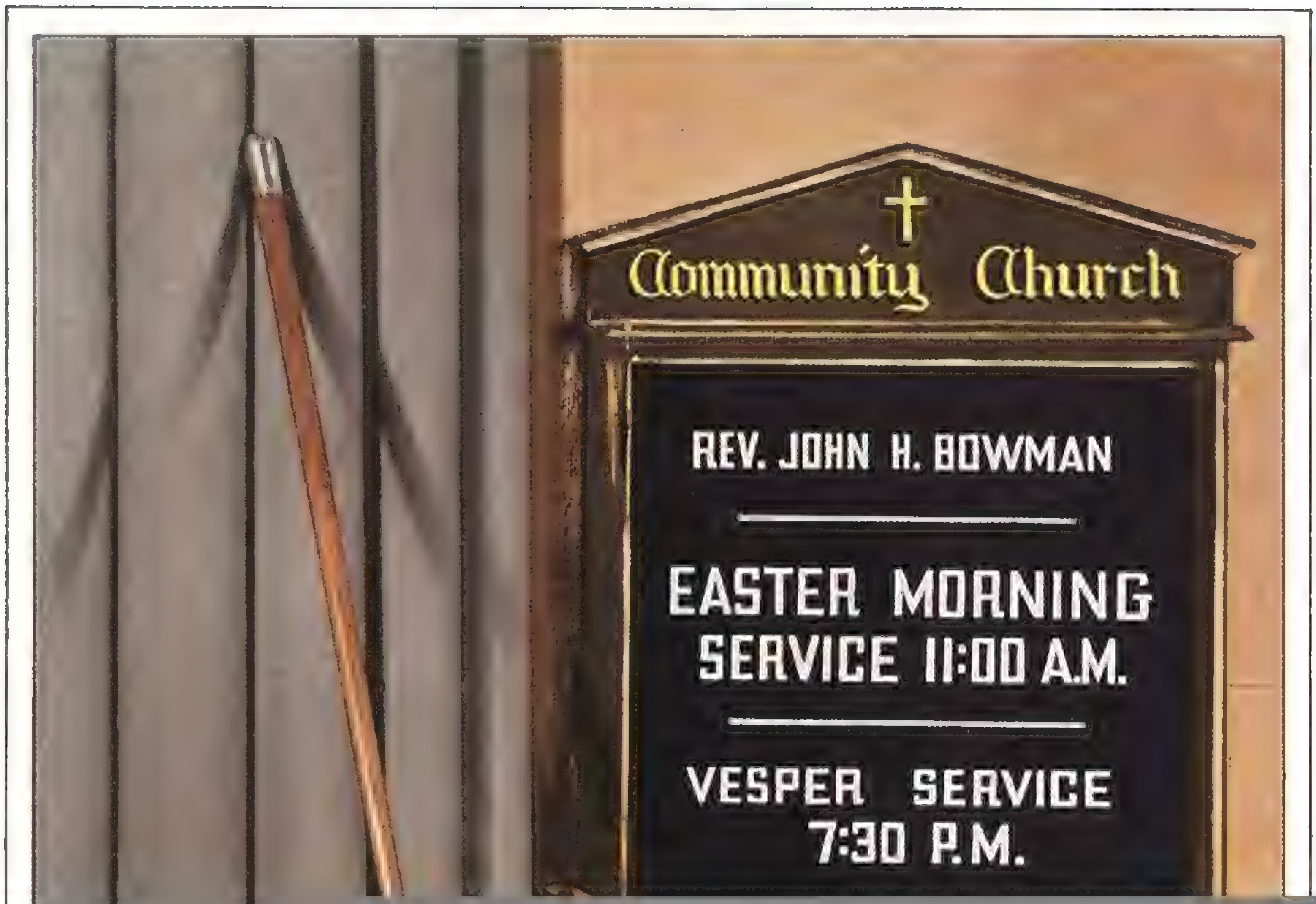
DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

HAPPY ON THE HITHER SIDE OF A RAINBOW

On the hither side of a rainbow, or a brook, or a brown, how happy you will be if your kit contains a come-hither spell. Granted that most of the magic is in the flies you present and the way you present them, still the utility of the other objects on the page ought to be fairly obvious. Or are you among those who have yet to learn that a trout, unlady-like, detests the sight of a white shirtfront? Anyway, starting in the lower right-hand corner of the illustration and going counter-clockwise you will find, first, a wool shirt that is suitably dark, wading shoes and socks, a tweed hat with flies, a creel, a trout rod, a boxed fly making outfit, a copper fly box, a reel, some ready tied dry flies and a small scale. If you are wondering about the lacuna that this page leaves between shirttail and shoetops, just step over to the special section for Anglo-Aristocrats on page 123 where it's covered.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)


Community Church
REV. JOHN H. BOWMAN
EASTER MORNING
SERVICE 11:00 A.M.
VESPER SERVICE
7:30 P.M.

Call Me Crazy

Continued from page 75

him. "I can't think of anything that's fun that does bear your stamp of approval. Tell me, honestly, don't you get pretty sick of handing out that kind of bull day after day?"

He got up, mad, and walked out of the store muttering to himself.

When I went home from work that night, Alice was waiting, ready to swarm all over me. The town gossips had reached her with stories of my day's activity.

I expected her to give me hell. I wouldn't expect anything else, because she'd been giving it to me for twenty years.

I stopped dead still and looked her square in the eyes.

"That's right," she said, "stand there and look at me like that. Be defiant. When I think of all the humiliation you've brought down on me today—"

She never finished the sentence. Some things call for argument and other situations demand different handling. I drew back my right fist and swung hard. It was a daisy of a wallop. I hit her right on the middle of her sour pan and she went down in a heap. As I look back, I think that was the happiest moment of my life.

When she came to, she called my lawyer and he got a couple of fellows to take me to the hospital. They gave me a good bed and I got the first good night's sleep I'd had in years. Alice wasn't there to nag at me and everything was fine. They had a sanity hearing for me the next afternoon and decided to send me to a sanitarium.

The first place they sent me was no good. It was just a hospital, with no recreation provided. They'd take a few of us walking every morning, and I'd watch my chance and break away from the rest of them. I'd have the whole place in an uproar in ten minutes. I'd sneak out of my room, too, and call on the other patients. Some of them were riots, and I'd encourage them to show a little initiative instead of letting the dumb nurses run all over them.

The sanitarium management finally wrote home that they couldn't handle me. I guess they were mighty glad to have me leave.

Then Alice had me sent to a different sanitarium, and this place is great. It's more like a club than a hospital. There are some fine men here, all of them from fairly wealthy homes, and we have a grand life. We play golf and contract, read all the new books, see all the new movies and do about as we please.

We had a little excitement last week. They told one of the boys that he'd be ready to go home this week, and he went absolutely wild—tipped over furniture and screamed and shouted and tore his hair. But if you want to see an honest-to-goodness relapse, just let them tell me that I'm well enough to go home. #

Vanity Kit or Tool Chest

Continued from page 85

ments don't go when you are out to play a good round of golf and need a club that has been developed to suit the occasion, by the ingenuity and progress of advanced players. If those gentlemen who believe that a curtailment of the inventory in players' bags will restore the game to the serene simplicity of the always beautiful yesteryear, they will get more of a surprise than I did in looking over some old golf books. In one of the books, published in the eighties, there is reference to twelve clubs, including such curious items as: the play club, the baffy spoon, the track iron and the water iron. The track iron was used for playing out of wagon tracks and the water iron was used for playing shots out of water. Absolutely the same basic principle of adapting the club to the conditions, is the reason for the clubs available today.

I've noticed abroad that the British seem to stick with the sentimental tradition of the game as played in the days of Old Tom Morris and Alan Robertson. Robertson was born at St. Andrews in 1815 and Old Tom at the same place in 1821. In their days they played with four to six clubs that were carried loosely under their arms or under the arms of the caddie. (That's before golf bags were invented.)

Chick Evans had this notion of "back to nature" by playing with just a few clubs, about seven years ago. Chick's reasoning was that since he was playing the game for fun and got a lot of satisfaction out of playing a great variety of shots with each club instead of having a club for each shot, he would discard all but a few of his clubs. That's good reasoning for an expert who is playing *just* for entertainment and who is able to play a number of different shots with the same club. But the reasoning doesn't hold good with the fellows and girls who are the rank and file golfers who have a hard enough time playing one kind of shot per club. Nor does the reasoning stand up with the players who expect to get somewhere in the stiff tournament competition there is today. There are too many adept and rising young amateurs who are concerned mainly with getting the ball into the hole with the fewest number of strokes and in the easiest, surest way. They have no regard for the favorites and the seasoned veterans.

The subject of reduction of clubs begins to narrow down to making up our minds whether we want our championships played as scoring competitions among players outfitted with complements of logically designed equipment or as trick shot exhibitions. If the latter policy ever would be adopted, all the titles might as well be given to Joe Kirkwood until vaudeville revives and its jugglers can skip shows to compete for golf honors.

Maybe I've been thinking too much about the tournament players' side of this club curtailment subject. What effect might such a reduction have on the great majority of players—those who shoot above 90? Is the game going to benefit by making shots harder for them? I think it is tough enough as it is now.

Perhaps some light may be thrown on this phase by recalling the storm aroused when the larger and lighter golf ball was introduced in 1930. Golf play fell off greatly that year. Of course, the slump probably could be accounted for mainly by economic conditions but the duffer felt that things were against him all around, according to what some of the pros have told me, and many of the fellows who had been hacking hopefully in the neighborhood of a hundred entirely gave up hope and their game.

There was an interesting aftermath to that larger and lighter ball legislation that came up the other day in the course of a talk I had with a golf ball manufacturer. He said that recent tests of the present larger American standard ball against the smaller balls of the Royal and Ancient standard surprised the testing men at the driving machine because the American ball was longer. His only explanation was that domestic golf ball construction had advanced to the point that it had overcome the intended legislative purpose of shortening the distance of the stars' shots.

When the better-than-average golfer makes unusually good shots those are the ones that are remembered. (Those, and the miserably poor shots every good player makes occasionally.) Startling recoveries or the shots like that spoon deuce of Sarazen's at Augusta last spring, are so few and far between that at the most there aren't more than four of them in any representative tournament. Obviously, then, the policy of attempting to lessen such shots by enforcement of any reactionary legislation concerning equipment is not one that will seriously concern the professional stars. If any of us in the amateur ranks make these miracle shots it is entirely because of a miracle and if a miracle is going to take place, it will happen with any kind of a club or any kind of a ball.

But, while we don't expect many miracles we reasonably can hope for steady improvements in the game. I think that we also have the right to expect an increased public interest and play as the result of such improvements. Note how the betterment of golf equipment in the period of the most radical advance, 1925 to 1935, has been accompanied by an increase in entries for the national amateur championship. In 1925 there were 141 entries in this event. There were approximately 975 entries for the 1935 National Amateur Championship.

It's only my guess, but I'd say that better scoring with improved equipment had something to do with this great growth in the amateur championship entries.

With this enlargement of the group of expert amateur players, there has been an increase in the number of fair players—players who at times are capable of beating the best amateurs and pros, especially if the better player has a crick in his shoulder or an off day. Consequently the better player doesn't welcome the chance of an upset that becomes a grave peril if the better player is handicapped by lack of some club needed to play a shot in a pinch. That's why you see many of the greatest stars of pro golf carrying, in their bags, clubs that may be needed only once in ten rounds. I noticed that and followed suit.

When you get right down to grass roots on the matter of clubs, it's the course really more than the player, that figures as a controlling factor. When I went overseas with the Walker Cup Team of 1934, I saw what one of our grand and experienced players thought of this. This was Francis Ouimet, who designed a run-up club especially so that members of our team could run up on courses like St. Andrews, a shot that is, at times, most necessary on English greens.

Low trajectory shots are more frequent over there than in this country because of the wind. So it is reasonable to believe that British players would be affected less by the limitation of clubs. As long as the arc of flight is to be the same, half shots and the quarter shots necessary could be played by American experts as well as by those whose golfing homes are on the galeswept courses abroad. It would only be our rank and file who would have to face the problem of playing a restrained shot with a No. 4 iron —for instance—rather than a full shot with a mashie-niblic.

Ray Oppenheimer, an entertaining fellow and one of England's better amateurs, tells a tale about the wind on some of the British courses. Ray relates that during a round at Hoylake he was bucking what he calls a "howling blow" and finally reached the green of a moderately short par

Continued at top of page 119

Death of an Admiral

Sir George staked the lives on his ship to prove that eight would go into six, and lost

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *In this account of the loss of H. M. S. Victoria I have drawn upon various British Admiralty papers, as well as upon J. G. Lockhart's "Mysteries of the Sea." I have also quoted from an article, "Tryon and the* Victoria" *by Lt. R. E. Bassler, U. S. N., in the September, 1934, U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings.*

THE lamps of London gleamed golden above the muddy Thames. Gladstone hurled thundering paragraphs across the halls of Parliament. Sir Arthur Pinero's new play, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, minced—beneath flickering gas jets—across musty theater boards. And at home in Eaton Place, Lady Tryon, wife of Vice Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron, received her guests.

It was a warm London evening of June 22, 1893; the drawing room curtains were looped back and the French windows ajar. Bare shoulders of lovely ladies gleamed white above low-cut bodices; bustled dresses flared in little rustling rivulets of silk; ladies curtsied; men bowed deeply with all the gallantry of Victoria's England, long past but not forgotten.

Lady Tryon moved sedately among her guests, chatting with this one, tapping that one lightly with her fan. Somewhat breathless, an elderly woman tripped up to her:

"Is Sir George here?"

"Sir George *here!* Now Constance, what a perfectly priceless idea; you know very well that Sir George is in the Mediterranean. What—"

"Yes, I knew that, but James swore he saw him in the drawing room. . . ."

Later—when the news was known—there were others who had "seen" Sir George that night in the crowded drawing room of his Eaton Place home.

On June 22, 1893, Sir George Tryon's flag flew from the battleship *Victoria*, anchored, with the twelve other ships of the Mediterranean Squadron, in the harbor of Beirut, Syria. A brilliant sun burnt down like a fiery furnace on the date palms and the sand dunes and the sea. Sir George, one of the most "skillful tacticians and experienced sailors in the Royal Navy," paced his cabin, wiped the moisture from his brow with a swift back-handed gesture, and sank, somewhat wearily, onto a transom. He had just recovered from a bout of illness and he would not be sorry to leave this place, even though the nearby Syrian town of Tripoli, with its swarms of sore-infested beggars, was to be the next port.

At 10 a. m. the squadron got underway and steamed northward along the Syrian coast towards Tripoli. The ships were formed in line abreast—eight battleships and five cruisers—with the flag of Rear Admiral Markham, in command of the second division, flying from the *Camperdown*. It was a lazy and uneventful cruise past the sands of Lebanon, with the distant purple hills shimmering like a mirage in the heat waves. Sir George kept his cabin after lunch, and at four bells in the afternoon watch called his staff about him to give them instructions about entering port. Captain Maurice Bourke, his Flag Captain, Staff Commander Hawkins-Smith and Lord Gillford, Flag Lieutenant, listened as the admiral told them he intended to form the squadron in two columns, with the *Victoria* leading one column of six ships and the *Camperdown* leading the other column of seven ships, steaming on parallel courses some six cables or 1,200 yards apart. After passing a coastal landmark near Tripoli known as the Tower of the Lions, the two columns were to reverse their courses upon signal, turning inward towards each other. Each ship in succession, headed by the *Victoria* and the *Camperdown* leading their columns, was to put its rudder hard over, swing about in a wide semicircle and head back in the direction from which the squadron had come. Then, when abreast of the Tripoli anchorage, the squadron was to make another turn towards port and anchor.

The instructions were clear in all respects, except for the specified distance between the columns. That distance—six cables or 1,200 yards—made the maneuver impossible, since the leading ships—*Camperdown* and *Victoria*—each required 600 to 800 yards leeway in which to make a 180 degree turn. Both Captain Bourke and Hawkins-Smith suggested that the distance between the columns be increased, and Sir George agreed:

"Yes, it should be eight."

The younger officers left the cabin and went on deck, and Lord Gillford commenced to carry out the admiral's orders. Flag hoists whipped in the hot breeze off the baked sands; gently the Mediterranean sparkled in the sun-glare. At quarter past two Lord Gillford was recalled to the cabin and ordered to make the signal—"Columns to be six cables apart." There was no mistake about it; the admiral gave him careful verbal instructions and handed him a slip of paper with the figure 6 written upon it. The Flag Lieutenant made the signal; Hawkins-Smith hurried aft and told him there must have been some misunderstanding; the admiral had agreed to a distance of eight cables or 1,600 yards. The fatal flags still fluttered from the yardarm as Gillford went below again to Sir George's cabin. Captain Bourke, still chatting with his chief, supported the younger officer:

"You certainly said it was to be more than six cables."

"Leave it six cables," Tryon nodded at Gillford.

The young officer went back to the bridge; the signal had been answered; across the calm and wind-rippled sea the Mediterranean Squadron was steaming in two parallel columns—six cables, 1,200 yards part.

Down in the cabin, Captain Bourke again remonstrated, pointing out that the *Victoria's* turning circle was 800 yards.

Tryon, brusquely: "That is all right; leave it at six cables."

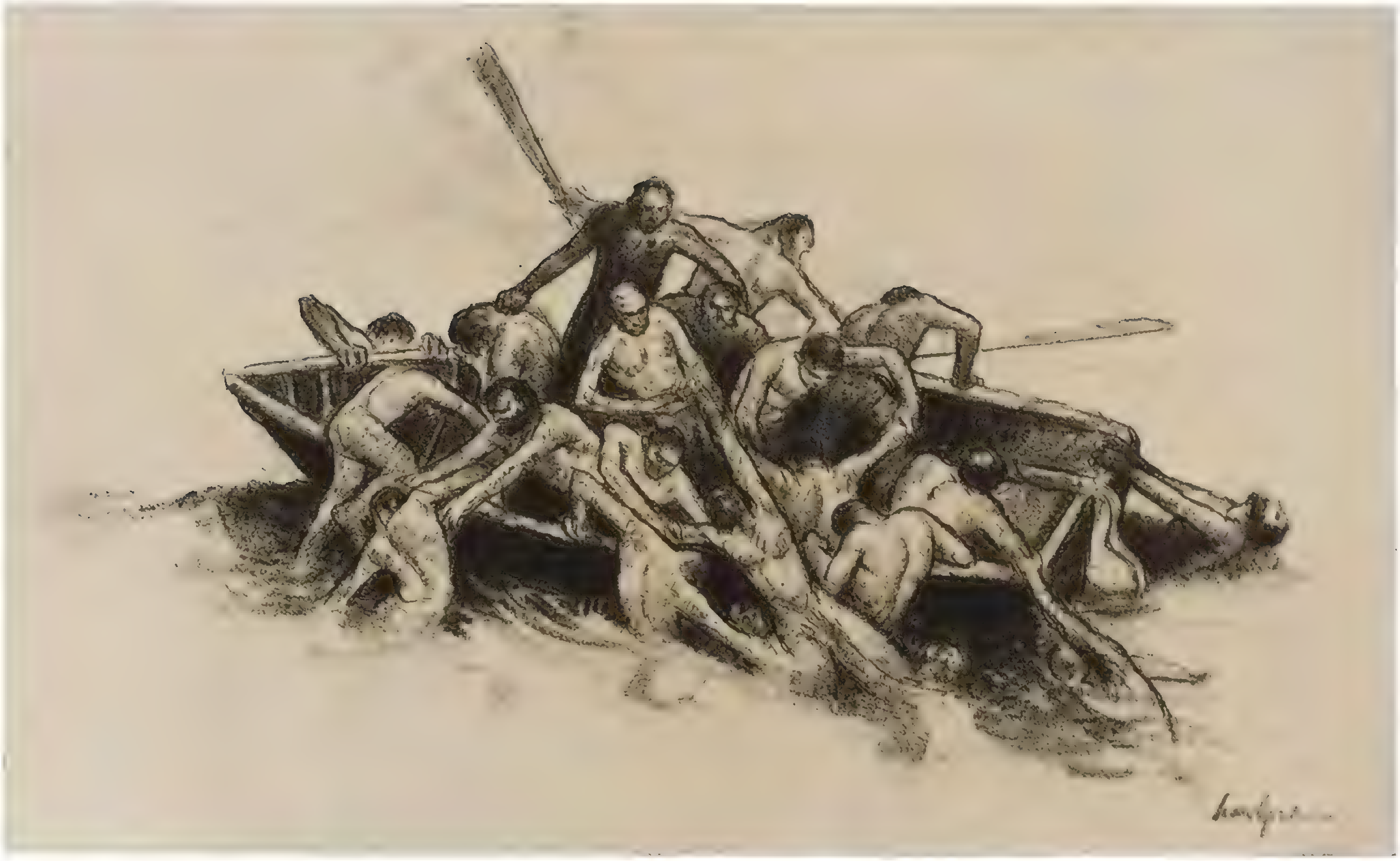
Five bells were struck. The admiral's flag fluttered from the truck. The hot breath of the desert beat upon the steel sides of the ships of the Mediterranean Squadron; the slow thump of the propellers throbbed monotonously. White creamed the bow waves, white the frothy wakes, green-blue the sea, as Her Majesty's men-of-war, steaming slowly at 8.8 knots, headed up on a brief and uneventful passage from Beirut to Tripoli.

At 3:15 Sir George left his cabin and went to the forward chart house. To starboard the coast of Syria, with the Tower of the Lions almost on bearing. To port the dreamy Mediterranean, the inland sea, stretching westward to shores where civilization was born, the Mediterranean, scene of triumphs —and disasters. Beneath and about him, *his* command. In two columns as he had ordered; six cables distant—his practiced eye saw that. One column—the first division, led by the *Victoria*, stretched out astern —*Victoria, Nile, Dreadnought, Inflexible, Collingswood, Phaeton*—brave names in England's history. The other—the second division, to port 1,200 yards away, was headed by the *Camperdown*, the *Camperdown* with her stout stem and heavy underwater ram. The *Camperdown*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Sans Pareil, Edgar, Amphion, Fearless* and *Barham*—all, *his* command.

The admiral turned to Lord Gillford. Stout British arms jerked the flags from their flag bags. From the masthead of the *Victoria* fluttered the 2 flag, 2 pendant, the compass pendant, 1 flag, 6 flag; from the yardarm the 2 flag, 1 pendant, 1 flag, 6 flag, and compass pendant. The meaning was unmistakable:

"Second division alter course in succession sixteen points to starboard, preserving the order of the fleet; first division alter course in succession sixteen points to port, preserving the order of the fleet."

Admiral Markham on the bridge of the *Camperdown* saw the signal, thought the columns too close to execute it; exclaimed: "It is impossible; it is an impracticable



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

maneuver!" He kept the signal at the dip and ordered his Flag Lieutenant to send a message by semaphore to Tryon:

"Am I to understand that it is your wish for the columns to turn as indicated by the signals now flying?"

But the message was never sent; the Tower of the Lions was on the bearing, and Admiral Tryon, impatient, stepped to the after part of the *Victoria's* chart house to see if any of the ships in the second division had failed to read the hoist correctly. All the hoists were two-blocked except the *Camperdown's*.

"What are you waiting for?" snapped out the waving flags across the six cable lengths of water between the *Victoria* and *Camperdown*. Admiral Markham hesitated no longer; the flag hoist was two-blocked, and at 3:31 p. m. down came the flags from *Victoria's* masthead and yardarm; rudders went hard over and the two ships, leading their divisions, started to turn inwards towards each other.

Almost immediately as the great steel bows were swinging, Captain Bourke spoke:

"We had better do something; we shall be too close to that ship."

He got no response, and turning to Midshipman Lanyon:

"Take the distance to the *Camperdown*, Mr. Lanyon."

As the gap of shining water between the two ships decreased the tension in the chart house heightened. Only the Admiral seemed lost in a strange lassitude.

"The distance, Mr. Lanyon, the distance," Captain Bourke barked. "What is the delay; give me the distance to the *Camperdown*."

"Yes sir; just . . . 3½ cables, sir."

Captain Bourke to the admiral: "May I go astern full speed on the port screw?"

The admiral stood looking out at *his* command, the *Victoria* and the *Camperdown*, the *Fearless* and the *Sans Pareil*, the *Dreadnought* and the *Nile*, England's steel bulwarks, stout ships all. . . . He gave no answer.

"May I go astern full speed, port?" And again: "Admiral, may I go astern full speed on the port screw?"

At last an answer: "Yes."

The brass handle on the port engine room telegraph flashed round the dial; the pointer stopped at "Full Astern." A bell jangled far below decks; the bronze propeller lashed the sea into froth; the ship shivered. Almost immediately and without further orders Captain Bourke reversed the starboard engine. The sea's sunlit green foamed into white surging water; the great propellers, thrashing mightily, tried to halt the steady advance of the trembling ship. On the *Camperdown* first the starboard engine and then the port had been reversed—but it was too late. The *Victoria* and the *Camperdown* surged struggling onward towards their destiny.

A gong sounded on the flagship; boatswain's pipes skirled: "Close all watertight doors. . . ."

Men on the upper decks who could see their death advancing stood braced and tense, waiting for the shock. Those below, who knew not, thought: "Another of old Tryon's maneuvers."

At 3:34 the *Dreadnought* and the *Nile*, the *Amphion* and the *Barham*, and the rest of the Mediterranean Squadron saw and heard it happen. Crunch and grind and metallic groan torn from the heart of the *Victoria* as the *Camperdown's* ram buried itself deep in the starboard bow of the flagship. The awful scrape of wounded metal; the bow of the *Victoria* picked and flung bodily to port some sixty or seventy feet by the 10,000 steel tons of her sister. The startled cries and sudden silence in the first moment of disaster. The steady thump of screws still backing in a troubled sea.

And on the chart house the plainly seen figure of Vice Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron.

A startled petty officer in a mess room far below decks saw the ram of the *Camperdown* burst in a cloud of black dust through coal bunkers and bulkheads. Commander John Jellicoe, tossing feverishly in his bunk, struggled into a life belt; made his way topside in his pajamas; helped at the signal halyards; was washed into the sea; lived to command England's greatest fleet in England's greatest battle.

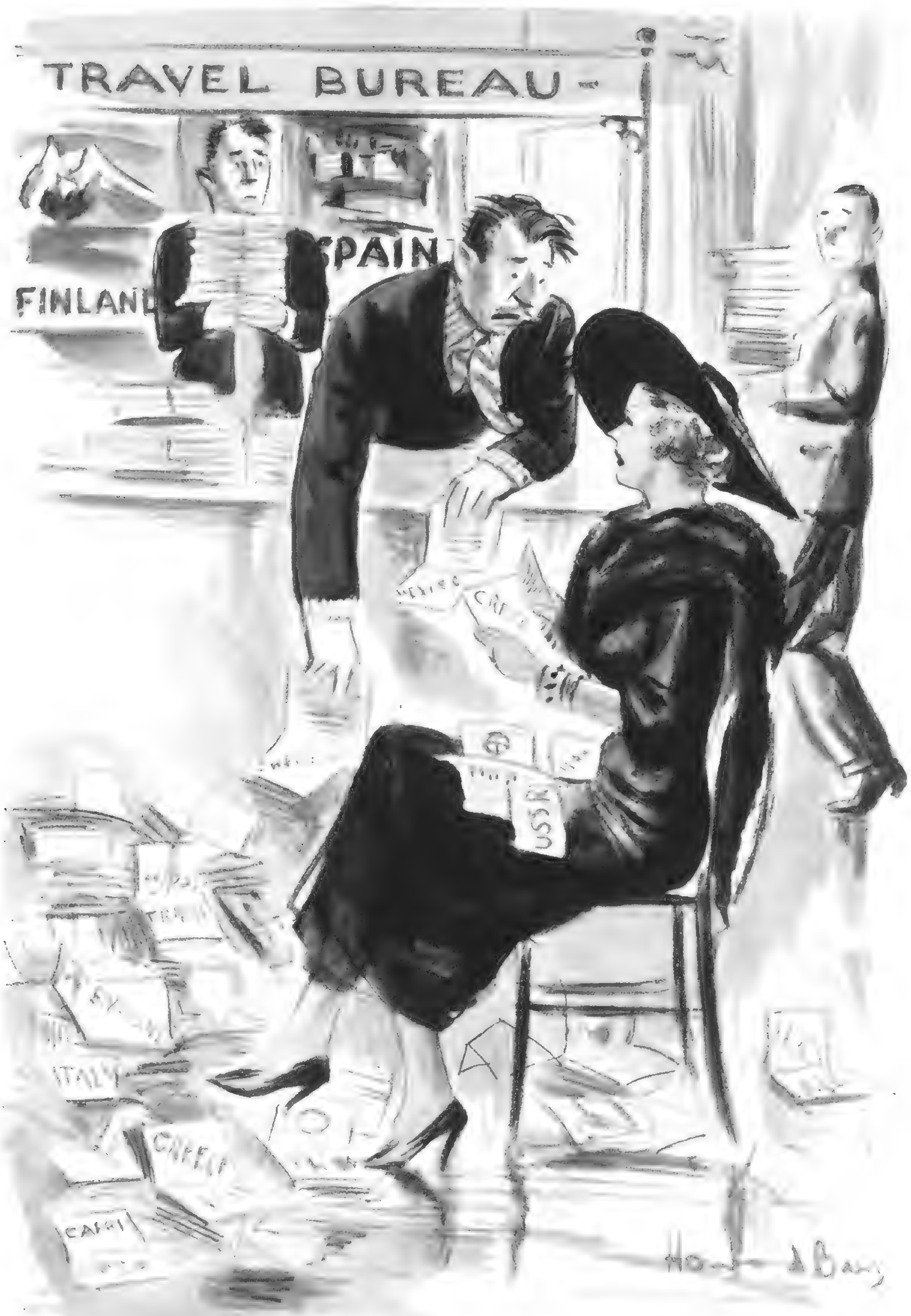
The sick were brought on deck; the prisoners in the brig were released; bugles called to quarters; men struggled to close the watertight doors and hatches. The *Victoria* and the *Camperdown*, grinding and groaning, remained locked together for about a minute, the *Camperdown's* twisted and battered ram buried deep in the shattered steel of the flagship, about twenty feet forward of her turret and some sixty-five feet from the bow. With engines backing the *Camperdown* pulled clear, a jagged hole in her port bow, her stem broken, some forward compartments flooded, but in no danger.

On the *Victoria's* chart house Captain Bourke spoke softly, teeth clenched, eyes dulled with pain: "I think I had better go below to see about the doors."

Admiral Tryon: "You go below to look after the doors; I will attend to the engines."

The *Victoria* was mortally stricken. Into the great breach below the waterline—100 square feet, lined by broken metal, open to the sea—rushed the Mediterranean, gur-

Continued in center of page 128


TRAVEL BUREAU
FINLAN
SPAIN
USSR
ITALY

"Have patience, lady, we'll find some place you haven't been"

Vanity Kit or Tool Chest

Continued from pages 85-115

four hole with three tremendous wood shots. He was at the top of the backswing on his first putt when an especially strong gust of the gale hit him and threw him so far off balance that he whiffed his putt completely and was seated firmly on the green. I still don't believe Ray's story but I'll have to admit that the wind at the British seaside courses seems to reach hurricane strength and often makes it difficult for the average player to get balanced well enough to hit any other than half shots. Consequently the average player at the British shore links may not need the club the average American player can use to advantage.

However, what's really going to happen with respect to sporting equipment is that the player will buy what he wants and can afford. I see men and women of all ages going to the courses with sets consisting of a brassie, a midiron, a mashie and a putter packed in a canvas bag. They're enjoying what they can afford. Soon they'll add a niblic and get added enjoyment out of seeing shots jump up out of traps. And after all, golf is a game from which we get a lot of fun. My greatest kick out of the game comes when I successfully make one of those difficult and unexpected recovery shots. I believe that most golfers feel the same as I do about this because it is the unexpected shots that are always discussed long after the game is over.

In the last two years I haven't had as much chance to enjoy myself playing with the 15 to 30 handicap fellows as I used to because they refused to play with me, pleading embarrassment. Of course, they don't realize that I am somewhat embarrassed too when it's inferred that maybe I can't play a game with them without feeling upset because they happen to take a dozen shots on a hole. But when I did have more of a chance to play with the grand army of high handicap golfers I was amazed to see how many of them still had the outlawed sand wedges in their bags. You might recall that the original sand wedge was ruled to be illegal because it had a concave face that put more stop on the ball. Incidentally, the ball was hit twice in the same stroke by this club—once on the bottom and then on the top.

Well, if there's anyone who can take one of those old sand wedges and put more stop on a shot out of a trap than Sarazen, Hagen, Revolta or others I can name, can get with the present legal type of sandtrap iron, I'll shine their clubs for them. That has rather impressed on me the hopelessness of too much legislation on golf clubs, for certainly, in this case, the legislation mainly affected the duffers, not the pros and expert amateurs.

Maybe we are carrying too many clubs for smaller caddies who are available for packing the load a fellow wants to use in tournaments—either national affairs or those at his club. This part of the problem can be handled by any competent caddie-master without bringing into the situation golf officials on both sides of the Atlantic.

And since I've been thinking about this club matter (in doing this piece) it has occurred to me that I ought to have a couple of left-handed clubs for trouble shots in my bag. Johnny Goodman carries a left-handed No. 4 iron, and I have seen him make some great recoveries with it. Guess I'll invest in those clubs and a couple of other grand irons I was fooling around with a few days ago. Maybe I'd better buy quick, for unless the talk about reducing golf's armaments is just talk, we may be playing championships on the plan of Jock Hutchison who will bet anyone any reasonable amount that he will go around your golf course under 80 and use only a putter. #

Mind of a Martyr

Continued from page 98

the principle of the idealists to use violence or to shed blood except when absolutely forced to do so," he answered. "For one thing bloodshed tends to alienate public opinion. But it is possible that one man, acting on his own initiative and passionately enamoured of his ideal, might decide to sacrifice the President's life in order to benefit society as a whole."

Sr. Valcarcel wiped his lips with his napkin and examined the greasy stain left on it. "And do you think it likely that anyone is contemplating a crime of that sort tomorrow?" he inquired.

"If there is," said Gustavo, "I have no doubt that the secret police are aware of it and have taken the necessary precautions."

"But you say it might be an individual acting on his own initiative. He would scarcely divulge his secret to anyone else unless he required an accomplice. In a case like this the secret police are powerless. They cannot foresee which man in a crowd of tens of thousands has come to the military display with that intention."

"How can any man be so vile," shuddered the señora. "Human life is sacred. I cannot think, Gustavo, how you can be so wicked as to uphold an action like that!"

"And yet, señora," said Gustavo in a low voice, "you do not consider a man vile when he is preparing to send thousands of men to their death, and worse than that, a futile death?"

"War," declared Sr. Valcarcel, "is as necessary to mankind as food and love. Without wars civilization would become stagnant and relapse into slothful senility. The most highly civilized nations are the most warlike nations. Europe has been the scene of almost constant warfare and for that reason Europe is the heart of civilization. It is the peaceful nations that sink into mediocrity in all branches of human activity, in trade, in scientific discoveries, in art and literature."

"They have become the spearhead of civilization in spite of wars," retorted Gustavo. "Wars were only one of the manifestations or consequences of a more vigorous race: they were certainly not essential to civilization. Had there been no wars during the last nineteen hundred years it would still have been the more vigorous nations, the European races, that would have outstripped the Southern races in the process of civilization by a greater energy of inventive power, a greater tenacity, a greater strength of will to take pains. War for its own sake is not glorious and does not stimulate the progress of civilization: it is the religion or idea that impels a nation to go to war that makes that war a blessing or a barbarism. Mere national pride or racial prejudice is not enough. There must be the conviction that human life must be sacrificed for something more eternal and more important to the human race than mere pride in some small piece of the globe's surface. And that is why I deplore the warlike activities of His Excellency. It is a futile, soulless war, and I, personally, refuse to sacrifice my life for a cause I do not believe in, though I am quite willing to die for a cause I really do feel will benefit humanity."

"And what cause is that?" asked Anita with a flicker of her curled lashes.

Gustavo looked at her. A sudden sadness welled up in him. He was remote from them. What could he say? He would have liked to pour out all his innermost convictions at that moment to ease his heart and mind. But what was the use? To speak out one's heart to people who do not share our views is mere emptiness, arousing only their smiles, their ridicule, their anger, perhaps leaving them indifferent. "Some day," he said in a dull sad tone, "you will know."

Sr. Valcarcel laughed with a forced air of tolerant good-humor. "Gustavo has his own private creed," he said, "for which he is willing to lay down his life. Very convenient! It will save him from risking his life with ordinary mortals in the battlefield."

Gustavo nodded derisively. "Yes," he said, "that is very possible. But I think you jump to conclusions rather too quickly, Sr. Valcarcel. Human nature and human motives are not so easily gauged." His under-lip was trembling with a strange mixture of feelings, anger, fear, self-pity and excitement. He rose from the table abruptly and left the room.

The next morning Gustavo awoke with a start. He lay a moment without moving. A feeling of horror welled up in him. "This is the morning!" he thought and then at once began to try to argue himself out of carrying out his intention. His eyes grew heavy with sleep and he felt that he had only to close them for a second and he would sink back into slumber and when he awoke again it would be too late. He made the experiment and in a few moments was dropping off into a doze. He awoke again with a start. A sudden effort of will made him sit up and walk over to the wash-stand. He bathed his arms, his face, his neck and shaved himself. He rang the bell and asked the servant to bring his coffee to his room. He dressed carefully to avoid the slightest risk of being taken for a member of the lower classes who were often searched by the police for hidden firearms on entering a public function. He examined his revolver carefully before putting it in his hip-pocket.

The servant brought his coffee. Gustavo sat down at a table to write a letter to his mother. He could not think what to say. He wanted to justify his action to her and yet to do so he would have to write a long, wearisome document, to argue his case, as though he were addressing a jury, and he shrunk from making his last words to his mother take the form of a soulless tract. He remained a long time with his pen poised over the paper, meditating. At last he wrote down the following words: "My dear Mother: It looks as though I have come to a bad end, doesn't it? But whatever other people may think or say I know that you will understand that what I have done I have done after careful thought and with the profound conviction that, in its wider consequences, my act is a good act. I believe it will change conditions that have become intolerable to many. The little good there is in me I know is pure, for it comes from you, and from that little good, though it may appear odd to you, I have drawn the strength and the decision to do this thing. Goodbye, mother, and don't worry about me and don't weep too much for me. I am happy in accomplishing so much so early in life. I hope you will share that happiness with me. Your loving son, Gustavo."

He placed the letter in an envelope, addressed it and leant it against a photograph of his mother

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Mind of a Martyr

Continued from pages 98-119

that stood on the top of the chest of drawers. He remained for a moment in the middle of the room and looked about him at the four walls. “But what madness is this?” he asked himself, burying his face in his hands. “Do you really intend to do this thing? What fantastic ideas pass through your mind! What standard have you with which to judge the expediency of this act—except your own convictions. And what if those are mistaken? Time alone will prove it when all the changes stirred up by my act have taken effect. Well, the immediate effect will be to disorganize a system of government that is run on perverse lines. If that be all, it is enough to justify my act. I shall have struck down an evil force with evil force and gained that much ground for what is good and true. This will be my contribution to civilization. If I turn aside now I shall betray my intelligence, my conscience, in response to the instinct of self-preservation which is whispering to me not to go and do this thing. If I continue to live without having attempted this thing I shall be a truncated thing, a stump of a human being, branching out around a truth that was there and is there no longer, a creature without an identity. There is only one man, at this moment, who by a certain process of thought and a certain combination of circumstances has reached the point where he is prepared to assassinate His Excellency. The opportunity and the determination must coincide, and that is rare. In me these two factors have coincided. I am the man chosen by chance to commit the crime. I can but obey the necessity that controls each one of us in our different wanderings.”

He bent down and flicked yesterday's dust from his shoes with his handkerchief. He picked up his hat from a hook behind the door and went out.

The buses running out to the racecourse were crowded. People stood on the platforms and bulged out, hanging on precariously from the footboard. Gustavo squeezed into one. Innumerable private cars full of complacent-looking families went sweeping by, one after another, blowing their refined horns to make the omnibus move into the side of the road.

“What a crowd there will be!” thought Gustavo nervously, feeling like an amateur actor watching the spectators taking their seats for a play in which he is taking the leading role.

The people around him were discussing the rumors of war.

“They say it will break out within the next forty-eight hours,” said one. “I heard this from someone who has a friend in the Ministry of War.”

“The President is a Man!” declared another. “He won't stand any nonsense. He'll show the C.....'s that we, the whole nation, will defend our rights and our honor with our lives. We are a proud race and we take orders from no foreigners!”

Outside the entrance to the racecourse there were mounted police in red and blue uniform. Foot police stood at the gates carefully scrutinizing the faces of the people as they entered, presumably on the lookout for certain well-known political suspects. Gustavo felt a little apprehensive as he passed close to the policemen and to save his face, glanced at his wristwatch and put it to his ear as though it had stopped. He was inside. He breathed easier. He followed the drift of the crowd towards the grandstand that was filling rapidly.

In the center of the racecourse a band was playing. Troops were marching in from the far end and forming square blocks facing the grandstand. The Presidential box, festooned with the national flag, was empty yet. Cordons of police were keeping a path clear among the crowd to give free access to the President's car when it arrived. Gustavo joined the throng lining the railings in front of the grandstand and edged his way to a spot almost exactly opposite the Presidential box.

Presently a turning of heads and craning of necks heralded the approach of the President. Clapping began to crackle away to the right like the commencement of a fireworks display and gradually swelled in volume to a swarming deafening patter mingled with cheers that sounded plaintive and sad in the open air with the sunshine and the blue sky above. Three gleaming limousines slid up within a few feet of Gustavo. The occupants got out on the far side. He saw the President ascending the steps of the grandstand towards the decorated box. A stout General bulging out of his grey uniform walked beside him and a few paces behind followed a group of grey-haired Ministers who conversed with each other as they went with a great many nods and private jokes, self-possessed and gravely attentive to each other as though completely unaware of the eyes of the multitude upon them. On reaching the box the President lifted his hand in acknowledgment of the cheers, first to one side and then the other. Then he stiffened to attention, lifted his chin and stared straight before him. The noise subsided. The band struck up the mournful long-winded national anthem.

Gustavo's head swam a little. He placed his hand in his hip-pocket and felt for the safety catch. A policeman standing in front of him blocked his aim. Gustavo moved a little to one side of him. The President stood rigidly to attention, his eyes staring arrogantly at the horizon straight in front of him. As Gustavo eased the revolver out of his hip-pocket the President's eyes dropped and he seemed to be looking straight at Gustavo. Gustavo felt himself grow white. “Is he looking at me,” he stammered to himself, “or the man next to me? Does he read it in my face?” He remained as still as death staring anxiously at the President's eyes. The next moment the President's gaze shifted away and once more fastened on the middle distance. The national anthem dragged on. Gustavo drew a deep breath. He raised the revolver out of his pocket and aimed it, feeling that all eyes must be upon him. He fired three times in quick succession and at the third shot saw the President open his mouth with a puzzled expression on his face and fall forward holding his hands to his stomach and hang over the balustrade of the box, limp and still, as though examining the paint on the outer facing of a wooden baluster. There was an odd single movement of the crowd, the grandstand seemed to sway, and became steady again. The policeman standing in front of Gustavo turned round with his head thrown up and white-rimmed eyes. For a moment he seemed too dazed to know what to do. Gustavo watched him struggling at the holster by his side, draw out a revolver and point it at him.

“This is the end,” he thought. “Yet, though my own life now ends, I shall live in humanity, for humanity and I are one, and while humanity lives I shall live, for I am part of it.”

All movement seemed to have paused around him. The blue sky above the grandstand was very beautiful. He was deafened and confused by the roaring of the crowd in his ears. “How slowly he presses the trigger!” he thought; and an icy fear came upon him.

The policeman's revolver cracked loudly right in his face. #

The Thirteenth Battle

Continued from page 87

A full twenty minutes must have passed before there was a lull in his zig-zagging tactics and ferocious tuggings. They were the hardest but happiest twenty minutes I have ever spent. With every faculty alert, nerves strained to the snapping point, trembling with excitement, I matched his every wily maneuver with a cross move. When Old Juggernaut decided to rest, I was glad. My friends insisted that they should relieve me, but tired as I was, I steadfastly refused. There was too much risk. Darkness was my world and this battle was being fought in it.

What the thing was, lying out there like a piece of lead at the end of my line, was a mystery to all of us. We knew he was game since he took the fly. He was fast, heavy, cunning and powerful, but not once, to our knowledge, had he broken water as a bass or trout.

I began to wonder if he had snagged my line and escaped, he was so still against the tension. I slacked up gently on the rod and jerked sharply. The reaction was like a bolt of lightning. He re-tuned the line viciously as he went off in a mad struggle for freedom. Again and again I was forced to use all my waning strength and borrowed skill to check his masterful onslaughts, but as time dragged on and his rest periods came more often, I was able to work him closer and closer toward shore.

At last, when victory for me seemed sure enough, someone brought a gaff hook. I beseeched them not to use it. The long fight had been a fair one and I wished it to so continue. If he was able to see victory now, after almost an hour of spirit-breaking counters, he was welcome to his freedom. I had determined to land him alone, but when at last, I realized by the ejaculations of my comrades what I was struggling with, I consented to the landing net.

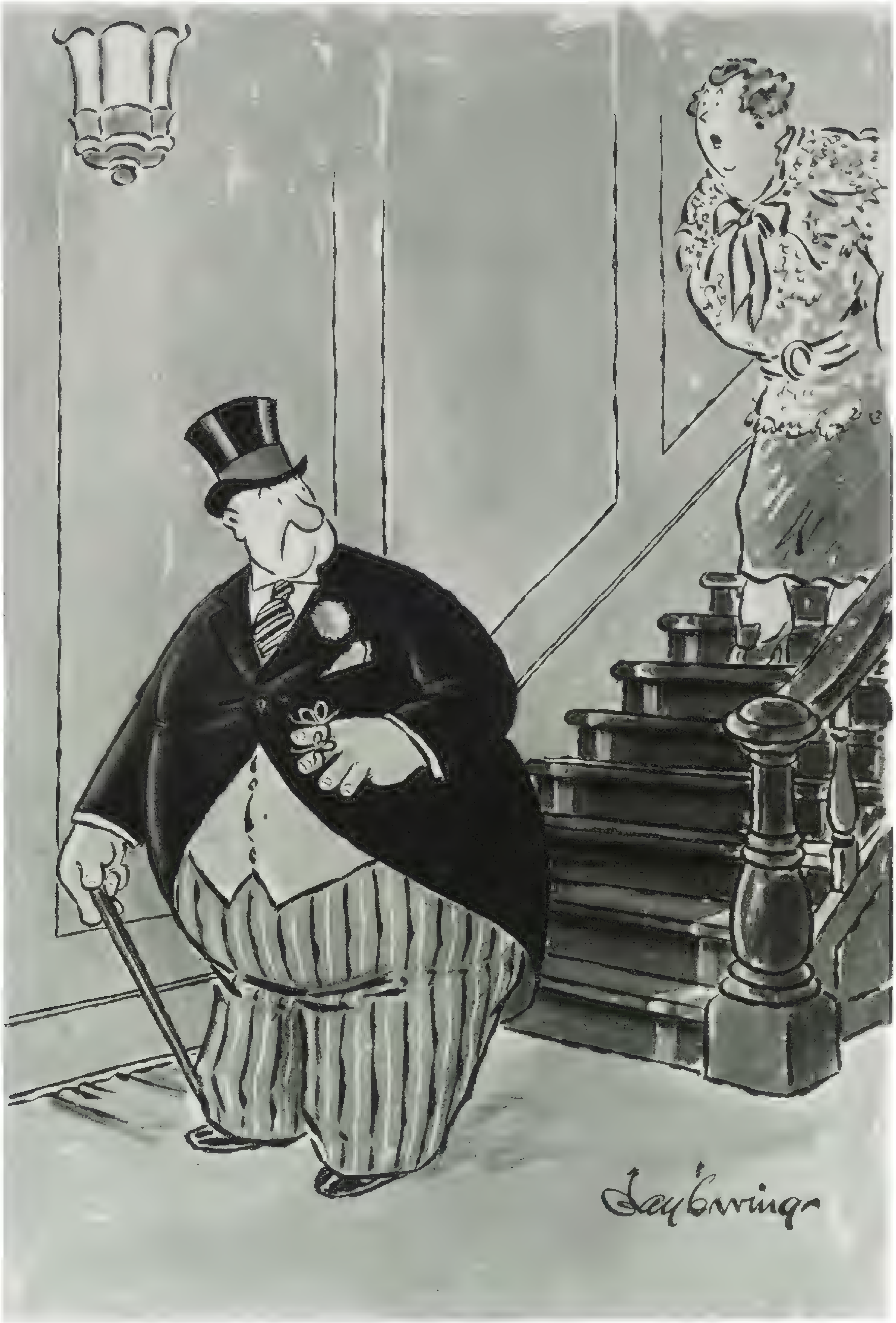
Several times I had the big fellow up close but every time he had whirled back to deeper water.

At last, Harris waded out a few feet and stood while I worked Old Juggernaut shoreward. Suddenly there came a wild splashing and scramble of pebbles and my line went limp. A yell went up from the others and Harris waded out with the fish in the net.

I was so tired, I slumped to the ground. My arms and back ached, while my body was wet all over with water and perspiration. But the fight was gloriously over until renewed at the fireside in reminiscence. A few minutes later, they laid the catch before me, that I might feel over him to see what I had battled. My hands passed over his head, strong jaws and huge, slick body. It was a channel cat whose weight we later found to be sixteen pounds.

By flashlight, my companions counted the scars in the broad mouth and long, powerful jaws. There were twelve. My hook had made the thirteenth wound.

Somehow, as I sat there tired and my strength gone, thinking of those other twelve terrific struggles for freedom, possibly one from a bank line far down the Mississippi and another from a trot line way up the Ohio or a casting rod in the swifter waters of Colorado, I had keen regrets. Almost, I wished our battle was leaving only another scar deep in the toughened jaws of Old Juggernaut. #



"Now, be careful; this is a big day for you. You have *two* *things to remember . . ."*

Dawn of Recovery

Continued from page 81

Zekiah sittin'. He knowed us bet on de Zick Zacks, an' he sorry fo' true.

"I don' know what ail de mens," say Joe, "outside dey all claim dey got a miz'ry in de haid. I know my haid achin' fit to bus' wide open."

"Mfff!" I say biffo' Zekiah can stop me. "It ain' nare mizry fix it so you cain' hit nare ball."

"Hush yo' talkin', gal," Zekiah say to me.

"Nossuh, not me," say I. "Disheer too big a come-out. You jus' as well know de truth, Joe Be'nard, an' de truth is Pa Joe been yuh in de paster las' night atter de moon set, an' walk away back'ards when he leave."

"Who Pa Joe?" ask Be'nard.

"He a hoodoo, an he conjure you-all. I been hear tell how he fix de fiel' ev'y time de Spo'ts do play, an' da's how come 'ey nev' been no yuther team to beat 'em."

He scratch his haid.

"I been hear tell, too, me yes," he say in de Frenchy way he talk. "I been hear tell how de ol' peoples say to fix a hoodoo, dem. Miz Tut, you got some sal'peter to you' house, maybe?"

"Zekiah got some 'at he keep fo' de mule."

"You got some pepper and ga'lic, no?"

"Both is strung f'om de kitchen raf'ers."

Joe Be'nard turn to Zekiah.

"Le's we go," he say. "Dey won' have to hol' up de game, no, does we hurry, us."

Zekiah tell me atterward how he do. He take nine pod of de pepper, an' nine clove of de ga'lic, an' nine pinches offen de sal'peter 'at Zekiah kep' in de ba'n fo' de mule, who name Miss Lucy. He mash 'em an' mash 'em between he han's, an' 'en he scronch 'em up wid nine pinches of table salt, an' nemmine how de pepper burn an' sting. He step aside to wet de mash wi' chamber lye, an' tuk de whole mess in he bandanner, which he wave to'ds de no'th, de south, de eas' an' de wes'.

When he come back to de paster, Belizaire say:

"How long you expeck us to hol' up de ball game by you not bein' on han'?"

Joe Be'nard look at him, an' say real loud, so all de peoples can hear him good:

"Dey tell me Pa Joe been yuh las' night, him, yes, an' lef' de fiel' walkin' back'ards. I fixin' to see, me, will Pa Joe come back?"

"You fixin' mighty biggity," say Belizaire, lookin' kind of sot back. Joe Be'nard pay him no min', not him, honey, he jus' walk out to de third base place in de paster an' he scatter some of de stuff he have in de bandanner, and he walk to de second base an' do de same thing, and to de firs' base, an' to de home place, an' to whe' de pitcher stan' at, an' whe' de catcher stan' at, an' he take de bats an he rub de han'les wid what lef', an' all 'is time de crowd sayin': "What he mean, Pa Joe comin' back?" by ev'ybody knowed Pa Joe was a hoodoo, an' some folks passin' de word 'bout how he put a conjure on de fiel' las' night, an' Joe Be'nard fixin' to onconjure de fiel' by day.

So dey go on wid de play. De firs' of de Zick Zacks walk up yonnuh to de home place, an "Gow!"—de ball sail 'way. De secon' one do de same, an' so do de nex', an' it three mens on de bases when Joe Be'nard pick up he bat. He rub he han's wid de las' of de stuff in de bandanner, an' take hol' de bat. Ev'ybody pow'ful quiet, now, an' yonnuh come de ball. "Gow!" She sail 'way off in de paster an win' up a-rollin' smack in a ol' well by de far side, so it make fo' runs fo' de Zick Zacks.

An' now de peoples ain' quiet no mo', not dem. Yay-oh, Lawd, dey stamp an' dey holluh fit to tie, an' when Joe Be'nard get back to de home place an' turn to walk to whe' at de Zick Zacks sit, dey pat dey han's in time to he steps, like 'is: Clap, clap, clap, clap!—an' in time to de soun' it make dey sayin': "Pa Joe come back! Pa Joe come back! Pa Joe come back!"

Young Capm Bonvillein gi' Joe Be'nard fi' dollars, an' say:

"Here y'are. You done earn it. You de Pa Joe of disheer country now " An' he turn to de Capm Alcide, sayin': "I ain' gwy take you' bet money, fo' all we win de ball game, not me."

Capm Alcide he say: "How come? What you gettin' at?"

"Dopin' lemonade is what I gettin' at," say Capm Bonvillein.

"Goddlemighty," say Capm Alcide. "You don' think I had nare thing to do wid dat? It was dat black Belizaire, an' I fixin' to win' up he clock, I don' aim to leave no mo' hide on he back."

He look 'roun' fo' Belizaire, but he too long gone, an' he ain' never come back to de bayou, neither de ol' Pa Joe.

But de new Pa Joe, he stay. He don' have to do nare lick of work, neither chop wood, neither hoe cawn, neither plow de cane fiel', neither blacksmith, neither nothin'. All he got to do is live in de cabin what dey gi' him, an' draw he rations ev'y Saddy de good Master sen'.

Yay-oh, Lawd, look down, look down! He ol', now. He ain' de spry young buck what win de ball games, not now, no Lawd. Lea' de white folks study 'bout dey rillief rolls. You he'p Pa Joe like you do he'p him in de ol' time, de long-pas' time, de good time. De ol' folks gwy teach dey chillens to show re-speck, like I teachin' my chillens tonight. He'p my chillens, Lawd an' Master in de Heavms. Nemmine what de white folks say, us knows when you sen' Pa Joe back to de bayou, da's a sign de good times is comin' back and de preshun ready to go 'way. Clap, clap, clap, clap. Da's a good sign, chillens. It mean: Pa Joe come back an' bring de good time wi' him. #

An Unidentified Man

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what with days off and hangovers and other contingencies.

Our composite copyreader arrives on the job, from five minutes to a half hour late. He looks in his mail box, which will contain a couple of dunning letters and a notice from his college alumni society. Then he looks at the bulletin board and rereads all the dusty old notices that have been there for weeks. Then he hangs his coat on the back of his chair, takes another aspirin, hawks, spits, goes out to the toilet, finds some copy paper and pencils and takes his seat, looking expectantly and defiantly at the slot-man, who has not been entirely unaware of his presence and lateness. The slot-man looks at the copyreader with an oyster-like eye and then shuffles a pile of work. He picks out what he thinks is the lousiest and tosses it contemptuously at the copyreader. The latter then is ready to start for the day, with muttered curses, headshaking and rolling of the eyeballs over the stupidity of the person who wrote the piece. This goes on for a five-day, forty-hour week.

The copyreader is generally known as a non-producer, in contrast to the reporters, rewrite men, city and telegraph editors and copy boys. He does not produce material which goes into the paper, while the others do, although the condition of this material in its mint state is a thing horrible to look upon, sometimes producing in the copyreader who handles it every indication of an acute case of tomomania, during which he fingers his shears and mumbles. Tomomania is one of those things a copyreader would know. I ran across it in the medical dictionary the other day while looking up a couple of new symptoms. It means a morbid desire to perform surgical operations.

The copyreader is expected to be able to spell, and to be familiar with the simple rules of grammar. This requirement for copyreaders eliminates the necessity for such knowledge among the people who write for the paper. God knows what it would look like without copyreaders; probably like one of the less luxurious editions of *Only a Girl* or *Fannie Hill*, and a pirated edition at that. The copyreader also looks for libel and obvious misstatements which have been tossed in to liven the story up a little. He also has to watch out for the mixed metaphor lurking amid the verbiage and for the lightning tense change and the redundancies with which all good newspaper writers sprinkle their copy.

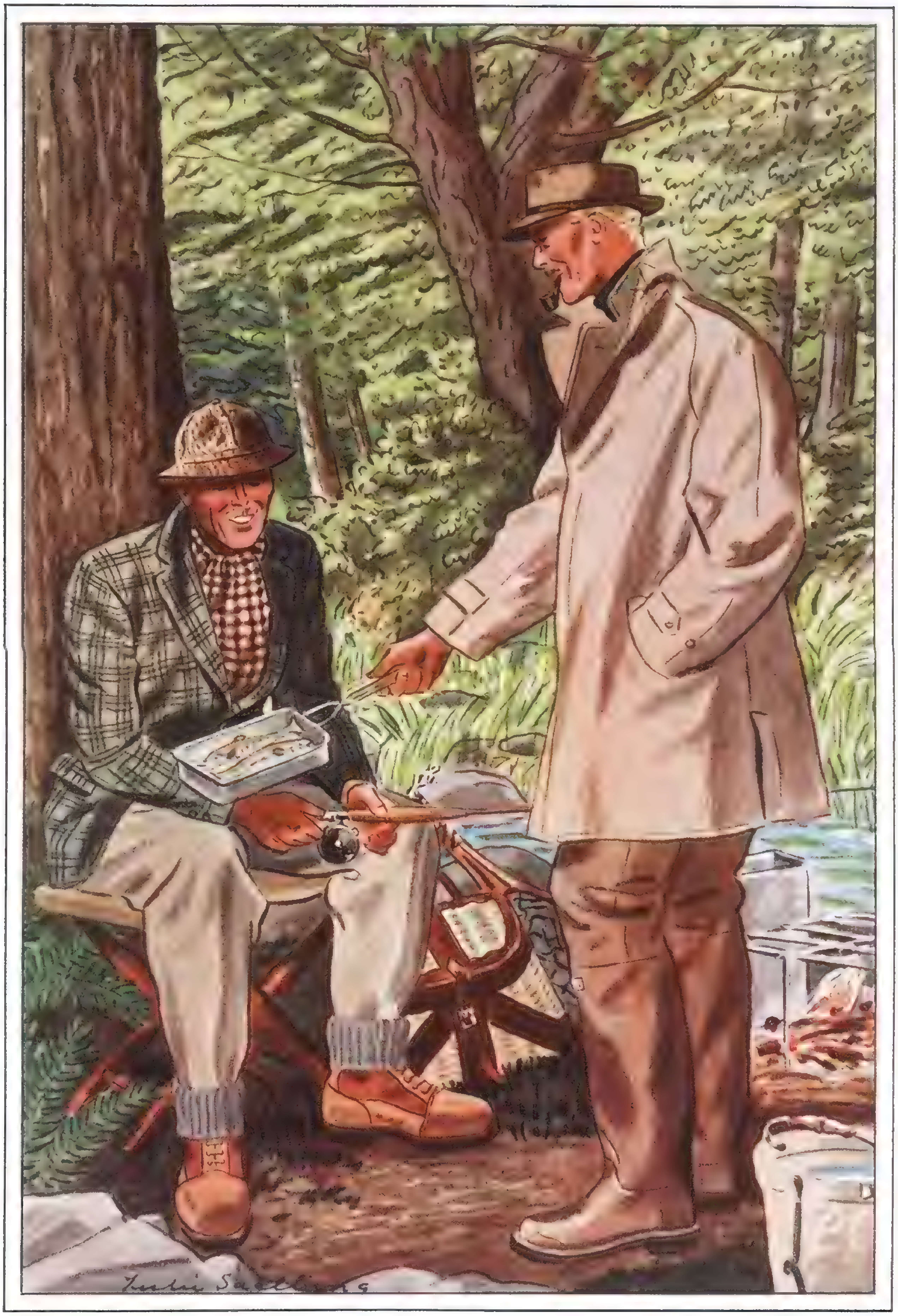
Much of this portion of his task is subconscious. Things like *the widow of the late John Weech*, in which *the late* is automatically crossed out; and the use of *secured* for *obtained*. In the last case, when the copyreader comes across *secured* in a piece of AP copy, as he changes the word he can picture to himself, if he is so inclined, copyreaders all over the nation going through the identical motions at the same time. (And yet the AP always writes *secure*.)

The copyreader's mind must be crammed with minor and relatively unimportant facts, none of which seems useful at the time of its acquisition, but sooner or later, if he stays on the desk long enough, it will come in handy. Every day he learns a few new ones. He must have also a superficial acquaintance with geography, commercial and topographical; a smattering of forensic medicine and a touch of law. He must be well grounded in political economy, both theoretical and in practical, rough-and-tumble reality; his history must be sound and brought up to date. If you will just hum over to yourself the Major General's song I think that will about cover the field.

From this, I think, you readily will see that a certain temperament is necessary to a successful career in copyreading, although many newspapermen will tell you that a successful career in copyreading is in itself a failure. We have our moments, however. Such as when we are able to correct it to the *Court of St. James's* or the *Queen of the Belgians* or *the Florence Crittenton Home*. Or, to bring just one gleaming instance to mind, that bugaboo of Philadelphia copyreaders, the name of the city treasurer, which is *WillB* (correct) *Hadley*. But the aforesaid are minor matters.

Each copyreader is equipped with, besides a hair-splitting mind, a number of tools. He has, for example, a straight-backed and extremely uncomfortable chair. You would think that for a job which is an entirely sitting down one, and one in which a degree of concentration is needed, the employer would see to it that there is a modicum of comfort for the worker, on the premise that the more comfortable he is the better the quality of work. It seems to have been figured out the other way; less comfort, less distraction. This chair is placed at a certain sector of the desk, and an old-line copyreader can't work right un-

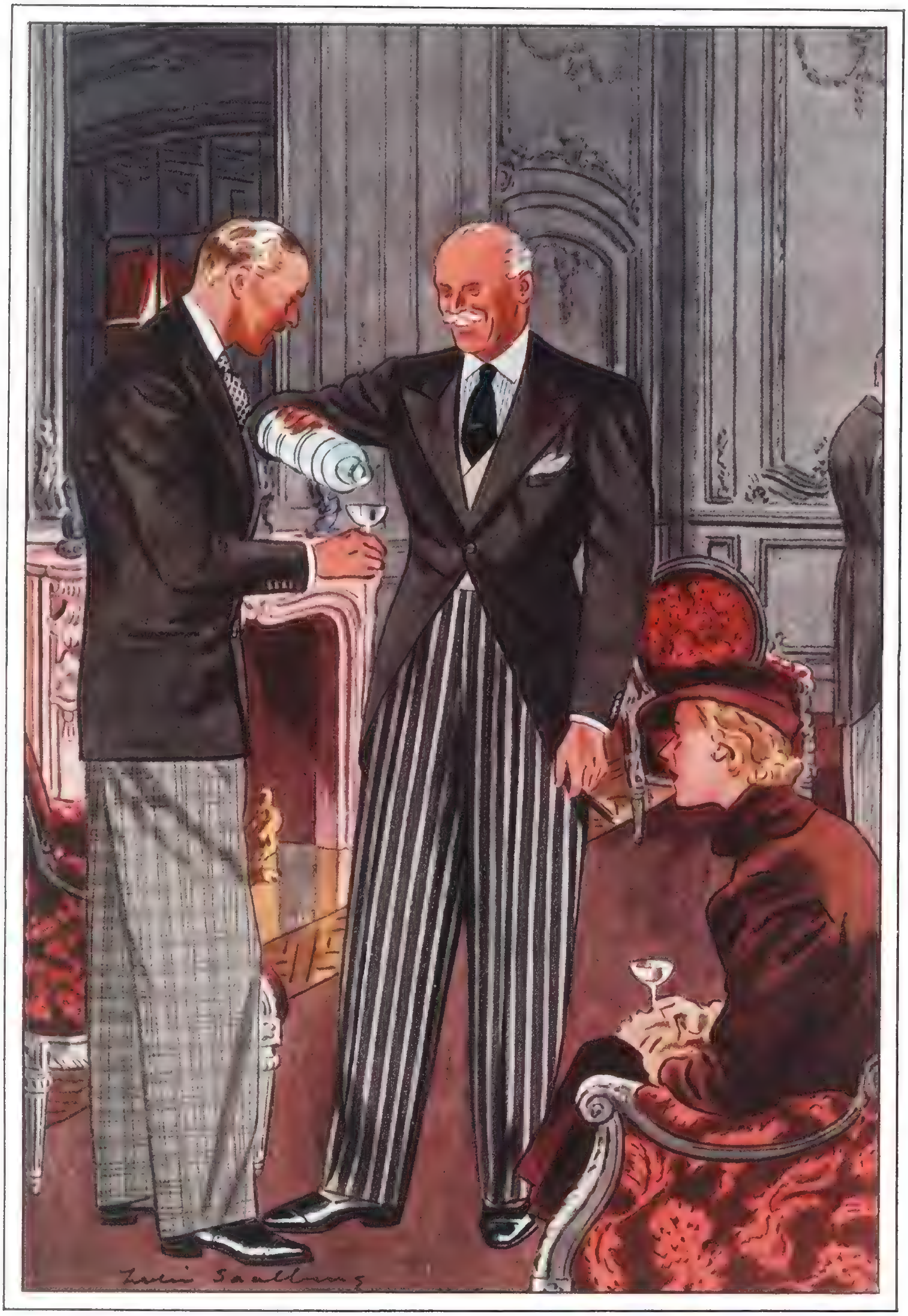
Continued on page 125



ANGLING AMONG THE ANGLO-ARISTOCRATS

If you have an impulse to snicker at the blandly British get-up of the gent on the left, you may stifle it with the reflection that we have had presidents who wore derbies and stiff collars in quest of trout. And as between the two extremes, we must admit that our votes go to this outfit which is the type of fishing turnout worn on the River Dee in Scotland. Showing it here was not just a whim on the part of our fashion staff, as this garb has of late been affected by many well dressed Americans. The hat is a tweed grouse helmet, the jacket is of lovat Shetland in a Glen Urquhart plaid. The waders are the chest high English type, worn with heavy socks and wading shoes of leather and canvas. The other outfit consists of a brown pork pie hat, a blue turtle-neck sweater, brown hip boots (the good new color) and the increasingly popular short English raincoat, with side vents.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



WHEN THE DRINKS ARE ON THE TOWN HOUSE

We venture the assumption that this little *genre* scene depicts a Sunday afternoon at home, a quiet little gathering dedicated to the avoidance of ho-hum. In any case, the men have on their Sunday clothes, these being the nearest modern equivalent to the old time dress up costume known as the Sunday-go-to-meetin'-suit. The younger man's dress comprises a double breasted unfinished worsted jacket carrying only four buttons, with the lapel rolled to the lower ones, cuffless trousers of Glen Urquhart cheviot, plain black shoes, a colored soft shirt, white stiff collar and cuffs and a dark Spitalfields tie with a fine white overstripe. The host wears a one button peak lapel morning coat with a double breasted waistcoat of fawn linen, striped worsted trousers, black shoes with cloth button tops, a soft striped broadcloth shirt with starched collar, and a gold animal stickpin in his Spitalfields tie.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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less he gets the same place every day, although God knows there is little enough difference between the pie-cuts of the desk itself. The copyreader usually has a drawer in the desk, too, which is filled with his old letters, his bicarbonate, and an amorphous mixture of old pencils, old erasers and old wadded copy paper. Here he also keeps his shears.

Shears are the one important item of a copyreader's equipment. Some papers provide them (indeed, the one on which I am now employed chains a pair in each drawer, but even the chains have not prevented theft) and some require the copyreader to bring them. A journeyman copyreader sometimes brings his own shears, engraved with a name on the shank. This name, however, seldom is his own, which opens a grave line of thought. The older and more experienced the copyreader, the larger his shears. Old timers carry a huge, clanking pair and wear down the nerves of their colleagues by snipping their nails during slack periods. The blades come together with a horrible, clashing clamor like two medieval armies meeting in a Cecil B. de Mille picture, and you turn around expecting to see the bloody stump of an arm which was not got out of the way quickly enough. There are remarkably few accidents, in spite of this.

The shears also are used for trimming the small hairs out of the nostrils, for cleaning pipes and clipping cigars, for cutting up apples and other articles of food, for stirring coffee in cardboard containers (ever present on all copy desks) and for other little bits of housewifery. Their intended purpose is to clip pieces from the paper for correction or for cutting up copy which has to be rearranged. In the old days before the newspaper game lost much of its glamour, copyreaders used the shears as weapons, too. They would fight duels at forty paces and an expert could span your neck with the *forcibi* by a flick of the wrist.

The employer also provides glue, or paste, usually of the most abominable quality and aroma. Little need be said about this except that there are two schools of pasters. One slashes the stuff about like a bill poster and uses several gills to get a small clipping stuck to a piece of paper, and for the rest of the working hours wonders why everything in front of him is sticking together. The other is more delicate and artistic, finding a few judicious dabs here and there make a neat and permanent job. I am of the latter persuasion.

Pencils are another item. Very few papers make you bring your own. Some of the better publications are known far and wide for the excellence of the pencils they provide, while others are avoided like the plague for the writing implements they inflict on the help. I have known a paper to buy millions of one grade of pencil, about a half-inch in circumference and with a lead impervious to any sort of wear. The pencil was named *Draillib*, a heaven-sent inspiration on the part of some smart pencil merchandiser, no doubt. The name reveals on careful analysis, the word *Billiard* spelt backwards. Why copyreaders should be called upon to use a pencil intended for marking in some low pool academy, I do not know. Then there is the Blaisdell pencil, a paper device with an excellent grade of lead. Somebody sold old Col. Blaisdell the idea of running a piece of string down the pencil, under the outside cover, so that by pulling the string a little you can start another coil of paper. This must have been a great thing for the pencil industry, because there is no one I can think of who can resist pulling the string all the way, thus rendering the pencil inoperative. A copyreader never sharpens a wooden pencil. He uses nothing but new ones, allowing the old ones to accumulate in his drawer until there are so many that he has to go look for another job to get away from them.

His work is done in the midst of what is commonly known as a Bedlam. There is the clacking of typewriters, the chatter of the Morkrum-Kleinschmidt machines, the grating of two girl reporters talking behind his chair, the bellowing of the editors, the screams of "boy! Boy!! BOY!!! *Boy*!!!!," the tapping of the fingers of the man next to him, the undertone humming of the man on the other side, the roar of the mighty presses, the cacophony of traffic, the music, the lights, ahh! that was Broadway—oops! He works ahead, paying no attention to all this. The only thing that disturbs him is whistling. I once was present when a Western Union boy came whistling through a newspaper office, passing the copy desk while executing a few thrups and double thweeps. In less time than it takes to tell, his flesh had been shredded from his bones by the infuriated copyreaders, who leaped on him like the deadly piranhas of the Amazon.

All this is as nothing—the shears, the pencils, the glue, the hard chairs, the noise and the ill-temper of the slot-man. The copyreader's real problem is type. And may Gutenberg or that God damned old Chinese who antedated him or whoever it was started it all be damned to Fiddler's Green, which is nine miles below Hell. And curses be on the name of Caslon, of Baskerville, of Goudy, on the Goths, the Romans and the Italians, but particularly on, and on all the heirs and assigns of, Bodoni and his dreadful brother, Ultra Bodoni, and may they be seized with St. Anthony's fire. In passing, I may say a kind word for Gothic condensed and for Cheltenham condensed, especially if they be in lower case.

For the copyreader's chief problem is type. Such was the lack of vision of the first typefounder that he cast his type in metal, for it will not stretch, and will not squeeze; especially will not squeeze. And the heads on all papers—except those of the Hearst papers which are using that throw-it-all-in-a-box-and-shake-it-up method—are limited by the column size to an inflexible count. There are one-line heads, two lines and three lines, sometimes four, with banks, drops, bar-lines, hanging indents, full and centers, divisionals and subheads, but all of them have a maximum count, and this is always one or two letters, sometimes only a half letter, less than enough to say what the copyreader wants to say in the head.

Imagine to yourself the frightening possibilities of having to get into a short-count head such people as *Senator Freylinghuysen*, *Mabel Walker Willebrandt* or *Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt*, on an old line paper which is iron hard in its rules and won't let the copyreader get informally familiar with the great and near great. Imagine to yourself the grateful homage which is the due of a king like *Zog*. And do not doubt that most copyreaders, crusty and hidebound as they are, thank the Roosevelt administration for the much maligned alphabetical agencies, which can be used without even taking up precious space with periods. Even *Huey Long* was often spoken of favorably among copyreaders for the brevity of his name.

Expediency on the copy desk is the reason for *T. R.*, *F. D. R.*, *Doug and Mary*, *Duce*, *First Lady*, *Tax-Rich Bill* (or *Tax-Thrifty*, according to policy) *Gloria*, *John D.*, and scores of others being immediately meaningful to the public eye when such names catch that eye in one of the less formal papers. Names are the copyreader's chief obstacle, when coupled with the inflexibility of type. He can begin to breathe easily over a story only when the principal actors can be designated by some pithy tag. He thanks God for such criminals as *Karpis*, although good old Alvin is becoming a bore; he was more bitter than the Department of Justice publicity bureau about *Dillinger*, who counts eight and takes a short verb if any, and he believes that any family named *Weyerhaeuser* deserves to have its child kidnaped, but that it should be kept secret. *Karpis* will stand by himself, because he counts only five and a half; *Dillinger* was a nightmare on papers forbidding prepositions or split verbs on the end of the top line of a head; *Weyerhaeuser*, counting twelve and a half, was impossible, and *Timber Heir* was the only alternative.

The copyreader's life is lived in a Gehenna of units, half-units and units and a half—for in capital letters *I*'s are ½, *M*'s and *W*'s 1½, and all other letters a complete unit, with commas and semicolons a half. In capital letters it is comparatively simple to carve out some kind of a headline, but when fate dumps a man on a paper that uses heads in caps and lower case, it is pure torture, because no two letters are exactly alike in lower case.

Verbs are easy. There is a copyreader's vocabulary containing words to fit almost any act of Providence. In fact, the conscientious man strives to avoid using the obvious word and only falls back on it when he has exhausted every other possibility. *Probe*, *quiz*, *weigh*, *sift*, *hit*, *score*, *assail*, *rap*, *mar*, *aver*, *assert*, *declare*, *slay*, *kill*, *speed*, *rush*, *spur*, *balk*, *bar*, *ban*, *find*, *bare*, *charge*, *see*, all are in constant use. Most men who have any pride at all in their work will not use *say*, or *flay* and even try to get away from any of the aforementioned lot and many others that escape me for the moment. Many slot-men will permit one of these words to be used once in an edition. The unusual verb is held by most copyreaders to be the heart of a good head and a man will stretch and strain to find one.

As if all this wasn't tough enough, the copyreader also has to contend with the personal foibles of the publisher, the managing editor or the slot-man, or maybe all three, and the slot-man is more terrifying because he is the immediate superior. And all of these persons have rules which in violation send them into frenzies of vituperation, too terrible here to repeat.

In handling the police force a number of prohibitions immediately are involved. Many papers will not permit the use of *cop*, although I am glad to say my present employer allows it. With *cop* eliminated, the desk must resort to *policeman*, or *patrolman*, which is half a unit longer. When dealing with a plurality of gendarmes, *police*, of course, makes it a little easier, and *police* also has the advantage of taking a plural verb, which shortens things more. *Bluecoat* no longer is in use, *officers* often is barred and *authorities* is backwoodsy.

Tot is almost universally proscribed now, although for purposes of heavy-handed facetiousness—the only kind, it appears, that can be understood by newspaper readers—it occasionally is permitted. But the index expurgatorius differs on each paper, except in wide, blanket regulations. I know a number of papers which absolutely forbid the use of *blood*, in a gory sense, although it can be used in a head over a scientific story. Where I work now the desk can't say *nude*, *fiend*, *sex* or *orgy*. Thus with one neat

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swipe are removed the four words once most frequently seen in tabloids. In fact, all four usually were in the same head, in various combinations.

The ancient fact that no one word has the same meaning to any two persons has given rise to these edicts from time to time. There is one publisher who will not permit *bandit*, except in connection with Chinese, Sicilian or Albanian marauders. The word conjures up to him a mental picture of a wild, roving band of semi-savages, armed to the teeth and preying on travelers. Of course, the derivation of the word does indicate that the original bandits were such because of banishment by government, but if *bandit* in its literal sense does not apply to the modern *footpad* (and there's a word sadly fallen into disrepute) I don't know what does. The same publisher thinks nothing of the use of *thug*, which makes me wince, because I, who am unimportant, at once picture a half-nude, turbaned Hindu, out to do service to the gods by strangling a couple of victims for the mere pleasure. The original word meant a robber, and it was taken from a Sanskrit word meaning swindler, and I do not think it applies to a gang of bank bandits, who sometimes execute their depredations with the exactitude of military maneuvers.

The Hearst papers will not allow *murder* in their headlines, although if you stop to think it seems almost impossible to print a paper without the word. *Divorce* and *blood* are on the forbidden list. The Hearst papers also used to have a rule that Marion Davies was the only movie *star*, all the others were just *actresses*. But if you think the great, white, silent Mr. Hearst is just quibbling, remember that all publishers have their little likes and dislikes. There is a paper in Philadelphia which won't let you say a missing person has *vanished*, because it is the editor's contention that only a demon or a magician can *vanish*, and then only with a puff of smoke. All other natural beings just *disappear*, which is a long word, as headlines go. A great many papers in the South will not say *Civil War*, but insist on *War Between the States*, with caps.

Euphemisms are another minor worry. For some reason, the short, expressive word *rape* can't be used anywhere, even in a story, much less a headline. I suppose editors do not like the idea of children saying, "Daddy, what is *rape?*" So the act becomes an *attack*, and *attack* means anything from a blistering political speech to the subdivision of a small girl. It is doubtful if the nuances of the word are appreciated by the reader. He would be inclined, I believe, to store away in one unswept corner of his mind a single meaning for *attack*, and that is *rape*. Why a woman cannot be *pregnant*, to pursue the same tasty line of thought, is not known either. She must be an *expectant mother*, or *about to become a mother*. Of course, the shocking obstetrical prophecies of the columnists are exempt from any ruling. But imagine—I am calling on imaginations a great deal, it seems—imagine the problem set up when, as in a recent story, there was a young woman who intercepted a bullet in a street fight; she was mortally wounded and a hasty Caesarean saved the life of her unborn child even after she was dead. In addition to this complicated state of affairs, she wasn't married, although I hope she was at least bethrothed. Imagination boggles. I cannot recall how I got around that at the time, but I did. You can do anything when the deadline is approaching. It was something like this, I fancy:

UNWED MOTHER SLAIN;
UNBORN BABY SAVED

You may have noticed that *love nest* has fallen out of favor. It is a *tryst* now, and *tryst* is the word for anything from a meeting between nihilist conspirators to an illicit romance involving miscegenation. It just depends on how you look at it.

Then there is the matter of *style*, which is so complicated that there is little use trying to explain it. The expression *style* is employed to describe a paper's effort to be consistent in spelling, abbreviation and capitalization. No two papers in the United States are quite alike in this respect, but, thank God, this is more a matter for the composing room than the copy desk, because linotype operators and the proofreaders are supposed to know the paper's style and to set things right in the first place. This provides some eerie results at times, such as when *macabre*, instead of conveying a ghastly impression, becomes Scotch, and is set *MacAbre;* or when a strike of *pilchard* fishermen is set with a cap *P*, giving the hasty reader the idea that the fishermen work for someone who might be named *J. Howard Pilchard*. Papers differ in their spelling of foreign words and names which are transliterations; they teeter between *Praha* and *Prague*, *Tokyo* and *Tokio*, *Split* and *Spalata*, *Walwal* and *Ual Ual*, *Lwow* and *Lvov*, *Djibouti* and *Jibuti* and countless others. Their hyphenations differ and their compoundings are confusion. You can work for years on one paper and never get to the end of the style book, which lists the paper's preferences. But style is little worse than a persistent attack of impetigo.

Probably the one master rule which causes more headaches than any other is in the physical formation of the headline. Far back in the dim past, when headlines first were used, some primordial copyreader formulated the regulations which by this time have become a set pattern in the copyreader's brain. While he is sliding words back and forth on a mental abacus, trying to get them to add up, he lays out this pattern in some level spot and tries to fit nouns and verbs into it. The traditional form of head is this way:

XXXX XXXXX XXX
XXXXX XXXXXXX
XX XXXXXX XXXX

not

XXXX XXXXXXX XXX
XXXXXX XX XXXXXX
XX XXXXX XXXXXXX

nor

XXX XXXXX XXXX
XXXXX XXX XXXXXX
XXX XXXX XXXXX

nor

XXX XXXXXXX XXXX
XXXX XXXXXX XX
XX XXXXX XXXXXXX

That first one, with steps, is the way a perfect head should look, and it's mighty tough to make it look that way lots of times.

In the same immemorial past it was decided, apparently arbitrarily, that the top line of a head could not end with a preposition; neither could a compound verb nor an adjective and a noun be separated by the end of a line. These strict rules were drilled into each copyreader, so that eventually his mind would reject automatically any combination of words that did not fall into the pattern.

Of course, the best and clearest heads are those in which each line is complete in itself, a neatly turned phrase. I have heard of papers in which it was demanded of the copy desk that all three or four line heads be written so the last one or two lines could be dropped, if necessary, without injuring the thought in the remaining lines. And they got what they wanted, too. I have worked on a paper which absolutely forbid a comma in a head, except at the end of a line, even if you were saying *Father, Son and Holy Ghost.*

A close observer at present can see signs of crumbling in these rules. In a few more years they will be lax indeed, except in the strongholds of traditional journalism. Editors gradually are coming to admit that if *of* on the end of the top line of a head will permit a better choice of words and make the head sharper and more dramatic, why then go ahead and drop the rules. On the paper where I now work the managing editor has dropped all form rules (although the word bans still exist) and we are expected to write the best heads possible. He has also made the copyreaders the last arbiters on the stories and has told them that no copy is sacred; they are to rewrite, slash or make any changes they see fit in order to make the story come out even. And there will be no comeback from anyone, that is, if the copyreader has done right. If he hasn't—permit me a commiserating shudder. But, long trained on desks where they were tolerated as mere mistake correctors, the boys are terrified. They know that if they make a change, and it is for the better, the managing editor won't know it; if their changes happen to be the wrong ones, well . . . But there are signs that they are burgeoning a little, and the boss may achieve his object of improving the editing of the paper.

Naturally, the copyreader isn't thinking about all these things while he's working. He does most of his job automatically, as you can see by glancing at almost any paper. But, God save us, some of the boys take an interest in their work, and try to do the best they know how. The sad part of it is, and most of them know it, that everything they do is so futile. The dear, stupid reading public wouldn't know or care if a head was set in seven different types and contained an equal number of gross grammatical and technical errors. The same public skips unworried over misspellings and typographical mistakes without giving a thought to the painstaking effort that has gone into the production of the paper. That is, unless the mistake happens to give a lewd twist to the story, or unless it happens to be the reader's name that is misspelled.

You can see from what I have tried to tell you that a copyreader's life is a hard one and a narrow one, and it is small wonder that as a class they are costive both mentally and physically. Everything in the job tends to sour a man on life. (There are a few woman copyreaders, but I never have met one.) He goes on the drink, or he gets old and flabby and dies on a subway train, or he tries to escape by getting out of the newspaper business—and seldom succeeds.

Each desk, no matter where, has its man with a private tragedy, has its brilliant but erratic drunkard, its man who always seems to be having some physical trouble through no fault of his own. And there is always a man nobody likes, and another everybody likes. And there is always the old timer who knew everybody from Horace Greeley on, and can't be stopped from telling you so. Taken as a whole, however, you would find the copyreaders a pleasant and intelligent lot, intellectually above the crowd —ahem!

The average copyreader is a man between 35 and 40, with a growing bald spot, incipient piles, chronic constipation, acute hypochondriasis, often with spectacles and frequently with a galloping neurosis of some complex type. You would be the same, probably,

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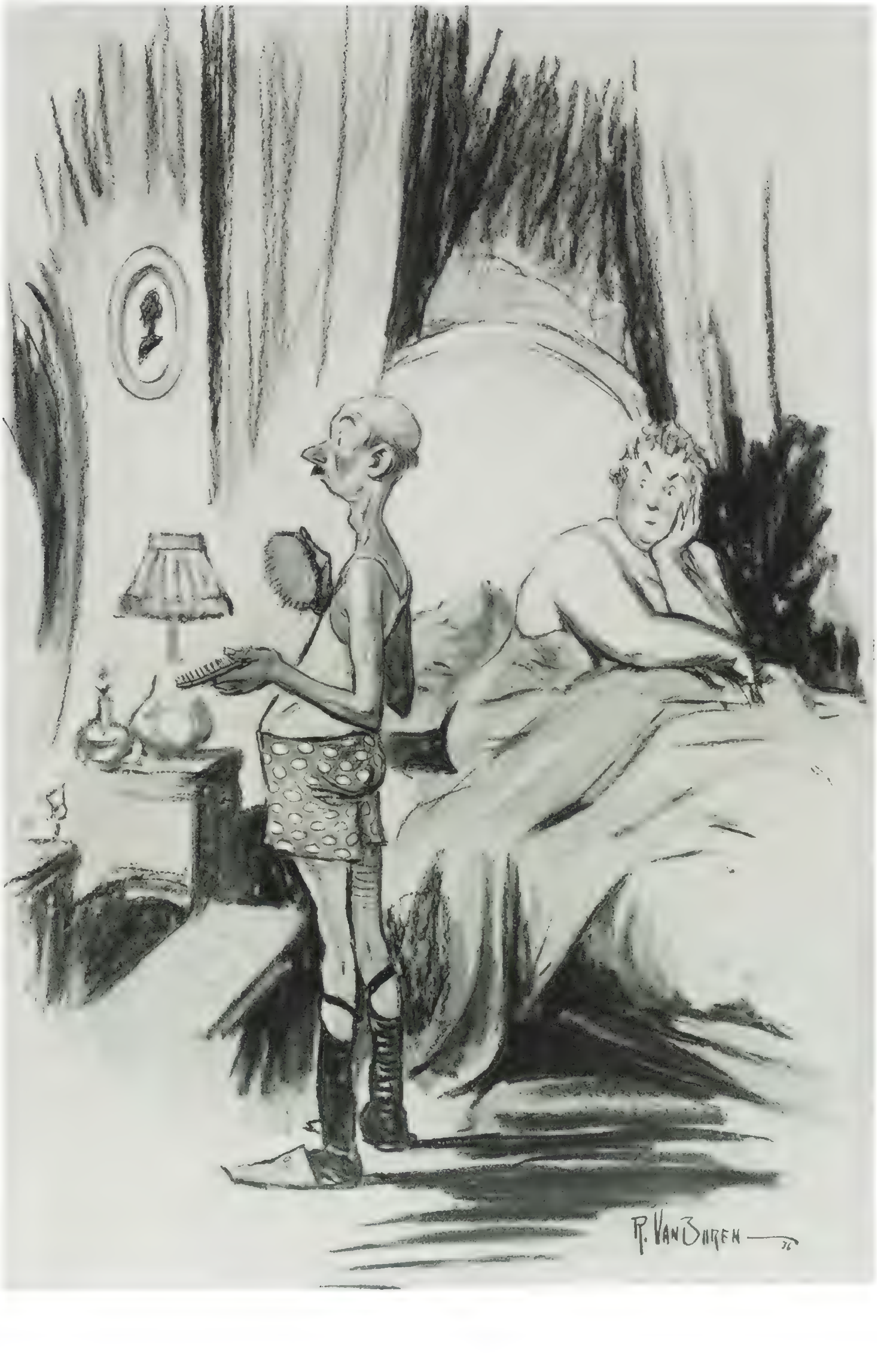

R. VAN BUREN — 36

"Elmer, sometimes I wonder what the hell I ever saw in you!"

An Unidentified Man

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if you had to sit all day in a hard chair and have the silly world parade before you in the abominable English used by most rewrite men. There they sit and take root, drumming with their fingers as they count out units and half units, writing ordinary heads and lousy heads and, occasionally, good ones. These good ones, when a man produces them, lighten an otherwise drab life. The only way a copyreader can tell whether a head is good is when his colleagues begin to make snide remarks about it. Then he knows they wish they had written it. If his desk mates think the head is good, it matters not what the public thinks, because he is not writing heads for the public. As a matter of fact, no newspaper ever is edited for the public.

There are many examples of technically good heads, and of sensationally good ones. This often is the subject of shop talk around the rim. The classic is the one written, or said to have been written, when Gerald Chapman was executed in the hanging machine in Connecticut. It is a legend now, and I never have been able to find anyone who actually saw it. It read:

JERKED TO JESUS

A sample of what I thought was a good head was one written at the end of Fay Webb Vallee's suit against her husband. It was written by Hugh Schuck in the *New York Daily News* and read:

GO AND SUE NO MORE,
JUDGE TELLS FAY

Another good one, written by Max Hawkins, but I'm not sure where, was:

THINKERS FAILURES,
PROFESSOR THINKS

And this caption takes some kind of prize. It was written by Bob MacMillan on the *New York Post* copy desk for a picture of a crowd greeting the Reichsfuehrer:

HEILING HITLER WITH A HEY NAZI
NAZI AND A HOT JA JA

Headlines which are admired in a recreational way by copyreaders often appear in *Variety*. This paper's heads have an unconventionality envied by the strictly disciplined desks of the dailies. One which gave me great pleasure was over the story of President Roosevelt and his fondness for motion pictures:

SEES MORE PIX THAN ANY PREZ

The copyreader's ideal, especially outside New York, is the *New York Times*. *The Times* heads are, of course, built on traditional lines and are the clearest, most understandable to the person of average intelligence. They are, at times, however, a little too learned for the great dumb masses. Of the other New York papers I believe the heads on *The News* and *The Post* to be the best from the standpoint of freshness, although once in a while a certain unsuitable flippancy creeps into them. It's all a matter of policy, though, and no matter what the heads are like, the copyreaders always are the same.

It is all very depressing, particularly when you know there isn't a copyreader alive who couldn't run the paper he is working for better than the bunch of ignorant fumblers who *are* running it. This is another topic which is discussed exhaustively in conversations around the rim. (Aside to Mr. D.—just my little joke.)

But, although I am sad in thinking of all this and will have indigestion for several days in reaction, I will have been rewarded if you now know what a copyreader is and how odd it is to be one. There is just one last little thing I want to tell you about, and to warn you of. If you ever go to a newspaper office to make the grand tour of the plant which so many publishers are offering to the gaping citizens these days, refrain from one thing. When the happy little group of gawkers comes into the local room, or the news room or whatever that particular paper calls it, a singularly ill-informed young man is in charge of the tourists and explains what is going on. The set speeches of these guides are something marvelous and should be heard to be appreciated. Anyway, when he swings his finger around to the copy desk and mutters some remarkable misinformation about the duties of the surly looking experts seated there, don't snicker and say, as someone in the group always does:

"Heh, heh. Knights of the Round Table. Heh, heh."

Heh, heh, Hell! ##

Death of an Admiral

Continued from page 117

gling green waters filling and flooding at 3,000 tons per minute. "Directly the *Camperdown* tore out her ram the *Victoria* took on a list to starboard, the bow drooping." Men working on the settling forecastle struggled with the thrummed collision mats in vain efforts to stopper the gaping hole. The bow sank deeper; the list increased; within four minutes water was washing through the hawse pipes.

The Admiral's lips moved: "It is entirely my fault!"

The Mediterranean Squadron —in confusion—lay scattered about the dying *Victoria*. The *Dreadnought* lowered her boats. The stern-lipped Admiral on the *Victoria's* chart house made another mistake; signalled: "Annul sending boats"; ordered the *Victoria's* engines half ahead in an effort to beach the wounded ship.

Slowly she crawled about, her screws flopping, slowly she straightened for the white sands not so far away.

But quickly she settled, listing like a tired thing, drooping down to meet the calm but eager waters. The engines speeded up; far below decks steel bars sliced into fiery coals as bare-armed sweating men kept up the steam. They were forcing her full speed now; it was man against the sea—but the men below decks didn't know that; they thought her unsinkable. But it was queer (they thought)—the anchor chain rattling out when the ship was underway. They sent an artificer topside to find out. He found out, but could never tell them; the *Camperdown's* ram had ruptured the chain locker and the chain was rasping out through the ship's bottom into deep water.

Six minutes after the crash the men handling the collision mats on the forecastle were working in water up to their waists; they were ordered away from their hopeless task. The bow was deep now; water was washing towards the open turret ports; almost half of the length of the *Victoria* was submerged. The men had fallen in on the upper decks—those not on watch or working—in long ranks, their backs to the sea. They stood there waiting with British stoicism and discipline, the creeping water lapping about their ankles, then their knees. With them stood Chaplain Morris, arms folded across his chest, lips muttering in prayer.

"Steady, men, steady," he said, as the list deepened.

Ten minutes after the collision, with the port screw thrashing wildly in the sunlight and the ship still wearily, slowly, heading for the beach, the admiral turned to Staff Commander Hawkins-Smith:

"I think she's going."

"Yes sir, I think she is."

Bunting once again fluttered to the canted yardarm of the stricken *Victoria*: "Send boats immediately."

Activity at last; the Mediterranean Squadron leaped into life. Boats were lowered into the sea; with long sure strokes men pulled towards the flagship. But again it was too late. The *Victoria* was going. The men ranged on the canted decks had fallen in with their backs to the sea; they turned, on order now, to face their death. On the top of the chart house Vice Admiral Sir George Tryon noticed that a young midshipman was still standing by his side:

"Don't stop there, youngster; go to a boat."

The boy stayed.

Captain Bourke, who had been below trying to stem the inrush of the sea, came above decks, climbed up the after-bridge ladder, and started forward along the fore-and-aft bridge to report to the Admiral. He never got there.

The heavy list turned into a lurching, sickening heave to starboard; an officer shouted to the ranks of men to jump; some leaped into the sea; some scrambled up the tilting decks onto the ship's port side. A great wave met Captain Bourke and lifted him into the Mediterranean. On the bridge Vice Admiral Sir George Tryon, K. C. B., refused a lifejacket offered him by his Staff Commander.

Boats rocked from their skids as the ship turned over; weights fell with sickening thuds, hammered out the lives of swimmers close alongside, crushed screaming men against the bulwarks. Below decks, where the bare-armed stokers still shoveled to the last, the careening lurch meant death to all on watch. A world gone mad—a rush of water—of flaming coals and steam . . .

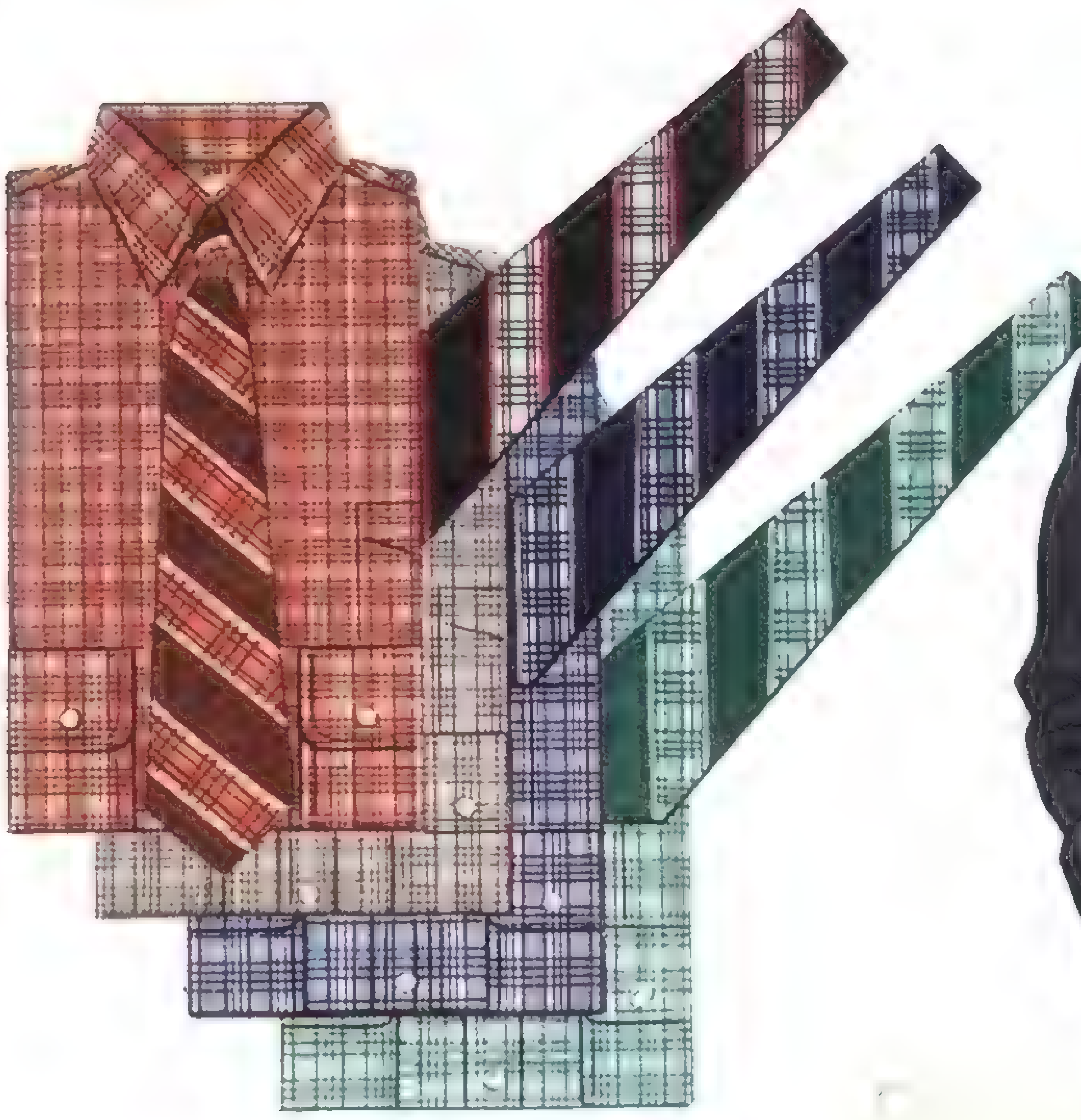
The *Victoria* turned over, stern high, bow deep. The untended engines still raced—as if to push her shorewards; the great bronze blades of her propellers flailed, half out of water—lopping—lopping—arms, legs and heads of helpless swimmers. The red and weed-grown keel and bottom strakes of the *Victoria* were black with men; the sea was pocked with froth and wreckage—black moving heads of struggling men and gouts of blood. Boats were coming from all sides, but the *Victoria* did not wait. She floated, bottom-up, rolling—a ghastly carcass, for moments; and then, with a loud explosion, her screws still racing furiously, she plunged bow first, dragging many swimmers with her. The green sea boiled; two muffled explosions, two geysers of water and of wreckage and of bodies, and the Mediterranean gathered seething above the grave of Vice Admiral Sir George Tryon, K. C. B. . . .

And in far-off London, Lady Tryon, at her home in Eaton Place, gave the butler directions for her evening's reception.

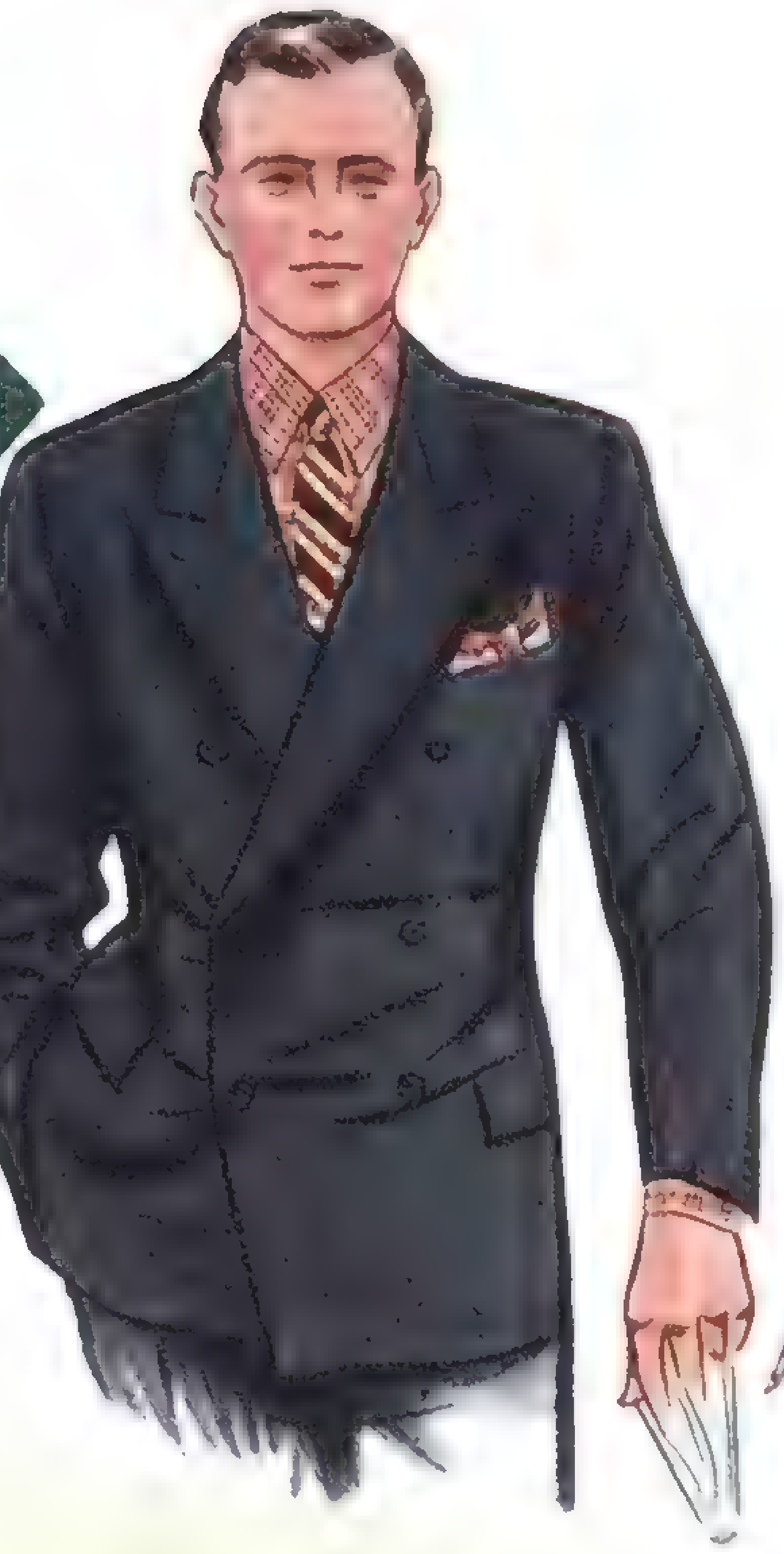
The *Victoria* carried down with her the Commander-in-Chief, 22 officers and 337 men. The boats rescued almost 300 others; the *Camperdown* limped to port without loss, and after an investigation a court martial was ordered at Malta of Captain Bourke and other surviving officers of the flagship.

"It resulted in their acquittal, and the conclusions were that the Commander-in-Chief of the squadron, as the result of a temporary aberration, made a most inexplicable and fatal mistake for which he paid with his life—."

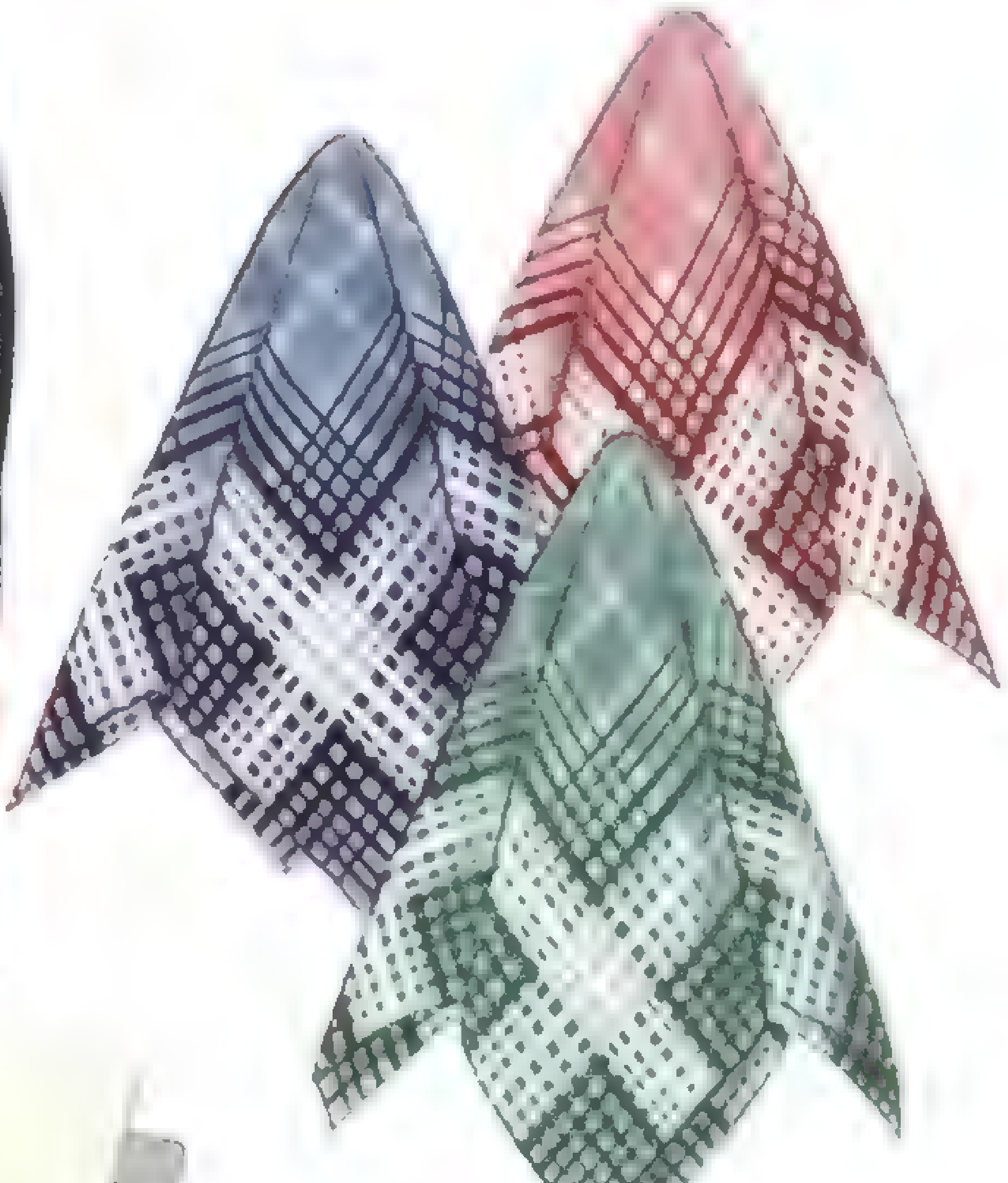
"The court also expressed its regret that Admiral Markham had not protested more strongly against the fatal maneuver, but considered that it was not in the best interests of the Service to censure him for obeying the orders of his superior officer . . ." ##



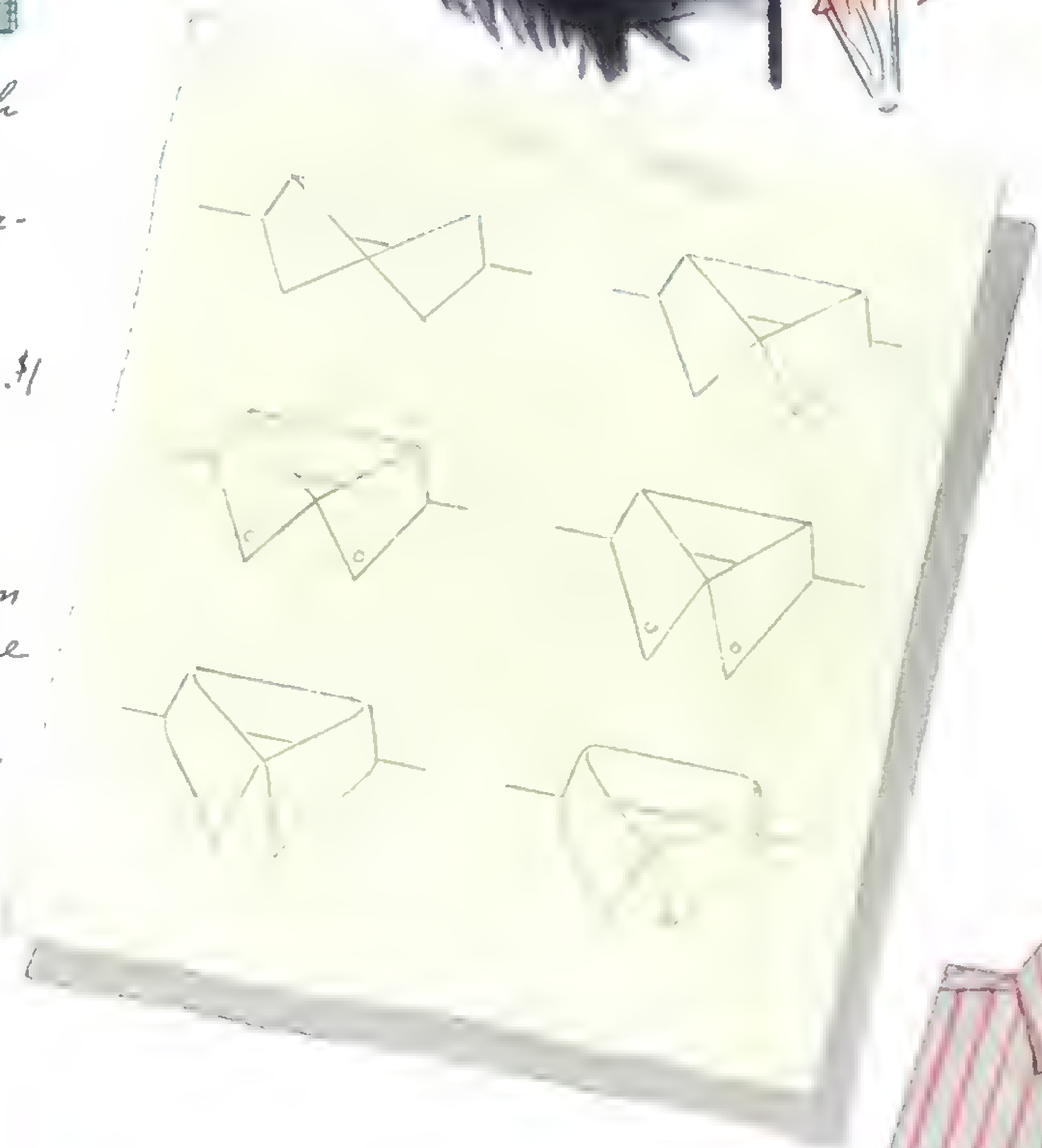
A plaid with an honest Scotch accent. Ghillie Plaids, by Arrow. Mitoga form-fit Sanforized-Shrunk. $2. Arrow Ties have the same keynote color and pattern as the shirts. $1



The art of matching the right handkerchief with a plaid shirt. Three Arrow suggestions. 35¢ each.



Special style note: All the shirts shown on this page come in these 6 variations of the popular Arrow Collar.



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WITH
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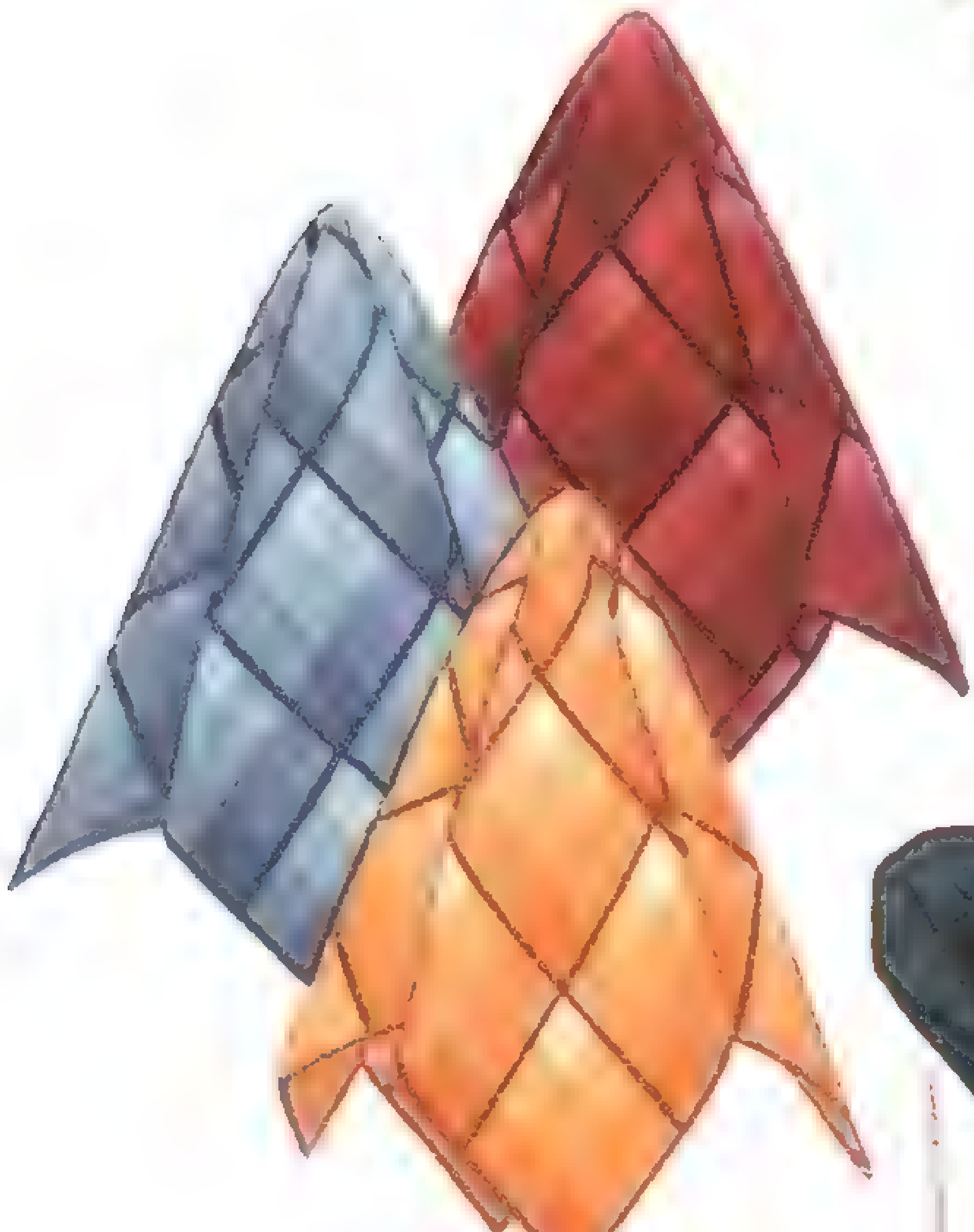
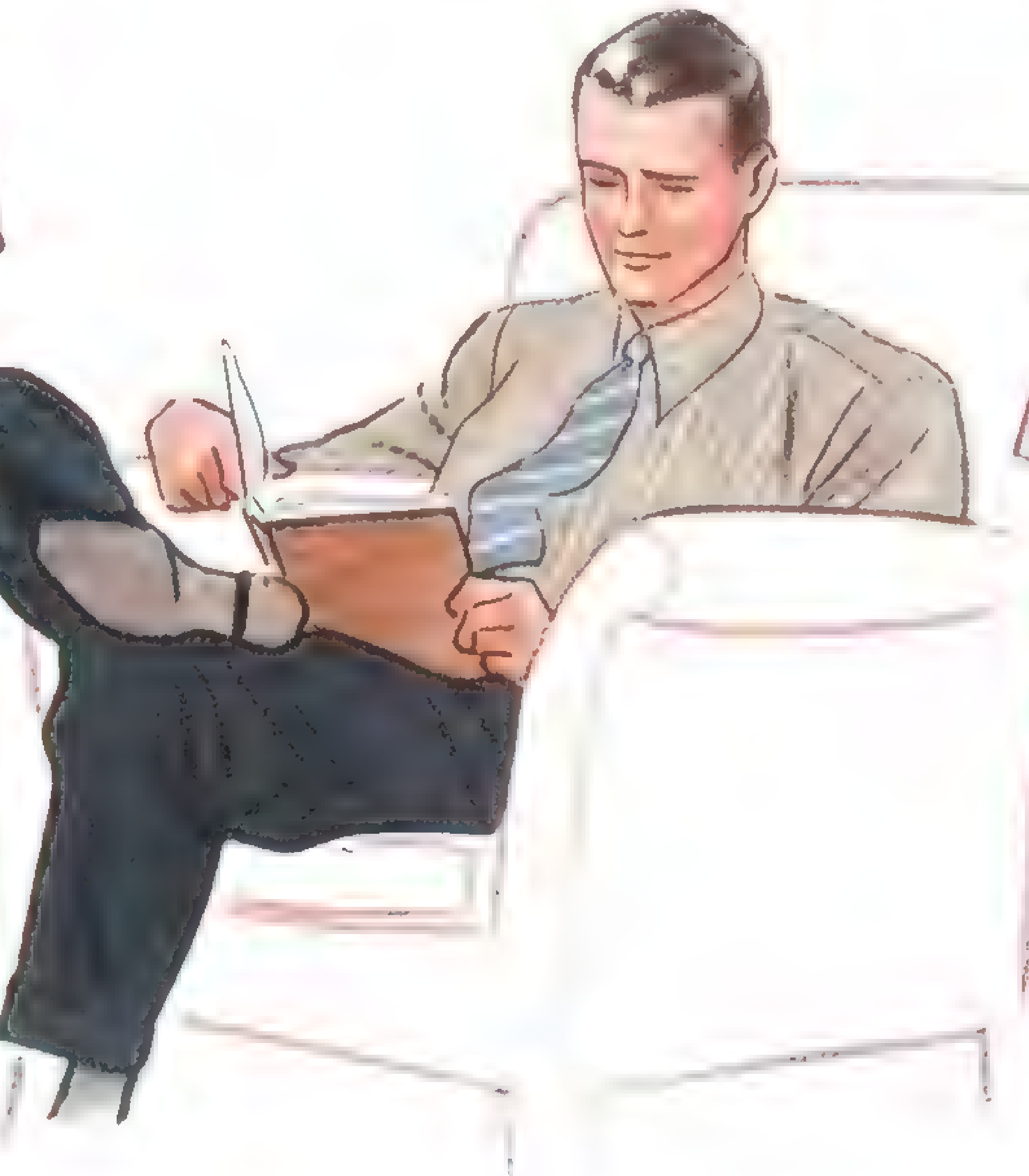
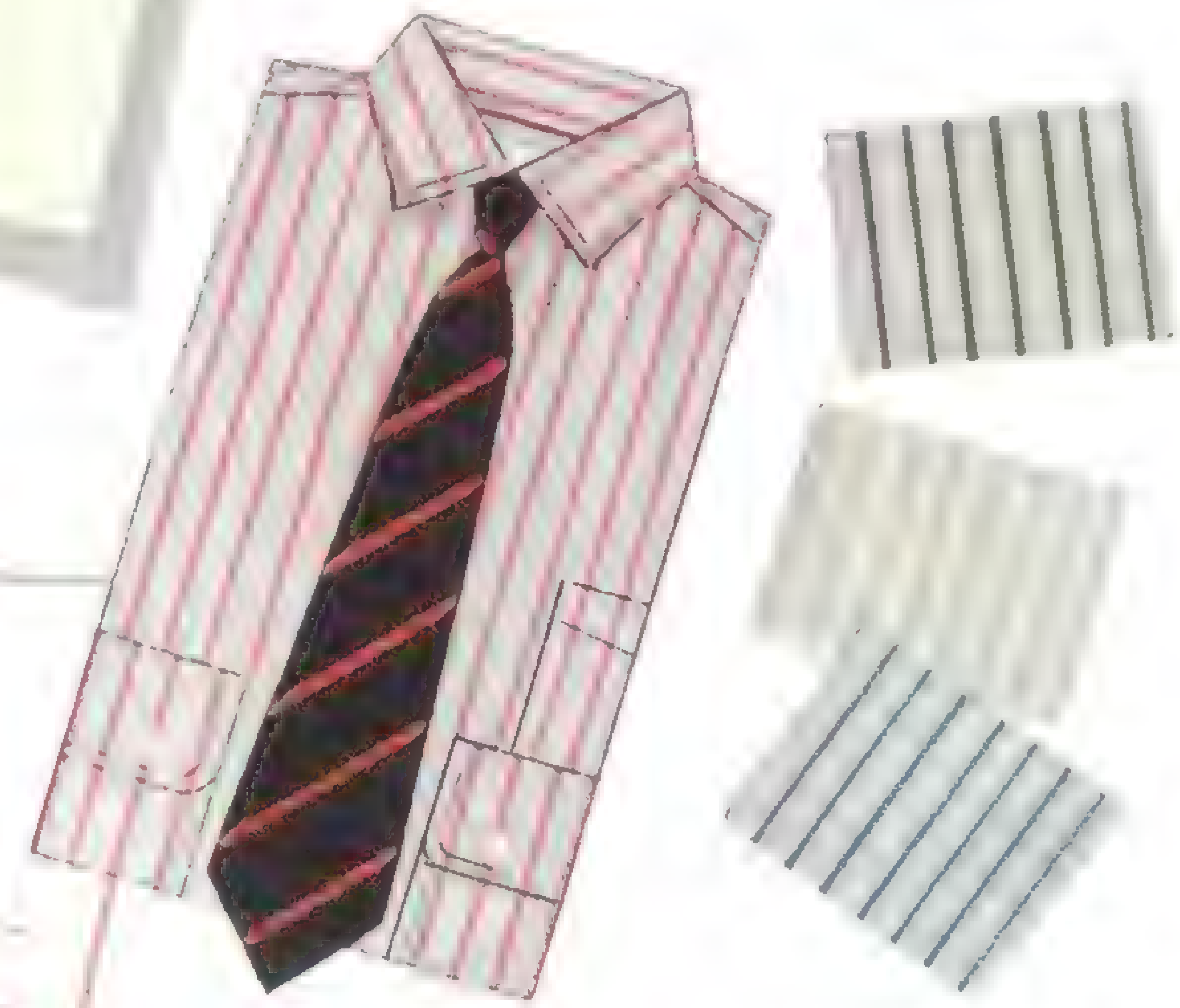
If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.







Three ways to mate a handkerchief with the Jubilee Grey stripe shirt. As designed by Arrow 25¢ each.

Arrow's Jubilee Grey—pastel stripes on a new grey featured at the King's London Jubilee. In Mitoga design, Sanforized 2^{50} Arrow Ties made specially for the shirts $1.

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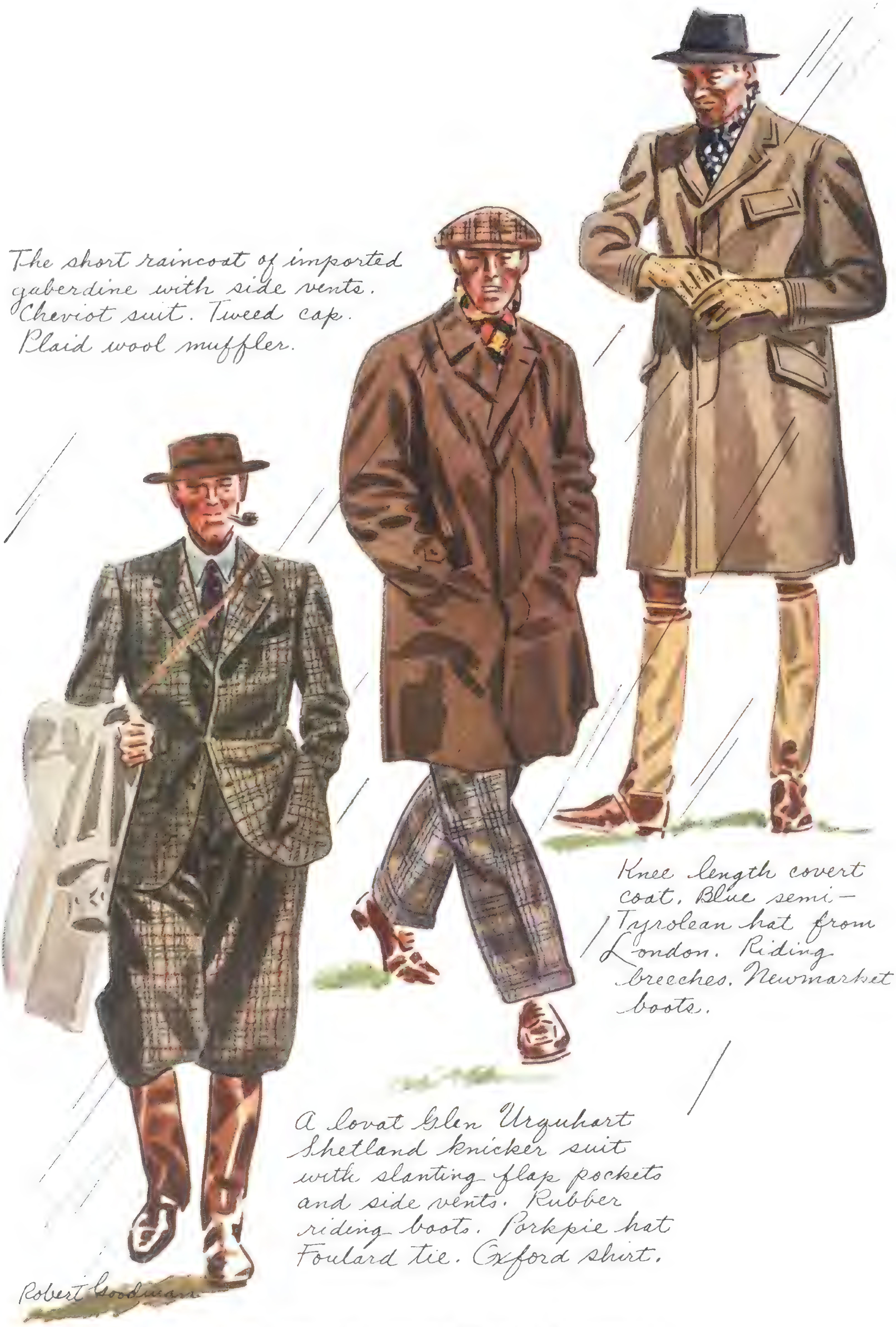


The short raincoat of imported gaberdine with side vents. Cheviot suit. Tweed cap. Plaid wool muffler.

Knee length covert coat. Blue semi-Tyrolean hat from London. Riding breeches. Newmarket boots.

A lovat Glen Urquhart Shetland knicker suit with slanting flap pockets and side vents. Rubber riding boots. Porkpie hat Foulard tie. Oxford shirt.

FOR WET WEATHER IN THE COUNTRY

The Two Orphans

Continued from page 82

earn pretties for her, dead because his thoughts were always with her and he lost his footing when those ingots were poured—

"We needed him, I should have told him, to brighten the few of our dark years that were left. Then he would have been alive today. We raised him and we fought over him, and we wept over him, and then another woman opened her arms and he forgot us . . . He loved her, old one, as he never in his life loved us."

The tears rolled down into her mouth. He hung his head and kept his eyes from her.

"'Why didn't I have more children?' he is thinking," she resumed, wringing her hands. "Why doesn't the tree bear more fruit, the plant more blossoms? And was I so unwilling that you can reproach me therefor?"

He shook his head sadly.

"We are orphans from this day," she sighed. "Old one, old one, he was our child and we should have clung to him stronger than leeches."

His pipe went out. The ash was gray, the rim of the bowl charred. He knocked the dead ash into a tray and put the empty pipe back into his mouth. She began to weep afresh.

"He is as dead for us as that ash!" she lamented.

He looked at her somberly and sucked on his pipe. No smoke came out of it but there was a bitter taste at the tip of his tongue.

The old woman moaned. Her hands rested on her knees and her tears poured into her lap.

"For God's sake, woman!" he burst out. "Be still! You are turning my hair white with your wailing!"

But she did not cease her crying. He refilled his pipe again from his pouch and grumbled he had so little tobacco left. Then he continued his pacing back and forth.

After a while he glanced at her and the figure of this woman, sitting there with her sorrow, touched his heart. He remembered when he had dreamt that she would always remain young and slender and happy and they should always be fond of each other.

He went up to her and squeezed her arm roughly.

"He was a good son!" he said. "We could not ask for more."

Those moments he had spent alone with the boy, those moments she had envied him so much, he remembered with a twinge, the lad had always spent talking of his mother. But he could not tell her that now and spoil her grief. ###

Pity the Poor Hunter

Continued from page 97

he is beginning to enjoy your hospitality, is like poisoning the guest of honor at a testimonial dinner. In fact, it's worse because no lion has been known to make an after-dinner speech.

Nor is it cricket to shoot giraffes, ostriches, monkeys, baboons, or the female of any species except the lion.

Rules two to two hundred, most of them taken from the British game regulations (which are obeyed strictly by white hunters because they are unofficial servants of the government), include the following restrictions:

"No hunter may shoot from his car or motor lorry, but must be at least 100 yards distant from it before opening fire.

"He cannot chase or trail game in his car.

"He must abide by the government limits on trophies."

A definite limitation is the financial one. A visitor's "full game license" for two persons in Tanganyika costs L 150. There is an additional L 25 tax for the first elephant, an additional L 50 for the second elephant and an additional L 10 for each rhinoceros. The same prices prevail in Kenya and Ugandi and to shoot in all three territories, it is necessary to have an additional license for each. Figured in pounds or baloney dollars, it still constitutes a high game-protective tariff.

Even granting that a man is wealthy enough to be a game hog, he becomes, under the British system, a protector of wild life. This apparent contradiction is explained by the fact that the money received from the hunting licenses and trophy taxes is used by the government to preserve and protect game.

In the old days, before such funds were available, the local Marsai habitually slaughtered the game in countless numbers. Several hundred warriors would form a ring around a valley or plateau, drive the game in towards the center and, with poisoned arrows and spears, frequently kill as many as a thousand wildebeeste, zebras, kongoni and gazelles in a day. And not, be it explained, for the meat or hides primarily, but for the animals' tails which they wanted for decoration. This practice has been outlawed.

Runton, who certainly knows more about it than the Kansas lion-lovers, told me that statistics proved that one lion kills more game in a month than all the professional and guest hunters would in a year. Further, that one herd of lions will kill more zebra, kongoni and gazelles in six months than all the white hunters, combined, who ever visited Africa. The wild dogs, cheetahs and leopards exact almost as great a toll, he said.

It is true, of course, that they slaughter primarily for food, while the hunter shoots for a trophy for his library. But the fact remains that all the ridiculous hullabaloo about white hunters eventually wiping out the game of Africa is a myth. Napoleon's Grand Army, equipped with machine guns, could not erase even the first line of Africa's vast game supply; and it could not begin to equal the game losses resulting from lion attacks.

My first trophy was a jigger. I bagged it in the elephant country, near Lake Manvara. All our hunting was done on foot. We arose at 4 o'clock every morning, took the trail and kept at it until dusk. It was unquestionably the most gruelling part of the trip. Even the safari boys came down with blisters and swollen feet. On the third day of our quest for a big tusker I felt a peculiar itching at the end of my second toe. It irritated me throughout the day and, when we stopped for a rest in the afternoon, I took off my boot and showed my foot to Runton.

"You've picked up a jigger," he told me. A jigger, I soon discovered, was a small insect that crawls under the toenail, lays eggs and dies. It is not serious if the eggs are removed promptly. Otherwise, they hatch and spread more insects through the blood stream.

My gunbearer was drafted for the minor surgery. Casually slitting the end of my toe with a knife, he removed the eggs and disinfected the wound with potassium permanganate.

Early one morning our trackers hurried back to camp with news of the discovery of fresh elephant spoor not far away. The tracks were huge and easy to follow. All day we tracked the elephant, without once seeing or hearing it. Runton was sure the tracks were fresh and could not understand why we had not at least heard the beast crashing through the brake. On the following morning the natives woke us to relate that the elephant—the same one, according to his spoor—had returned to the grove. Again we followed his fresh trail until dusk; again had no luck. The same thing happened the third day. Then we decided we had had enough.

We had engaged a local tribesman for this particular elephant job. When he heard we were going to abandon the location and move on, he stammered an apology.

He should have realized it before, he said, but he now was convinced we had been hunting the famous ghost elephant of Manvara, which was bewitched and invisible to white men. Four different parties of white hunters had trailed the elephant in the last five years and none had ever seen it.

I had heard several ghost stories, but never one about a phantom elephant. The native, in sorrow and anger, said he would prove his ghost story in the morning if we would send one of our boys to the haunted grove with him. Runton and I chose one of the gunbearers—one who had been reliable and trustworthy on all other occasions, I might add—and let him go with the tracker. When they returned to camp, our gunbearer swore by all his ancestors and all his gods that he had seen the elephant in the very spot where it had left its fresh spoor every morning.

We still had not had enough, so we broke camp and moved. On the afternoon of the next day we caught our first glimpse of the tuskers. We could see four of them, three females and one young male. We examined them through our binoculars and decided their tusks were less than the prescribed size. Oh, yes! That's another rule: no elephant may be shot whose tusks weigh less than thirty pounds each.

I was eager, though, to get some good photographs at close range, so we worked our way through the heavy timber, carefully keeping upwind of the elephants. I managed to creep within twenty-five feet of the nearest female, a huge beast even though her tusks were small, and succeeded in getting some excellent pictures.

Suddenly, to the left of us, we heard a crashing and breaking of trees and the trumpeting of a bull. Apparently there were more in the group than we had believed. Runton signaled for a retreat and we began to inch away, hoping the elephants would not get our scent. Then, on our right, we heard more crashing and trumpeting. We had stumbled into a herd which, accidentally but unpleasantly, had formed a half-circle around us and seemed to be closing the ring.

There were just two elephant guns in the party, his and mine. We hugged the ground for minutes, not daring to breathe. The big female elephant moved closer and, through the thin screen of the trees, was a perfect photographic target.

I could not resist the temptation. Carefully raising my camera, I pressed the button. A slight sound behind me made me turn. Our gunbearers were removing their sandals. I asked Runton why.

"They climb trees barefooted better," he replied laconically.

It was then that the female either saw or heard us. Her ears swept forward like two huge fans and her trunk came up, sucking in the air as she strained to get the scent. In a moment my gunbearer had snatched the camera out of my hands and shoved the big 500-465 double-barrelled elephant rifle at me. My hands

Continued at top of page 132

Pity the Poor Hunter

Continued from pages 97-131

closed over it automatically and I was dimly aware of two black blurs before my eyes: our gunbearers had taken it on the run.

The woods were suddenly alive with the horrible, strident trumpeting of angry elephants. Runton and I were soon pacing our gunbearers. I don't believe I ever ran so fast in my life. The only thing that saved us was the heavy timber. We could dodge through while the elephants had to detour and then stop and get our scent again. It was a quarter of a mile to the edge of the forest. I think I could have made it had it been five miles. The elephants, luckily for us, did not follow us into the clearing.

Our casualties: one gunbearer with a sprained knee; Runton, with a twisted ankle; myself, minus half my clothing and bleeding in a dozen places where the thorny underbrush had caught me. But the experience was worth the entire trip to Africa. It was the only time we were actually in danger and it was a real thrill, although I must admit I should not deliberately look for another.

The next day we spotted a big bull elephant whose tusks obviously were over the prescribed weight. I managed to drop it with one shot, hitting it between the eye and the ear, and about two inches from the center of the ear.

A leopard gave me my other "big moment" in Africa. We were looking for rhinoceros when—and this indicates how undependable Africa can be—when a huge leopard leaped out of a tree several yards away and made for the tall grass. I fired pointblank when he was about twenty yards away. He turned, spun in midair, landed catlike on his feet and bounded up the hillside, vanishing into the dense growth of jungle grass and thorn bush.

Runton, who had seen my shot, was sure I had fatally wounded the animal, but no hunter or gunbearer with any sense is anxious to trail a wounded leopard in tall grass. Knowing it is cornered, the beast will not hesitate to make a fighting finish. Still, we wanted the leopard badly enough to take the chance.

The blood trail was easy to follow, but the underbrush was so thick that we could not see more than six feet through the grass. Taking turns covering each other with our rifles, ready to fire at the first movement in the brush, we worked our way up the slope. It was hard enough just to keep our footing on the rocky incline and the thorns and cactus-like growth were constantly catching at us and threatening to toss us off balance.

With every sense attuned and our nerves strained to the breaking point, we felt, I suppose, just like that female elephant we had been camera-stalking a few days before. We inched along for a solid hour, never knowing what our next step would bring.

And then I saw him. His body was hidden by a tall rock, but his spotted tail showed. There was no motion, but that did not tell us whether he was alive or dead. And frankly, neither of us was anxious to find out. If there had been an excuse, I think we should have been glad to scuttle back down the trail.

Finally we took a chance. Holding our rifles in readiness, we had one of the gunbearers fling a stick at the leopard's tail. In the split second before we gave the signal I was picturing a spotted fury leaping at us, heard our guns roaring and then saw us dashing crazily down the thorny hill. The stick struck its mark squarely. I held my breath. Nothing happened. Our leopard was dead.

There remained the lions. Runton had promised there would be no difficulty attracting them. All we had to do was set out a dead zebra, stand by (not too nearby) with cameras and wait for the visiting Elks. This procedure, of course, was for photographic, not hunting, purposes. It worked very well the first time; twenty-two lions posed for their picture.

The second time we tried it, something got away with our zebra. The safari boys nosed around the stake and came back to report disgustedly that the lions had been there, but had been frightened off by the Wanderobi—the most primitive people in Africa—who then had spent the night devouring the carrion, taking up their meal right where the lions left off.

We met some of these model citizens later. They travel in pairs, or in fours, and seem to be ostracized by the other natives. Speaking a strange gutteral language that none of our boys understood, they are a mongrel people with the life habits of a hyena and the appearance of a gorilla.

At last we got our lions, one for Mrs. Zanuck and one for myself, and left Africa with a clear conscience about big game hunting. There is only one thing more I want to say, and it is for fellow hunters the world over:

So far as the average hunter is concerned, he must be a real sportsman to enjoy safari. It is something one cannot cultivate a taste for. Either you like the life tremendously, or you have no business being there. There are innumerable hardships, but none that cannot be borne. There is, of course, the continual risk of malaria, dysentery and sunstroke, and the remote possibility of sleeping sickness from the tsetse fly bite. . . . But there are no automobiles, no drunken drivers and no gangsters. Take your pick! #

Artists of Wrecking

Continued from page 93

against possible errors. Such errors do occur. In the summer of 1930, in the fair New Jersey city of Elizabeth, the wreckers started to demolish the house of a man on his vacation. They did nearly half of the job before the neighbors came out of their stupor and directed the Russians to the right address at the next corner. The wreckers cheerfully apologized, promised to restore the house at some future date, and proceeded to ravage the right address.

Three years before, in New York, a man and his wife returned to their house after a day's labor in the city's marts, only to find it completely demolished. It had been one of those houses that stood in a regimented row, and the wreckers' mistake was rather excusable. So said the owners themselves, after the first shock. Said they had never liked the house anyway.

When I knew them, covering their meetings, strikes, fights and funerals for my daily, the wreckers went about their debates wildly but about their work rather dully.

The fact that in the boom years they were called upon to tear down twenty-two-story buildings, such as the Bankers' Trust at Wall and Nassau, or the Hanover National on Nassau Street, did not excite them.

Nor were they awed by the new and wonderful machinery, or ingenious processes, introduced to cope with the outmoded skyscrapers. They were placid if they thought that these new machines or methods did not threaten their lives or livelihood. But in the fall of 1928, when the nine-year old, twelve-story high *Pictorial Review* building was being torn down and the contractor hoisted a tractor to the upper stories to sweep the debris towards the chute, the wreckers felt insulted. It was taking one of their functions away from them, they felt. They gloated when, according to the story they told me, the pillars of the upper stories were found to be too much of a handicap for the tractor, and the machine was taken down in defeat.

Sometime later, a building in Wall Street proved to be the hardest proposition in the entire experience of New York's wreckers. The walls were four feet thick at the top, and more than ten feet at the bottom, the brick and cement so concretely married that the contractor had to call in Columbia University professors. These suggested all sorts of things, including hydraulic pressure of 3000 pounds per square inch, through tubes and holes drilled in the walls, also freezing water pressure as used in the Vermont marble quarries and the Pennsylvania anthracite mines. The wreckers were not impressed. Said it was a lot of highbrow foolishness. Given time they could do it without any hydraulic professors, with the use of crowbars alone.

Yet, some of them do get unusual ideas as they perch on the crumbling walls of the houses that only a decade or two before had been the pride of the city.

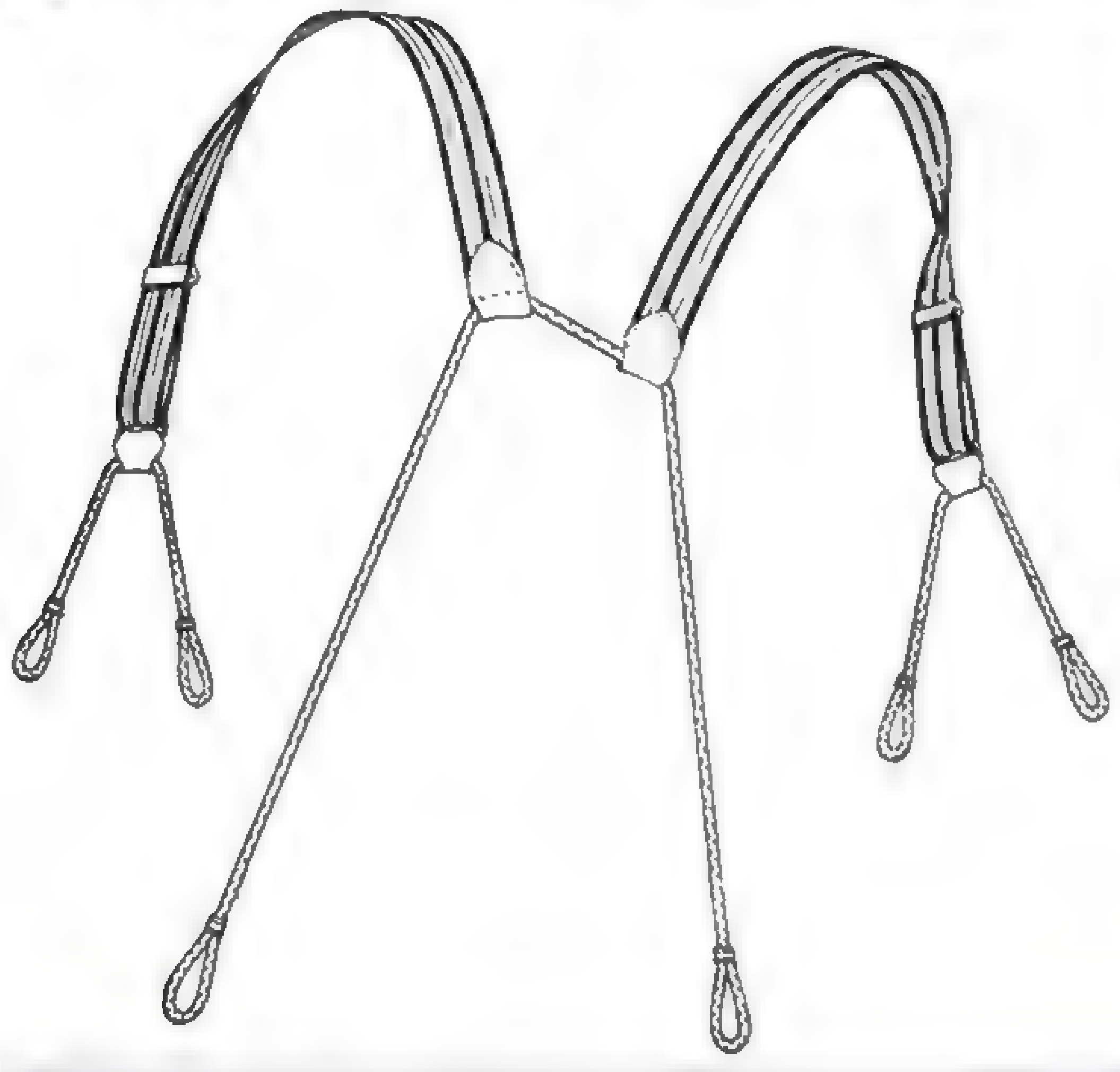
One wrecker, par example, got either impressed by the artistic beauty of the old Fifth Avenue mansions which he was demolishing, or depressed by the futility of all tangible human effort eventually succumbing to the wrecker's crowbar. Or maybe, as he surveyed the city from his point of vantage, he felt a sudden nostalgic surge of wanderlust. At any rate he quit his job and joined Anna Pavlova's troupe then passing through New York. Not as a dancer, to be sure (though heaven knows he could be one with his sense of balance and his muscles), but in some tool-handling capacity. He traveled with Pavlova all over the world, and when she died he returned to Local 95 a firm devotee of the ballet, yet as good a wrecker as of yore. Some Russians, on the other hand, seek housewrecking for the very poetry of it.

In the middle 1920's there came to New York a former Red army chieftain, the ex-commandant of a large Soviet city. He said he had been obliged to flee Russia because of a frameup resulting from a personal spite. He was not bitter against the Soviets. Said he was as Red as ever. In Manhattan he tried several jobs, remaining unhappy at each one of them. He complained that work in America was a humdrum affair, detrimental to the soul. But one day he discovered and joined Local 95.

He climbed and demolished his first American walls. He was happy. He liked especially the wrecking of entire blocks in the West Forties and Fifties in preparation for the Radio City construction. It was, said he, almost like his old days in the Russian civil war, taking the cities by storm and pulling them down, overcoming the enemy's resistance, wrecking the old and ugly for the sake of the glorious morrow.

The last I heard of him, he was following with interest the rumors that Radio City was almost tenantless and losing money for the Rockefellers, also that architecturally it was bad. He was hoping that maybe in a month or two the discouraged owners would decide to have it torn down. #

new *Action*BAK braces . . to ease you



every which way

Remember the man in the book? He "dashed off in all directions at once." You may be even more active than that. Yet you can't strain the new Hickok *Action*BAK braces, and they can't strain you . . . a great-but-simple invention that works. Frees muscle, bones—and buttons—from all the old drag. Makes trousers stay put. But steers clear of gadgets, "machinery" and bulk. So you have simple modern styling—from the neat, sleek *Action*BAK, to the Fashion-right new Hickok colors. Good wear, of course, goes without saying. The dealer will let you play with these new Hickok *Action*BAK braces, and sell yourself.

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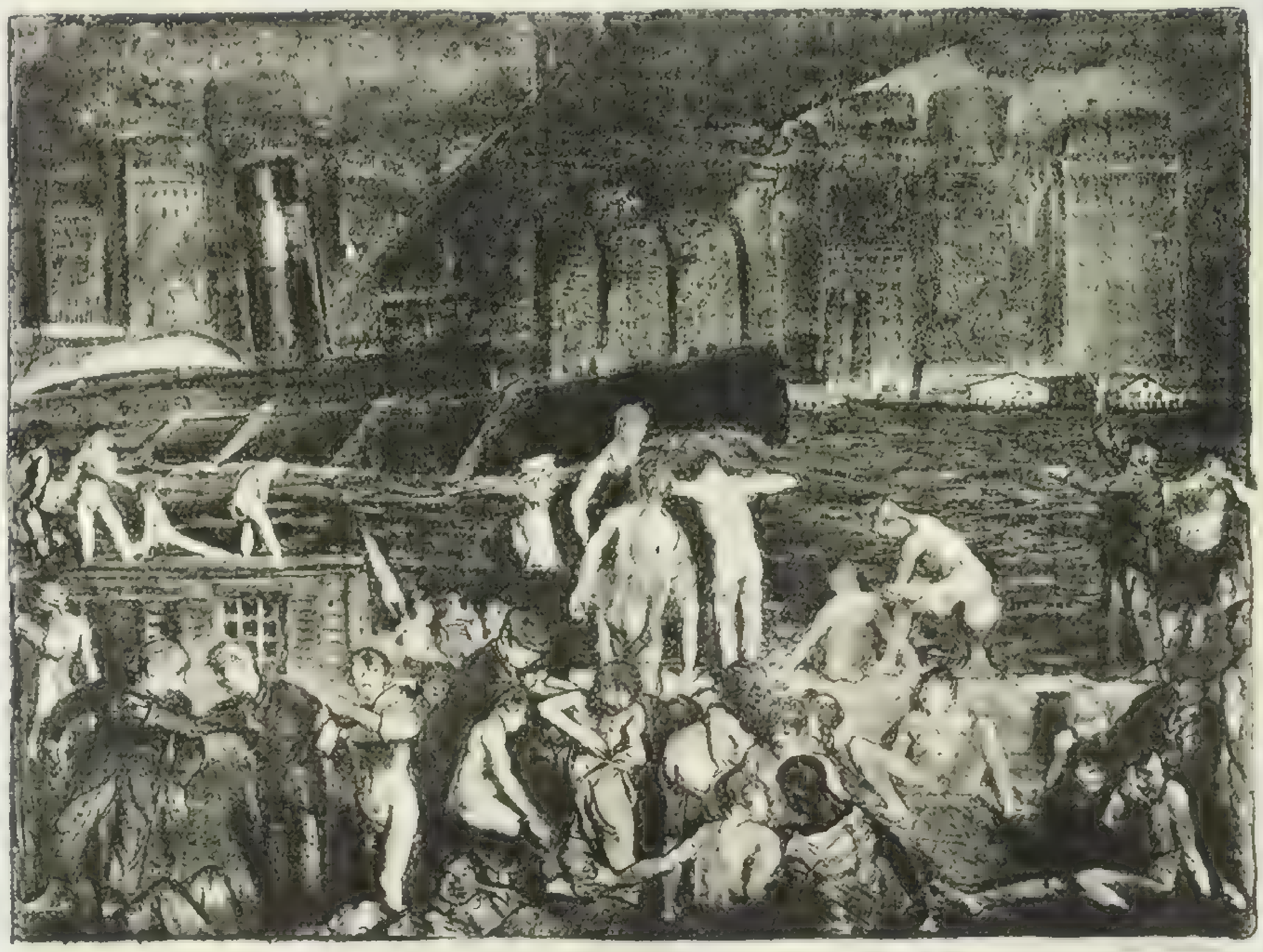
George Bellows, Native

Continued from page 76

being *Huckleberry Finn* and *The Red Badge of Courage*, and he once told a young painter visiting him at Woodstock that the White Whale was itself the symbol of the unconquerable ideal pursued by artists. He was proud not only of his whaling captain grandfather, but also of the Benjamin Bellows who had come to these shores in the 18th century and founded Bellow's Falls in Vermont. "He could be scornful of patriotism," recalls Mrs. Bellows today, "but he could be stirred up about being an American."

He had a nice life, on the whole. He wasn't misunderstood and he painted what he liked. Healthy, normal, big and muscular, he did not have to get along without those commonplace and aesthetic satisfactions which are supposed to make life worth living. He was rarely, if ever, behind with the rent. There were times when he was ahead with the rent. He didn't have to eat his heart out because he was neglected, while others received the prizes and made the sales. Even the sales made since his death have benefited his family, and not only dealers and other middlemen. He liked his work, he enjoyed people, his family, music and books and he relished even the opportunities to vent his wrath at the world's injustices, cruelties and stupidities.



SPLINTER BEACH

His boyhood wasn't thwarted by parental ambition and misunderstanding. He made hay even on Methodist Sundays, drawing while his mother read to him. Later, when he returned to Columbus for a visit and drew the lithograph entitled *16 Gay Street*, one could see that his memories, on the whole, were pleasant ones, even if another lithograph, that of the Bellows family in the Sunday horse-drawn buggy, leads to the suspicion that the tall young man in the front seat with his father wasn't too keen about going to church. At school he was referred to as "the artist," and his first sketches were printed in the student paper of Ohio State U., on whose baseball and basketball teams he played.

His mother would have liked him to become a bishop and his father, a Republican and a builder and architect of substance, so reverenced the work of Michelangelo that he looked forward with misgiving to his son's career as an artist. He doubted that there was a living in it. Nevertheless, in 1904, with his mother's blessing and his father's allowance, tall, rangy George Bellows —"he was *not* ungainly," says Mrs. Bellows—set out for New York, for the Art Students' League, where he learned from many teachers, but mainly from Robert Henri. Henri, whom Mrs. Bellows calls her husband's greatest single influence, encouraged the six-footer in his desire to paint the teeming, tumultuous, undisciplined world outside the studio. Eakins already had painted naked kids at a swimming hole, but Eakins was a reserved painter compared to Bellows, who won his election to the ashcan school of art with a picture of mangy dogs foraging around a garbage can.

But before he had made his first strides, he floundered about a little. He wanted to enjoy the city and his father's allowance was as rigid as his politics. He wanted to hear symphonies and operas. He met the crisis by hiring himself out, week-ends, to suburban baseball and basketball teams and heard his music. About this time he joined Sharkey's Club, setting for his earliest fight pictures, and kept himself in trim at the 57th Street Y. M. C. A., setting of a series of notable lithographs exposing George F. Babbitt in his deplorably paunchy nakedness long before Sinclair Lewis exposed the same gentleman with all his clothes on. It was in this gym that a big fellow came up to him and asked him if he was the "Ho" Bellows of Ohio State. And that was the beginning of a beautiful friendship with the noted "Spike" of Buffalo, no mean athlete himself, but better known since as the brilliant colorist, Eugene Speicher, who appears again and again, with his wife Elsie, in Bellows' lithographs. Only death broke the circle which bound Bellows to Henri and Speicher. He had few friends in his lifetime, but those he had stuck.

During those early years he wandered like a restless spirit over the face of New York, discovering its less respectable vistas and river streets. He played poker, talked art, listened art, looked at pictures—and painted a few. He had been in the metropolis two years before he took a studio and began making pictures with both hands, so to speak. His first painting was of a cross-eyed newsboy, Jimmy Flannagan. Jimmy's brother, Paddy, made no less homely, and no less congenial, a model. Later, as a teacher at the Art Students' League, he stood up before an easel and completed a portrait of the model for the day within the time allowed for the class session. One day he went down to the river streets and saw a bunch of tough kids cavorting on pier and in water. He painted *42 Kids* and sold it, his first sale. This picture has since moved to a public museum. He began sending his work around and as early as 1908 a landscape won a prize at the National Academy. Two years later he was elected an associate member, the youngest painter to achieve such recognition, and a few years later rose to full membership, thus putting the right to put N. A. after his name, which he rarely, if ever, did. These initials have been, for generations of American painters, the Phi Beta Kappa keys of art, won rarely except by endurance. Later he exhibited with the Independents, helped organize the New Society, contributed drawings to the *Masses*, edited then by Max Eastman, and, with Henri, contributed time and energy teaching art to the poor boys of the upper East Side at the Ferrer School, maintained by Emma Goldman's anarchists, but he neither spurned, nor boasted of, blue ribbons which conservative artists tacked on to his work.

He had begun keeping a little note-book in which he recorded data about each painting, such as size, title, subject, price expected and price received, with a rough sketch of the painting itself in the upper right hand corner, and other information. Sometimes he sold a painting for more than he had expected to receive. Going through this old tattered memo book, I noticed that one of his early pictures, priced at $800, went for $500. I wondered why. Mrs. Bellows explained that the purchaser had bought two pictures that day. Three paintings made in 1908 went, respectively, to the Pennsylvania Academy, the Rhode Island School of Design and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was news in those days, more than it is today, when the Metropolitan acquired the work of a living American who was not resident in England and who was under 75. The painting, *Stag at Sharkey's*, dated 1909, was snapped up by the Cleveland Museum of Art, one of the few institutions to possess a complete portfolio of Bellows' lithographs. Pictures kept moving from the artist's easel to exhibitions throughout the country and then to such purchasers as the Toledo Museum of Art, the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts—recognition for a home town boy—John Hay Whitney, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, Henry Clay Frick, the Phillips Academy at Andover, Adolph Lewisohn, Chester Dale, the Brooklyn Museum, the Los Angeles Museum, the Carnegie Institute, the Chicago Art Institute, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and so on and so on. An early unsold Bellows is rare—although there are some. All this implies the winning of prizes, four of them at the National Academy, and three each at the Pennsylvania Academy, the Carnegie Institute and the Chicago Art Institute, not to mention solitary prizes won at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, the International Exposition at Buenos Aires, the Panama-Pacific Exposition and the Newport Art Association, among others.

There were few themes which stumped him, although even Bellows destroyed pictures which didn't come up to his standard. As a rule, if a painting problem looked hard, he attacked it. He sought nothing less than to digest America. He comprehended more chapters of American life than any other painter of his time. He was sentimental, he was roman-

Continued at top of page 137

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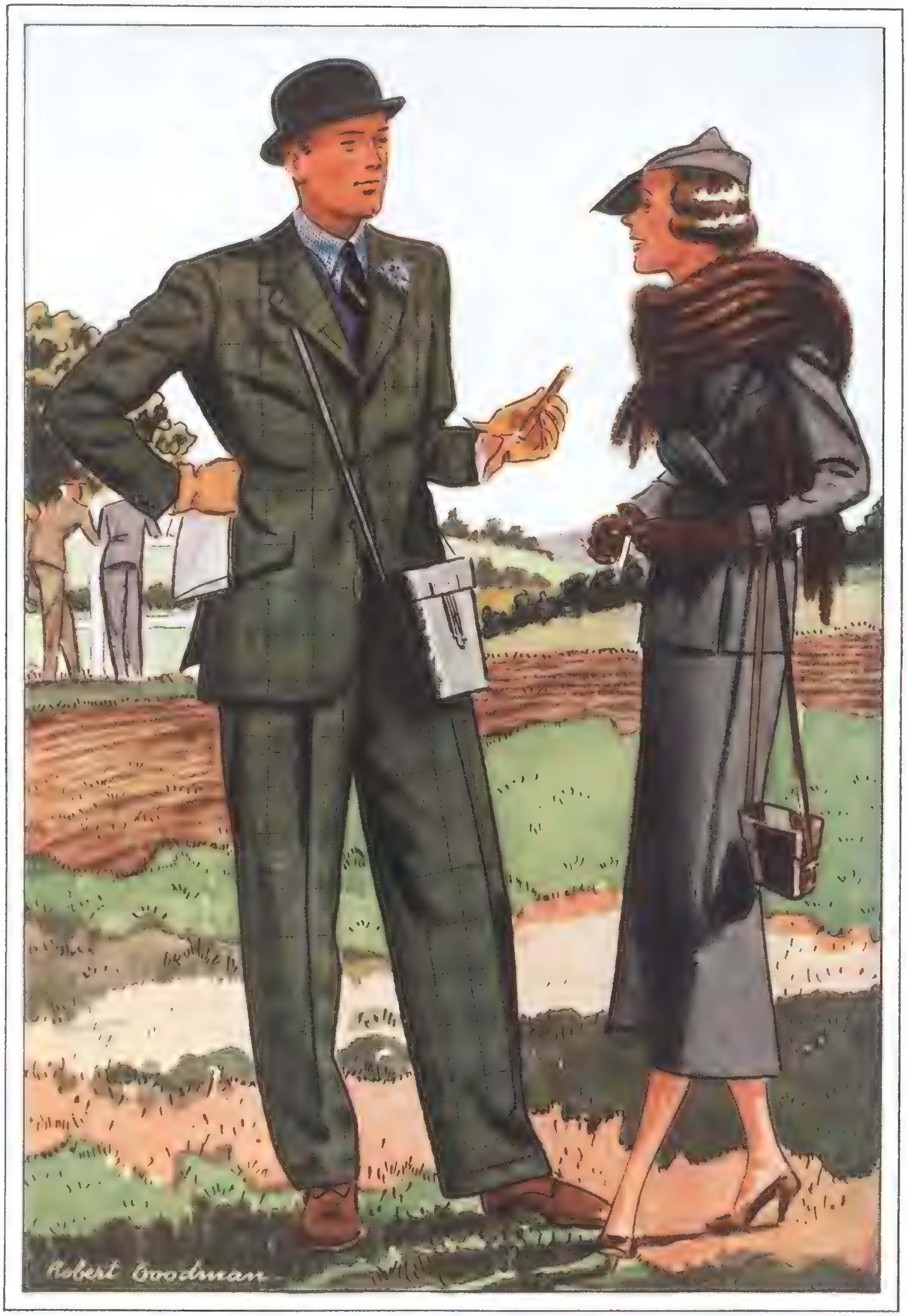

JIMMIE THE WELLDREST MAN GOES RACING

To go racing is simply a Briticism for our term of going to the races and the way of the British, at least of the young blades, is to go in dress that is suitable for wear all day without changes. The outfit sketched, for instance, may be worn to the office in the morning and out to the track in the afternoon and even gets by for dinner back in town. The suit is a three button notched lapel cheviot in the lovat green which is now on the crescendo of popularity, in a Glen Urquhart check pattern with a red overplaid. The lapels roll only to the top button, even though the waistline button alone is worn closed. The jacket carries slanting flap pockets and side vents and is cut with the extra fullness under the arms. The trousers are cut full (twenty-inch circumference at the cuff) and break over the instep. A sleeveless Alpaca pullover replaces the waistcoat. The shoes are of brown buckskin.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

George Bellows, Native

Continued from pages 76-134

tic; he was stark and realistic. In some of his early work he was an ashcanner; in his later canvases, his colors sang. He could dote on feminine beauty and make the most of an old shrivelled parchment face, rendered by him into beauty of another sort. There is in his canvases the richness of American character, the variety of American landscape, desolate and peopled. Forming himself on influences of the past, he could throw off a picture that would suggest to a lesser artist a style for the rest of his life. He challenged comparison even with the old masters, painting a *Crucifixion*, a *Venus* and a *Sacred and Profane Love*. He did tough kids from the gutter, singly and in groups, and nice, starched boys in Eton collars and girls who played in Gramercy Park. He was at home at polo matches as at circuses and prize rings. He did teamsters, dock laborers and riff-raff and gentlemen in scholastic robes. He painted his father, and his mother again and again, and was tireless in putting his wife, Emma, and their daughters Jean and Anne on canvas. His portraits strike at, and reveal, character. He loved to paint boats and water and trains and bridges; winter snow, spring thaw and summer glory. He was enthralled by the rush of traffic in city and the congestion of tenement life. He could, on the other hand, paint the somberly magnificent desolation of landscape and seascape. He did not disdain to do pigs and chickens, cows and goats, barns and fishermen's huts, and maybe an outhouse or two, if it belonged. His *The White Horse* has been called the most purely American painting since Winslow Homer. His *Approach to the Bridge at Night* and *Cliff Dwellers* tell how his vision could transform, without falsifying, the ugly city into an image of beauty. Again and again, he would go off on a night prowl in quest for ignored vistas of the city few painters of the time cared about, except Luks, Sloan and Shinn. He was a poet who had vision and guts. Going through his papers after his death they found a reply he had penned, but not sent, to a questioner:

"The ideal artist," he had written, "is he who knows everything, feels everything, experiences everything, and retains his experience in a spirit of wonder and feeds upon it with creative lust. . . . The ideal artist is the superman. He uses every possible power, intellectual, spiritual, consciously and subconsciously, to arrive at his ends." And further along in this message: "All civilization and culture are the results of the creative imagination or artist quality in man. The artist is the man who makes life more interesting or beautiful, more understandable or mysterious, or probably, in the best sense, more wonderful. His trade is to deal in illimitable experience. It is therefore only of importance that the artist discover whether he be an artist, and it is for society to discover what return it can make to its artists."

He had already painted *Club Night*, *Both Members of This Club* and *Stag at Sharkey's*, but the public had not yet begun to think of him exclusively as a man who made fight pictures—if they thought of him at all. But he had been looking at the lithographs of Goya and Daumier and thinking of doing some himself. At Keppel's, on 57th Street, they tried to discourage him, saying there was a market for etchings all right, but none for lithographs. "Is that so!" said Bellows. "Here's where we put lithographs on the map"—and proceeded to do so. He began in 1916. His first litho was *Prayer Meeting* and he returned to this general theme, in *The Sawdust Trail*, (of which he did a painting also) *Billy Sunday* and *Spiritual Potentate*. He did his fight pictures again in lithography, and newspapers sent him around to make fight drawings, after which he would work them into paintings and lithographs. One of the best, after *Stag at Sharkey's*, was *Introducing John L. Sullivan*, with that fighter's conceit finely caught in both mediums. Among other lithos there are *The White Hope*, bleeding and crumpled up; *Jess Willard in Training Quarters*, *Preliminaries to the Big Bout*, indicating that ladies in evening gowns and gentlemen in top hats were buying ringside seats; *Introducing the Champion*, *Knockout*, *Counted Out* and *Introducing Georges Carpentier*.

His fight pictures were made from memory and imagination, and he wrote to a correspondent once to explain that, to him, a fighter's face was "about as unimportant as the polish on a locomotive's headlight," his muscles being his *e pluribus unum*. The way in which he delineated the face of Sullivan, for example, shows that he did not follow his own counsel to its extreme point.

Lithography was his journalistic, editorial and literary medium. It was the medium in which he put his indignation, his comment and his caricature, a procedure in which he had excellent precedents. It was in black and white mainly that he saw red about the Germans in Belgium, although he did paint *Edith Cavell Going to Her Execution* and *The Return of the Useless*. He made mordant lithographic portraits of billiard players and of business men at the Y. M. C. A. gym and pool, and of artists judging pictures, while his *Art Critic* is no less venomous than his *Spiritual Potentate*, while you could never guess, looking at his *Married Couple*, drawn with pity no less than with laughter, that he himself was happy in his home life. His lithos, far more than his paintings, tell us that he did not take things as they are. *The Law Is Too Slow* is a lynching, and his *Electrocution* indicates a feeling about capital punishment. *The Deadline* is a reminiscence of a mine disaster; *Benediction in Georgia* pictures a clergyman praying to a roomful of convicts, and his *Initiation in the Frat* was said to have put an end to that form of hazing in at least one American college. Nice people resented *Dance in a Madhouse*, but *The Drunk*, on the other hand, looks like a Prohibition sermon in stone. He used this medium also for a fine set of portraits, of family and friends, while his last prints, like *Amour* and *Return to Life*, have a lyrical hunger in them indicating that he had started on another track when death came, Jan. 8, 1925, as the result of a delayed operation for appendicitis. #

A Rat in a Trap

Continued from page 73

hearing. Not that he mistrusts us. He is merely secretive at times by nature. And he has a shrewd head, which is capable of hatching intricate schemes. He claims to have studied law.

Mueller says, "I've got an idea too. I kind of think that Ludke ratted on the wrong party at last."

I ask, "What makes you think so?"

"Just a hunch. Stacey is bad medicine to fool around with."

We saunter across the yard and spend a few moments on the sidelines. Most of the inmates are booing the prison team and betting tobacco as soon as an officer's back is turned.

Mueller fixes his eye on the north cell hall.

"Well," he mutters angrily, "I see they found the soda."

The deputy warden and the captain of the solitary are descending the stone steps. They peer about the yard, then, after several moments, head directly toward two inmates who are deep in conversation near the water fountain. One—I see it is Garsky—stands idly by. The other waits defiantly for the deputy and the captain to seize his arms and march him off to the hole.

According to the prison regulations, an inmate is in third grade—"designated by three diagonal black stripes on the left sleeve," as the rule book puts it—until the thirtieth day following the day he was placed in solitary confinement. After his release from the hole, and during his period in third grade, he receives no privileges at all; his hair is shaved off and he cannot smoke, chew, read, write, receive mail, visitors or pay, and is allowed no recreation. On Saturday afternoons, when the inmate body is granted three hours' liberty in the prison yard, the third grader is locked in his cell. During the noon meal, the only time save yard time on Saturday afternoons, when talking is permitted, the third grader sits at a special table and maintains a rigid silence. Thus, for thirty days, unless he gets a demerit mark, in which event he has the whole thing to do over again. The officers seem to take particular delight in letting a man go for twenty-nine days without a mark, and then reporting him for some minor infraction of the rules on the last day.

A month has passed. I am filling the oil tank with the solution which is sprayed on the raw twine fiber, when I notice an inmate wearing the second grade uniform enter the shop. I figure, at first, that we have got a new victim, but after he dons his overalls, and heads for my machine, I see that it is Stacey, just out of third grade, having been lucky enough not to have got a mark during the past month. He refused to work during the period of no privileges, and as a consequence spent twenty-one days locked up in the detention ward. He served nine days in solitary—one small piece of bread each day, a little water, and nothing else.

Pete Kassock, the shop screw and the dirtiest bull in the joint, is keeping his eye on Stacey, so I stay where I am, behind the oil tank. Fargo Red, my helper on the twine machine, is busy at the front end, so he does not see Stacey duck from sight the minute Pete turns his head, and scuttle, like a crab, on all fours, across the floor to a stack of spare parts that are ranged along the back wall. The twine machine, which looks something like the steel framework of a railroad gondola, hides Stacey from Pete, who is now yelling something at the citizen foreman anyway, and a pile of raw twine fiber conceals Stacey from the rest of the inmates. Except me. Standing there, waiting for the tank to fill, I see him dig into a heap of extra gears and pulleys and spiked crossbars, and bring up the wickedest looking shiv I have seen in a long time. It appears to have been made from a file and is about ten or twelve inches long.

Stacey takes the tip of the blade between his right thumb and forefinger and lets fly at a bale of twine. The knife impales itself deeply, and he has to tug to get it out. He repeats the performance five or six times. Then

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A Rat in a Trap

Continued from pages 73-137

I notice that he is throwing the knife with his eyes closed. I find myself admiring his accuracy, for he is throwing it a good distance—twelve or fifteen feet—and each time the knife sticks in almost the same place as before. Then I recall that the newspapers once said something about his having been a knife-thrower with some circus. But I figure that it is a screwy thing to be pulling now; if Pete gets off his stand and catches Stacey with that shiv, he won't get out of the hole until he is walking on his beard. And then I remember Ludke, the rat who sent Stacey to the hole, and I feel a slight chill.

Stacey suddenly tucks the knife beneath his shirt, and, as though he senses my presence, glances up quickly. I smile confusedly. His face is like a human skull thinly veiled by yellow parchment. I beckon that Pete may see him. He laughs, crouching there on all fours, and crawls back to the machine. I shut off the oil and kneel beside him.

"How'd they treat you?" I shout above the roar of the machine—small danger of Pete's hearing us and sending us to court; ten machines are running, and the place is like a boiler factory.

"Can't kick."

"Need anything—soap, tobacco, toothpaste?"

"No. They gave me my stuff when I shed my stripes."

I am not nearly as hard as I sometimes try to make the other inmates think I am, and I admit that my stomach is hollow from sight of that flying shiv and the look on Stacey's face. Words are difficult to find.

"Well," I say, "let me know if you need anything."

I start to rise, but Stacey's hand catches me.

"Listen, Ross. I know you're solid and all that. So do me a favor and forget about that shiv."

I feign bewilderment—I have not been around here over two years without learning at least some of the answers.

"What shiv?" I ask, smiling slightly. "Never heard the word before."

Some of the tension leaves his face, but his eyes are two bits of ice. He slaps my arm.

"O. K., Ross."

It is Sunday morning, and we stand at our cell doors, waiting for the gong to summon us to the motion picture show. We dare not leave the bars, for if we are even one second late in stepping from our cells, we are reported to the deputy warden—"sent to court"—given a demerit mark, and denied our talking and recreational privileges for a week. I hear Mueller on one side of me, Lassiter on the other, shuffling their feet wearily.

The bell rings at last, simultaneously informing the officers of all three cell halls that the picture is ready to be run. The brass gong clangs four times. Open slide the cell doors on gallery four. Silently we file along the railed gallery, descend the stairs, and form two abreast on the stone flagging of the ground floor. The gong sounds three times, then twice, then once, as each gallery empties; and the line tramps from the north cell hall into the rotunda, where the inmates of the south cell hall merge with our file, and we march four abreast down the long arcade which leads to the auditorium, the inmates of the east cell hall falling in at the rear of our line.

The inmate band is in the pit, blaring a familiar tune. I search my mind, as my feet co-ordinate with the music. A marching piece—memories of tramping feet and cheering crowds and rifles and brave banners. *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. For no reason at all, I get a thrill. Wondering somewhat sheepishly if I am becoming temperamental, I slide into my seat, between Mueller and Lassiter.

Ludke takes an aisle seat a few rows down. The man beside him draws himself far away and holds his nose. I immediately start watching for Stacey, then see him slip into the aisle seat directly across from Ludke. The auditorium fills; the screws, who have been standing in the aisles, take their seats—one to about every fifteenth row.

The lights go out; a scratching sound, not unlike radio static, emanates from the screen. The inmate orchestra lays aside its instruments. The title of the picture flashes on the screen. Symphonic music, played in accompaniment to the sub-titles, fades and is supplanted by ringing chimes. Big Ben . . . London . . . Midnight. . . . I fish a chocolate bar from my coat pocket, and divide it with Mueller and Lassiter.

They mutter thanks as their groping hands touch the candy. But there is no danger of being seen or heard. It is so dark that Mueller and Lassiter are like imperceptible shadows against a black wall; a torrent of sound is issuing from the screen.

I settle back, munching my chocolate, and prepare to get interested in the show, but almost immediately a faint sound, not unlike a stifled cough, rises from the seats ahead. Unconsciously I tense. I cannot fathom the cause of my uneasiness, until the thought suddenly smites me that Stacey and Ludke are seated there ahead in the darkness. I try to peer into the gloom, but it is like trying to look through a blanket.

A second or two drag by. My mind races. For I know. That sound was Ludke. I know just as surely as I know the sun will rise again. My nostrils feign a subtle odor of blood.

Then, a long, gurgling scream, and some one crying, "Jesus Christ!" Feet scrape, and a vague shadow stumbles into the aisle. "Lights! For Christ's sake, turn on the lights!"

The lights flash on. Several guards rush to the inmate in the aisle.

"That guy!" he cries, pointing to the floor beneath Ludke's seat. "He screams and flops over on me! Lookit the blood on my clothes! My hands—Oh, Jesus!"

All the inmates scramble to their feet. Ludke's seat is vacant. But I see his shoe sticking out into the aisle. A guard bends over the shoe, then straightens. He is very pale. He looks at his hands. They are red. He stands to one side, staring frozenly at the floor, and scrubbing at his hands with a handkerchief.

The deputy charges down from the rear of the auditorium. He orders two inmates to drag Ludke from between the rows of seats. The men toss him out into the aisle. The deputy curses them for roughness. They are a couple of kidnapers, lifers, solid parties. The deputy kneels over Ludke, and tugs at a knife which is buried deep in the right side of his neck. The deputy cannot release it. He listens for a heartbeat and examines Ludke's eyes. Then he rises.

"Take him to the hospital."

The two inmates grasp Ludke's arms and legs. They do not hurry; there is no need. They mope up the aisle, very pleased, and very slow, giving everyone a chance to see their burden. Ludke's eyes are open. His face is soft and harmless. As the lifers carry him past me, I tear my eyes from the handle of the knife. It looks familiar. I shudder. Never before have I seen a dead man.

The deputy roars, "Everybody down in his own seat!"

Extra guards pour down the aisles. They order, "Take the seat you had during the show." I notice that some of the night screws are here on duty. They must have been called and got here in a hurry. Evidently they have been trained for just such an emergency.

I sink into my seat. Not until I am down do I realize how weak I am. I seek out Stacey. He sits nonchalantly eying a pool of blood in the aisle.

Now the deputy is questioning all the inmates who sit near the seat that Ludke occupied. The men step into the aisle singly, where, after their hands are examined for blood stains, they are searched. Each man is led away by an officer, as soon as the deputy asks a round of questions. The inmate who sounded the cry is evidently absolved of complicity. The nature of the wound made it nearly impossible for him to have inflicted it: he sat on Ludke's left; whereas the knife entered from the right. The deputy questions the fellow and sends him, unaccompanied by a guard, on some errand, or to his cell.

When the deputy indicates Stacey, my heart pounds faster. But Stacey rises indifferently and extends his hands. Only a handkerchief is found in his pockets. He answers the deputy's questions, and an officer leads him away. As he passes me, he smiles tightly and winks.

The deputy's face is glistening with sweat. He is following a dangerous course. The inmates are in an uproar, and the guards cannot quiet them. Rules against talking have ceased to exist. Mueller and Lassiter excitedly hurl questions at me, but answer themselves in high, hoarse shouts.

The deputy grinds relentlessly on.

"Name and number?"

"Carlysle, 10,801."

"What do you know about this?"

"Nothing."

"Mean to tell me that you were sitting right here, and didn't see a thing?"

"It was too dark; I was watchin the picture."

"We'll find ways to make you smart guys talk . . . Take him away."

The deputy is getting no place. Carlysle is a rat, but the knifing of Ludke has put the fear of God into him and the rest of his kind. Nobody knows anything; nobody saw or heard anything.

Some one in the rear of the auditorium yells, "For Christ's sake, shut off that God damn pitcher!"

All of the inmates take up the cry. Some one else howls, "Yeow! The rat's bumped off!" Another shouts, "Bump 'em all, the dirty . . ." One man starts to stamp his feet. In a moment, the auditorium reverberates, as though from thunder. As a precaution against open rioting, we are herded to our cells.

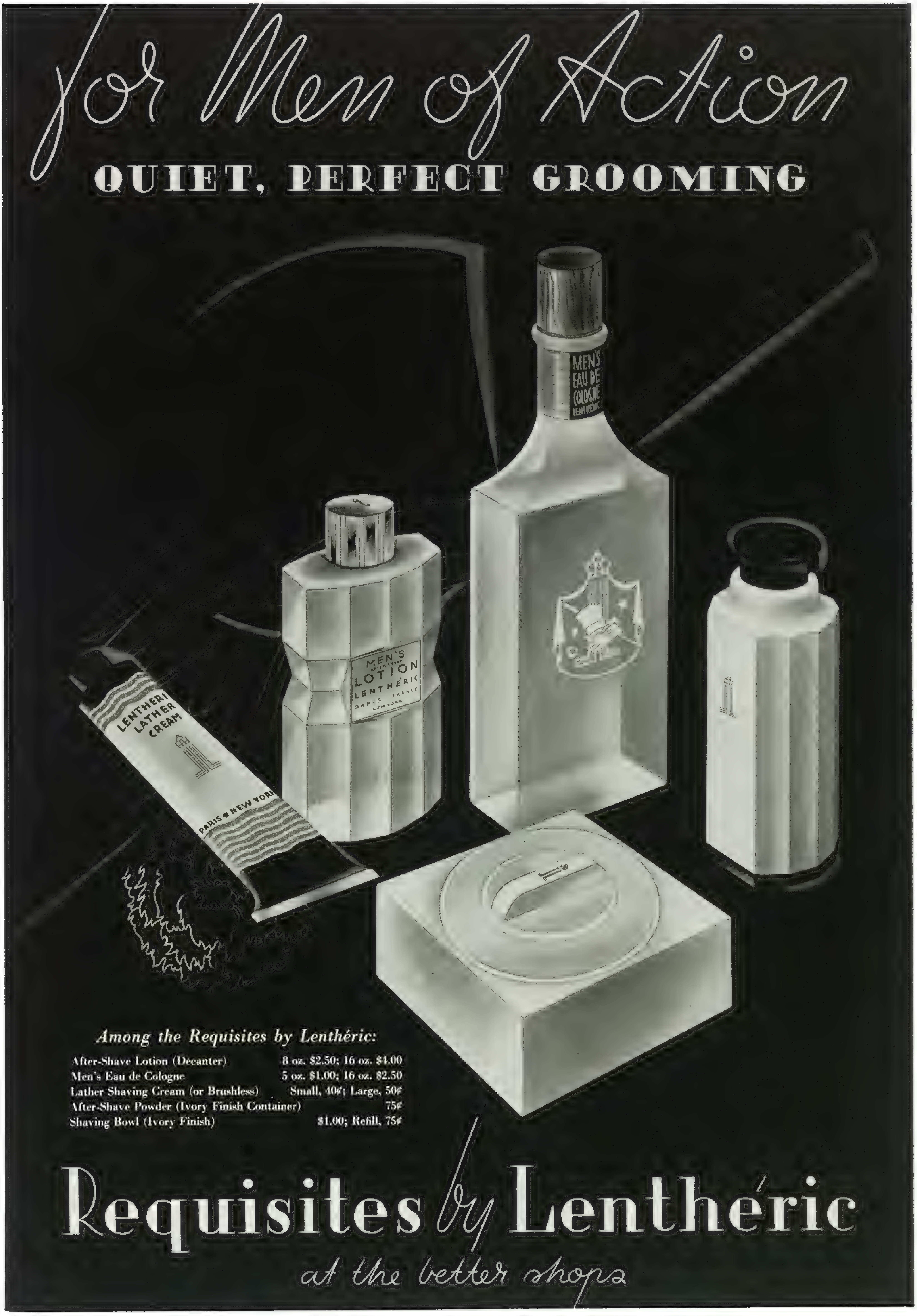
I sit on my cot and think, "Well, it's really your fault. You knew all along they were going to bump him. And if you'd tipped the deputy, Ludke'd be alive right now. And maybe you'd be going home to your mother, on a pardon. Maybe it's not too late, and you can still get a pardon if you snitch. If you were on the outside, you'd never cover a murder."

I stifle the shameful thought. "But you aren't on the outside. You're in prison. And you're no rat. No, by God! Besides, the world is better off without people like Ludke. But . . .

"Oh, the hell with it."

Four days have passed; Ludke's death sent the rats to their holes, and the killing is unsolved. The authorities have run into a wall of silence. The convicts will not break their one inflexible rule: "Don't rat."

Stacey seems happier than I have ever seen him before. An amused little smile crinkles the corners of his eyes, and he hums softly as he goes about his work. #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Almost Perfect Cipher System

Continued from page 88

recipient of the message.

Now you and your partner must have agreed upon a keyword. The only important thing about this keyword is that it can contain no repeated letters. Any such word, of any length, can be used, but for the Playfair the favorite length is ten letters. When the *Norge* made her celebrated voyage the NANA selected, with perhaps a touch of elfish humor, the word Bankruptcy. Blacksmith would serve; Authorized, Exhaustion, Mineralogy, Unsociable—any word of the sort that is easily remembered. Let's suppose you choose Hysterical, for no special reason.

Now make a square, five by five, and in two agreed-upon rows put the letters of the keyword. The second and fourth lines across, counting from the top, we may say:

H	Y	S	T	E
R	I	C	A	L

Then in the vacant squares write the other letters of the alphabet in their order. There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet and only twenty-five squares? True, but we count I and J the same letter. They are interchangeable in Roman script, and if in decoding you find a J where you expected an I, or vice-versa, you will have no difficulty in straightening the matter out. "J wjsh only iustjce—Iohn" is certainly clear enough. The square, complete, then, looks like this:

B	D	F	G	K
H	Y	S	T	E
M	N	O	P	Q
R	I	C	A	L
U	V	W	X	Z

Observe: all either you or your correspondent has to remember are three things: the keyword, the rows it's written in, and the "null" you are using.

Now to code your message.

If you look at the square, you will see that any pair of letters you may select *must* occupy one of three positions: in the same horizontal row, in the same vertical column, or at diagonally opposite corners of a rectangle. Take the message we have written. The first pair of letters, SE, is in the second horizontal row. The next pair, LX, is in the diagonally opposite corners of the rectangle $\left\{\begin{matrix}A & L\\ X & Z\end{matrix}\right.$ The seventh pair, HR, is in the first vertical column. The twelfth pair, ED, is at diagonally opposite corners of the rectangle $\left\{\begin{matrix}D & F & G & K\\ Y & S & T & E\end{matrix}\right.$ And so on.

Realizing this, we adopt the following three rules for our encipherment:

1. If the pair of letters is in the same horizontal row, write down the letter immediately to the left of each. Should one of the pair be at the extreme left of the line, write the letter at the extreme right of the line. To code our first pair, SE, we would write YT. Had that first pair been HE we would have written ET.

2. If the letters are in the same vertical column, write down the letter immediately above each. Should one of the pair be at the top of the column, write the letter at the bottom. To code our seventh pair, HR, we write BM. Had we wished to code BR we would have written UM.

3. If the letters are at opposite corners of a rectangle, write the pair of letters at the other corners. To code our twelfth pair, ED, we write YK. To code our second pair, LX, we write AZ.

That's all. The message concerning the immediate sale of National Pacific coded, looks like this:

YTAZACSPOITSBMTZTEVMBIYKPI YANMCATPIRDCICHPCLZKGA.

It happens to contain 48 letters, so it could be split into eight groups of six letters each, for transmission; or if you felt like giving your would-be decoder a really good time you could make the groupings irregular, to look like words:

YTAZA CS POITSBM TZTEVMB IYK PIYANMCAT PI RDCICH PCLZKGA

Of course, when your partner receives this hash he simply reverses your process. He writes out the square, splits the coded message into pairs, and if the pairs are in the same row writes the letters immediately to the *right*; if in the same column, the letters immediately *below*; and if in the corners of a rectangle the letters in the other corners. Just to show how easy it is to read, here is a brief message enciphered by the above keyword:

SECYWT HYSTNR YFCLP VQYCLVM UMTLGL KRTZ

You should be able to read it almost as rapidly as you can write down the letters.

Of course, there is the question: can the Playfair system be decoded without the key? Yes, it can be; but only with heavy expenditure of labor. Naturally, the common words, like THE, THAT, ARE, etc., are going to turn up in the same positions in a message of any length, and such repeated groups are what the cryptographer looks for. But consider what can be done if real secrecy is desired. Suppose you agreed to send the first fifty letters using the keyword in the second and fourth rows, the next fifty using it in the first and fifth, the next fifty in the fourth and first; then you might decide to put the keyword in vertical columns instead of horizontal rows, and ring the changes there. Or you could use a different keyword at stated intervals. Such methods would require written memoranda for you and your partner, but they would give your hypothetical enemies a merry time.

Of course, as stated above, the Playfair system *can* be deciphered—given plenty of time and a sufficiently long sample. The method of identification and attack is far too lengthy to be given here. But for practical purposes—and who wants a cipher except for practical purposes?—it is as nearly unbreakable as any system under the sun. ###

The Guy in the Red Pants

Continued from page 70

win more than he did. Ross—with his wife in the hospital and three kids at home with barely enough to eat. Jim simply throttled back and finished second. Can you beat that?

"He told the oil company he got off his course. They raised hell and you can't blame 'em much. They put out plenty of money in that ship and the preparation for the race. Well, they got a winner this year. I hope they're satisfied.

"It's strange that a guy who liked so much to be alone should always have people in his hair. He told me once of a forced landing he had on a lonely ranch in New Mexico. He was tired and fagged out but that night the rancher had fifty people in to see him—like a prize steer on exhibit. It was the same everywhere he went. Men corraled him and bored him at every opportunity and women were constantly on the make for him. He had to be careful. I used to think this fame stuff would be a lot of fun but after seeing what Jim had to endure I'm content to stay a mechanic. I don't think I'd mind the women part so much though.

"Many a night Jim would come out to the field and take the Stearman up just to loaf around the sky. Other pilots would be partying or off at a show. Jimmy would go floatin' around upstairs brushin' against the stars—goin' nowhere except away from people.

"Maybe you've been out on the desert on a clear night or out in the middle of the Pacific in a dead calm. If you have and you liked it, then you know somethin' of what Jimmy went up to the sky at night for.

"To most pilots, flyin' is a sport, an adventure or a job. To Jim it was a complete passion. There was no part of it he didn't love. The danger, the beauty, the caress of the sky held him more closely than any woman. And Mister, he could get more out of a ship than anybody I ever knew. I've seen him fly every type from an Aeronca to a Douglas. It didn't make any difference to him. He had an intuitive feel of a ship and its flyin' speed, and whether it floated in for a landing or came in like a streamlined brick he didn't care. The sky was as much his natural environment as the earth is for the farmer or the sea for the sailor.

"He had been in the game a long time now and had changed a lot since I first knew him. He always had been cynical of crowds and people—said they only came to race meets in the hope of seeing an accident. But until recently he always had a wise-crack—for me anyway. I began to get sort of worried about him.

"'What's it all lead to?' he said one day. 'The measure of my life is headlines. The measure of the money in my pocket is headlines. Every performance has to be topped. I'm paid for madness.'

"We got to reminiscing over the past. The time we souped the Wasp in that Hellion to a thousand horsepower and the ship couldn't stand it. She tore to pieces like a paper kite in the air. Folded up right now. Jim was only three hundred feet when it happened and I was standin' on the line watchin' him. I hope to God I never spend another twenty seconds like that again!

"Of course he was too low to bail out but do you suppose he quit thinkin'? He still had flipper action of the controls and he yanked back the stick and shot that flyin' fuselage up another few hundred feet. Then he jumped and the 'chute puffed out just in time. I had the jitters for a week after that but he didn't.

"Then there was the time a piece of cowling tore loose and smashed the windshield and his face as well. I don't know yet how he got the ship down. His face was streamin' blood like a broken gas line and he blinked and fought for the ground as a game prizefighter reaches blindly for his adversary.

"'Why don't you quit, Jim?' I said. 'I wish you would. It'll get you sooner or later.'

"'Quit?' He laughed. 'I'll quit someday but it won't be the way you think, big boy. And it won't be to run some garage or restaurant or sink my soul in an office. And they won't say I've quit because I lost my nerve!'

"He said nothing about it to me but two weeks later I heard he'd tried to get a job on an air-

Continued on page 143

Did you ever see finer shoes . . . *at any price?*

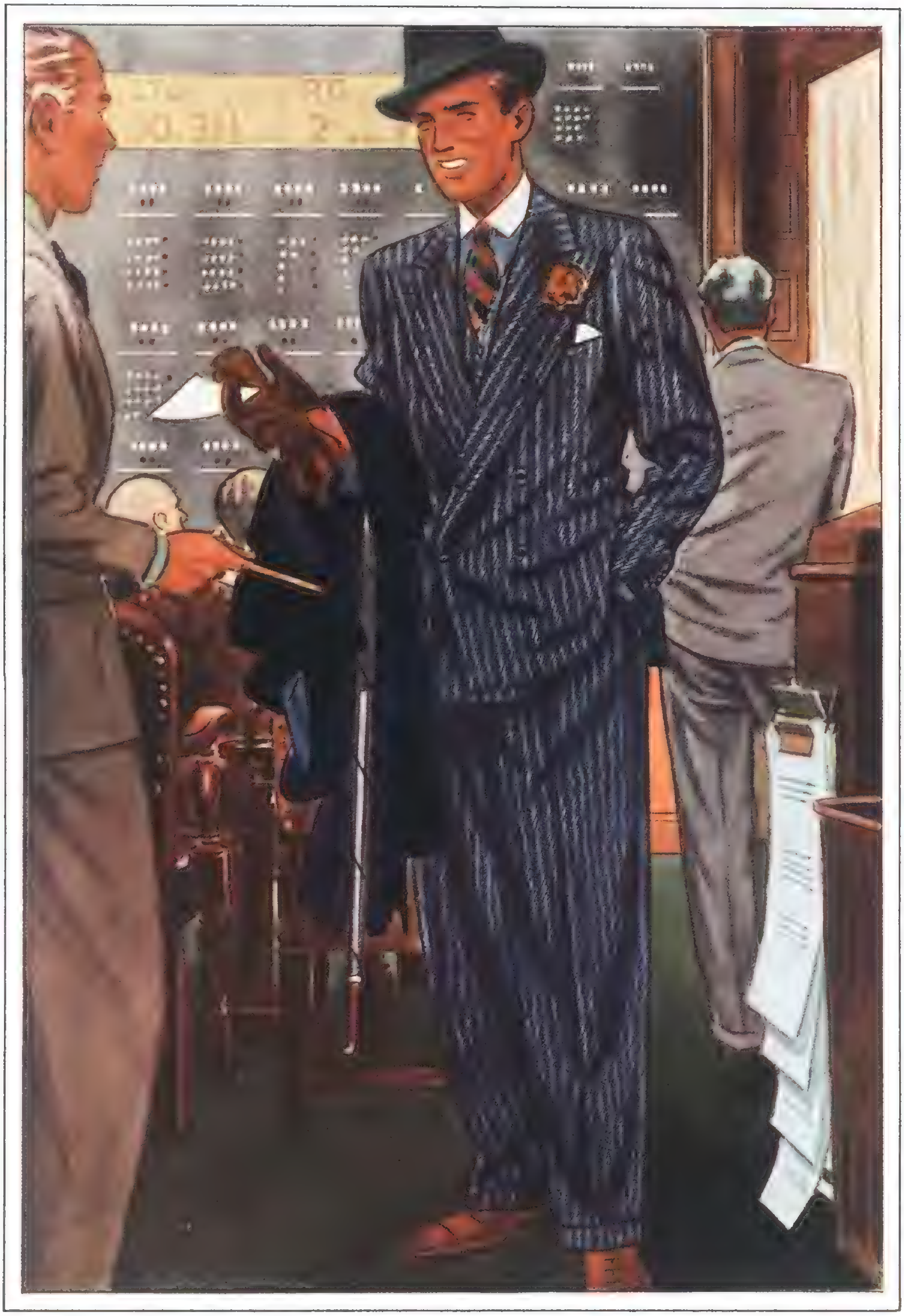
Jarman designers traveled thousands of miles—observed, checked, inquired, made elaborate notes on what's smart and why. Herewith, their findings. Top left is an English walking shoe for country wear. Top right and the shoes by the towels are orthodox Monk type versions . . . very comfortable and, of course, correct for town and country wear. Number Four, near the irons, is a grey suede Raglan with dark crepe soles, and the other styles fit just as correctly into the spring and summer picture. Once you've seen them, worn them, compared them point for point with shoes that cost twice as much or more, you'll see why men who formerly paid high prices for smart footwear have turned to Friendly and Frank Jarman Custom Shoes . . . The Jarman Shoe Company, Nashville, Tennessee. *Division General Shoe Corp.*

Portraits in Leather

Jarman Shoes

FRIENDLY SHOES $5

FRANK JARMAN CUSTOM SHOES $6.50



MAN IN A BLACK HAT WITH BROWN SHOES

Lest you assume that Mr. Goodman just got absent minded, we pause to say it isn't so. The combination of brown shoes and black hat may look accidental but it isn't. You will see repetitions of this fashion phenomenon on pages 136 and 152. As for the outfit on this page, from the top of its black Homburg hat to the soles of its brown buckskin town shoes, it is the best one in the book for all around all day excellence. Par for the spring fashion course, in other words. The suit is a greyed blue flannel with a cable stripe, a new departure from the long established chalk stripe. It is cut in the prevailing double breasted model with only four buttons, the long lapel rolling to the bottom button, and with the fullness left under the arms instead of in the chest. Note that the jacket carries side vents and that the trousers are cut full with twenty-inch bottoms. Note the guard's tie.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Guy in the Red Pants

Continued from pages 70-140

line. They wouldn't take him. No question of course about his ability but the lines don't seem to want race pilots. Maybe it's because the average passenger likes to read in the paper about these record busters but they don't want to fly with 'em. Guess they think they're goin' to raise hell the minute they get off the ground. Actually a race pilot is twice as careful with passengers as he is with his own fanny.

"Well, before the race, Jim and I went off together on a fishin' trip. He seemed more his own self, razzin' me about bein' a better fisherman than a mechanic and pullin' a lot of tricks around camp like puttin' frogs in my bed. Mister, we had one swell time together, Jim and me. . . . Why must guys like that go out like beacons in a fog?

". . . I was startin' to tell you about the race? I'm sorry, Mister. I got to thinkin' over in my mind again about that fishin' trip.

"Well, Jimmy was flyin' the same Vultee job this year he did last but we changed the cowling and put on a new prop that was nettin' us twenty miles an hour more.

"I never thought anything outside of a streamlined streak of lightning could be so fast as that ship. And it was so sensitive I doubt if over half a dozen pilots in the country could handle it.

"The oil company let Jimmy know that if he didn't win this time his contract would not be renewed.

"They said they thought he was slippin'. Jimmy was white when he told me about it. How's that for gratitude? All he did was to keep the name of that lousy fuel in the papers for six years! Hell, you could hardly start a fire with that gas!

"For two nights runnin' I worked all night before the race. Some blower and clutch trouble developed in the motor and I had to pull the whole rear section. Once it looked like I wouldn't have the ship ready in time. I wish now I hadn't.

"You know the tension everybody feels that's connected with a race. There are wild rumors of what this ship will do and that ship will do. This pilot's a good navigator and that one's lousy. The weather's goin' to be good or the weather's goin' to be bad. There's no end to the hangar talk and most of it's worthless.

"Only one ship had me worried. She was a sleek little metal devil that was built up north somewhere. She had half the wingspread of our Vultee and almost the same power. I never saw it fly but I knew Jimmy was goin' to have some competition.

"I've never seen as much interest in any race. Every time Jim turned around somebody was takin' his picture. We got bothered so much we had to close the hangar doors.

"The afternoon of the night the ships were to take off, one of the Los Angeles papers ran a sketch of the route to be flown and beneath it was another sketch of the route that would probably be flown by some of the pilots. It was a zig-zag course that was supposed to be funny.

"It detoured by way of Canada and was plainly pokin' fun at Jim for not winning last year. It made me sore as hell!

"Most of the papers though gave us a good break. They showed performance records of all the pilots and Jimmy's topped the list over a period of years. There were photographs of all the ships entered and the various pilots. There were some good caricatures too of the boys and of course the one of Jim was marked: Jimmy Brooks—better known in the industry as the 'guy in the red pants.'

". . . You can never tell what goes on in another fellow's mind, can you? If I'd had any sense I'd have paid more attention to Jim. I was so busy and worried about gettin' that ship out in time I couldn't think of anything else. I ought to have known his bein' so quiet meant somethin'. Usually before a take-off he was jumpin' all over the place. I remember catchin' him lookin' at me steadily a couple of times. When I looked up he just smiled and turned away slowly.

"A lot of things went on inside him that you and me could never know anything about. He was deeper than most pilots and he had a clear vision of the trail ahead. He knew his days as a race pilot were about over. He knew also he could never abandon the sky. You remember his remark about bein' paid for madness? I've thought about it a hundred times since. He knew all the answers and they weren't very happy ones.

"I used to have a queer feelin' about him when he'd make those flights alone against the stars in the middle of the night. It was as though at some strange altitude he threw off the earth and its atmosphere and entered another world. Nervous and impatient, harassed by people and by life he'd leave the ground and then hours later with the peace of the night itself upon him he'd return to earth. If may have been just the touch of the sky. I don't know.

"Well, to get back to the race—I barely had time to finish my work on the motor and button her up when the signal came for the first ship to take off. It was a fine night—clear and unlimited. The field was packed on all sides with cars and people. You could see the outline of the hills that bordered the valley and the flash of the beacons that stabbed the shadows.

"I had the motor warm now and she was runnin' smooth with that deep roar that sounds so

Continued at top of page 144

The York Street Hat

FEATURING

STYLE ADAPTABILITY

This original snap brim model introduced by Tripler in 1921, *maintains its correctness through its adaptability to prevailing shapes and folds in headwear for gentlemen*

YORK STREET, *a Tripler hat style noted for its distinctive correct style and dependable quality, is the choice of sportsmen and university men. Shades of chestnut brown, cloud gray and gray-green*

$7

TRIPLER HATS $6 *to* $10

TRIPLER STYLES ARE KNOWN
& RECOGNIZED FOR THEIR LEADERSHIP
CORRECTNESS & ORIGINALITY

Mail orders given prompt attention

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OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN

Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46 · NEW YORK

Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN

Country comfort COMES TO TOWN

Born in the country, bred on the campus, acclaimed in town, is the success story of these Spring Bostonians--fashioned in good-looking, soft-fitting reverse calf. The handsome Bostonian brown raglan blucher (on the rail) has the correct-for-country plain toe and serviceable heavy crepe rubber sole. Below: a mannish, straight-tip, lace Oxford, with leather sole and heel, for town wear. Bostonians $7 to $10. Bostonian Foot Savers $10. At smart men's apparel and shoe shops.

The Guy in the Red Pants

Continued from pages 70-140-143

good. I re-checked the gas and turned the ship over to Jim who was to take off third.

"He climbed into the cockpit, revved the motor and then with that solid grip of his, said goodbye. 'You can put your money on me, old-timer!' he said.

"I didn't tell him I'd already staked six months pay. 'You know where I can borrow some?' I grinned.

"He was waitin' for the signal to taxi down the runway. I always kept a scrapbook about his flights and he knew it. 'How many pages you got left in that book, old-timer?' he asked.

"'I got one, Jimmy,' I said. 'I'm gettin' another one tomorrow.

"'—Just one,' he repeated so quietly I could hardly hear him over the sound of the motor. The green light was flashin' for him now. His hand was restin' very steady on the throttle. 'Well, old-timer,' he said, 'you won't need another. The book's finished!' Then he fed her the gas.

"I just stood there like a cold motor. As the ship jumped ahead the stabilizer brushed me and almost knocked me down. I must have acted kind of wild after that. I ran over and grabbed the starter and pleaded with him to give Jim the red light on the runway. I guess he thought I was nuts.

"'There's nothin' wrong with the ship?' he demanded.

"'No, the ship's okay but Jim—Jim—'

"Already he was off the ground. All I could do was to stand there in a cold sweat and watch the flame of his exhaust markin' his last trail in the sky.

"I guess you know the rest of the story, Mister. Jimmy won but I lost. You can imagine what it was like at the finish of the race at Cleveland—the crowds, the excitement, the loud-speakers-the tense moment and cheers when Jimmy's ship streaked high above the airport—the gasps of some of the women when he turned and dove for the center of the field—the joshings of the men about thrills and showmanship—the wailing scream of a power dive—the sudden rising to their feet of a hundred thousand people—the terrible explosive crash and poor Jimmy cremated there like a fly on the crumpled end of a match. —No more cheers.

"You got to go, Mister? I hope I haven't bored you talkin' about Jimmy. I was awful fond of the guy and I can't get him off my mind. I'm sorry I don't remember your name. I'm much better at faces. Yes, I'd like to have your card. . . . Well, I'm damned. Department of Commerce Inspector? I guess you've just been feedin' me questions, haven't you, Mister? So I've been drinkin' on the government. Well, you've got the whole story. A last toast? I'm with you on that, Mister. . . . To a pilot with guts—a great guy in any world—the guy in the red pants!" #

Black Knight of the South

Continued from page 69

the lives he had taken in duels—fourteen in all. Young Allen's death at his hands saddened him most of all."

The man's love for the dramatic, as well as for immaculate attire, is pitifully emphasized by his acts when he decided that peace could be brought to his heart not by the hand of any woman, but only by the soothing fingers of death.

He turned his horse toward Jackson, the state capitol, one day to keep a final appointment in an affair of honor.

The rendezvous was with the court of death.

There, in a lonely hotel room, he prepared his own funeral bier.

After scribbling off the lines of his famous death poem, he could not forget his immaculate person as he stepped forward, pistol in hand, to meet the great grey mistress he had summoned. It was the same pistol with which he had killed his enemies so cheerfully.

"To preserve the neatness and cleanliness of his attire after death should have ensued," writes Colonel R. W. Banks, "it is said he poured a little water upon the floor to ascertain the direction the blood would take when it flowed from the wound."

He disposed his body in such position that the blood would flow away from him instead of toward his garments. He put the pistol to his right temple.

His love for formality held to the end.

For discoverers of the body found that he had planned his last affair in correct detail. There was "coffee for two." One was for Death.

The ink was still wet on his death poem when startled hotel attendants rushed to the scene.

The South was stirred by the tragedy.

Many had made bets upon the career of the Black Knight. A man who had lived so furiously, so destructively, was not expected to see old age.

But no one ever thought he would fall before the same blazing pistol that had so many times carried death and sorrow to some of the finest homes of the South.

Even friends of this smileless man of tragedy were astonished. For they knew almost as little about him as anyone else—almost as little, in fact, as the Black Knight himself.

For Alexander K. McClung, ruthless rider, killer of men, master of law, knew only one love.

He walked aloof from women to be bridegroom to Death. #

SCULPTURED FROM *Grand Champions*

The chipper chap above is *Champion Scotswood Royalist*, proud of his yards of blue ribbon. From ear-tip to tail-tip he's pure championship form, just as he is on the new Hickok cuff links, scarf pins and tie clips. You can choose Hickok dogs, horses, foxes or pheasants. And no sportsman—no show-ring judge—can challenge a single detail. Hickok artistry heeds every fine tradition of this aristocrat's jewelry style. Hickok brings you life-like fidelity, deep-cut richness, and lasting gold tone, at reasonable prices. Your dealer has this man-style new jewelry . . . or else write HICKOK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Chain or bar tie-clips $2 *Scarf pins $2* *Cuff links $3.50*

AND ASK ABOUT ALL THE DIFFERENT SETS

NEW JEWELRY HICKOK-STYLED

McGregor

He cables Esquire . . .
"This Spring, a young man's fancy is fancier than ever!"

Dear Eskie: Spring . . . ah! . . . is inspiring young gallants to thoughts of new clothes and starry eyed mademoiselles. This eagle-eyed scout is ready! I've been roamin' round Europe sketching the fashion highlights. All of them are on sale now in American men's shops, with McGregor labels on them! For example—

In the Bois, a boulevardier blossomed forth in a jacket très bonny!

The gadabout jacket

The news has gadden about already! This new sweater-jacket is perfect for club-house or home. Has a new front and back. Comes in Maroon, Seal Brown, White, Walnut, and Blue. The McGregor Gadabout's a knockout! $6.50.

And... here's something good that came out of Rotten Row!

The cable stitch waistcoat

An English inspiration - with a cutaway front! Just right under a sport coat, or worn with slacks. In White, Canary, Port, Platinum, Ecru, Seal Brown, Navy and French Blue. $4.00.

If garments are not on sale in your city, send size, color and money-order direct to—

McGregor SPORTSWEAR STYLISTS

DAVID D. DONIGER & CO., 303 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

I Mix the Drinks

Continued from page 66

livered. No more ice man, no flirting with the cook, no dirt, no nothing." He slapped the ice box on its bare back. "Let's break the ice with another drink."

Mr. Hawks looked cautiously at father and swallowed his drink. Then he looked haughtily at the ice box. He was in a critical attitude as he stepped up to open one of the doors. He was surprised to find the interior of the box brightly lighted. "Oh ho," said Mr. Hawks, "There's lights on the inside."

"Yep," says father proudly, "Everything's automatic. Open the door and on go the lights. Shut the door and off go the lights."

"How do you know?" asked Mr. Hawks sceptically.

Father looked stupidly at Mr. Hawks. "How do you know what?"

"How do you know the light goes off when you shut the door?" He poured himself another drink.

"Why you just naturally know it," says father, shutting the door to prove it. "See, now the light's off. Very simple."

"You can't see it," said Mr. Hawks. He tried to peek through the crack in the door. "That light is very probably still lit."

Father looked a little bewildered. He got down on his knees and opened the door just a tiny bit. A light shone through the crack.

"What did I tell ya," says Mr. Hawks triumphantly, "She's still lit."

"Listen," says father, speaking just below a shout, "The company that sold me that box said the light goes off automatically. It even says so in the book that comes with the box. That's proof enough, isn't it?"

"You can't believe companies," says Mr. Hawks authoritively. "Look what the companies say about toothpaste. Then look at what the scientists say about toothpaste. A very deceitful universe," says Mr. Hawks.

Father took another drink and looked intently at his new ice box. Father was thinking fast, but his thoughts were slightly dulled. "Listen," says father, "There's two lights up in the top of that box—one on each side. You stick your head in this side for the vegetables, and watch and see if the light on the other side goes out when I shut the door on that side. That'll prove everything, by God."

"Suppose I get a shock?" asked Mr. Hawks.

"Impossible," says father, "Flies have gotten locked up in there accidently and come out hours later 'OK'—except of course they were a little chilly."

Mr. Hawks wasn't so sure about the effect of electricity on flies. For all he knew flies might possibly have rubber in them someplace. He was somewhat doubtful but, nevertheless, game.

"All right," said Mr. Hawks, opening the door for the vegetables, "Let's get these tomatoes out of the way and try her out."

One dozen tomatoes rolled on the pantry floor. Mr. Hawks inserted his bald head through the aperture while father closed the door gently on his neck. "OK," says Mr. Hawks from the inside of the ice box, "Shut the other door now."

Father shut the door on his side and waited breathlessly. It was at this point that mother saw a tomato rolling aimlessly into the dining room. Occasionally the dog got as far as the dining room, but so far, the tomatoes in our house had always kept their place. They never came into the dining room unless they were accompanied by lettuce and a little salad dressing. Mother excused herself and went cautiously out to the pantry door. She opened it gently just enough to see Mr. Hawks bent at a right angle with his south end sticking out of the vegetable side of her ice box.

"Still lit, Albert?" asked father in a tone of suspense.

"Still lit," says Albert Hawks.

Mother returned somehow to the parlor. She looked old. But her expression was indecipherable. I remembered once before when she had returned from the pantry with that same expression. It seemed that father had been showing a new dance step to Martha, a pretty young kid, who up until that time had been our maid. But now I could tell that mother was pretty near her boiling point when she whispered to me that father had Mr. Hawks in the ice box and that Mr. Hawks was lit and even admitted it. "And above everything else," said mother, "Your father is calling him Albert."

I found both gentlemen in the pantry looking at each other silently and sipping their cocktails. The doors of the ice box hung open.

"Well, what do you say now?" asks Mr. Hawks.

"It don't prove a thing," answers father. "All of the doors have to be completely shut before that light goes off. It says so on page three of this pamphlet." He shoved the book at Mr. Hawks.

"Well, Mr. Hawks," I broke in, "is father showing you through the new ice box?" It was a great relief to my conscience to see that mother had evidently misinterpreted the situation.

"Yes," said Mr. Hawks, "Your gullible father has been tricked. He thinks the lights in this fancy ice box of his go out when you close the doors. And of course they don't go out. They stay lit."

"Call up the company," says father, "And tell them to send a man out here. Tell them right away."

I tried to explain to father that the ice box company had gone home

Continued on page 148

● *Left:*—The most thrilling moment of all—the homecoming—snapped by Mrs. Roosevelt as her boat docks at the Hamilton wharf. *Below:*—This modernistic snapshot was made by Mrs. Roosevelt from the tender.

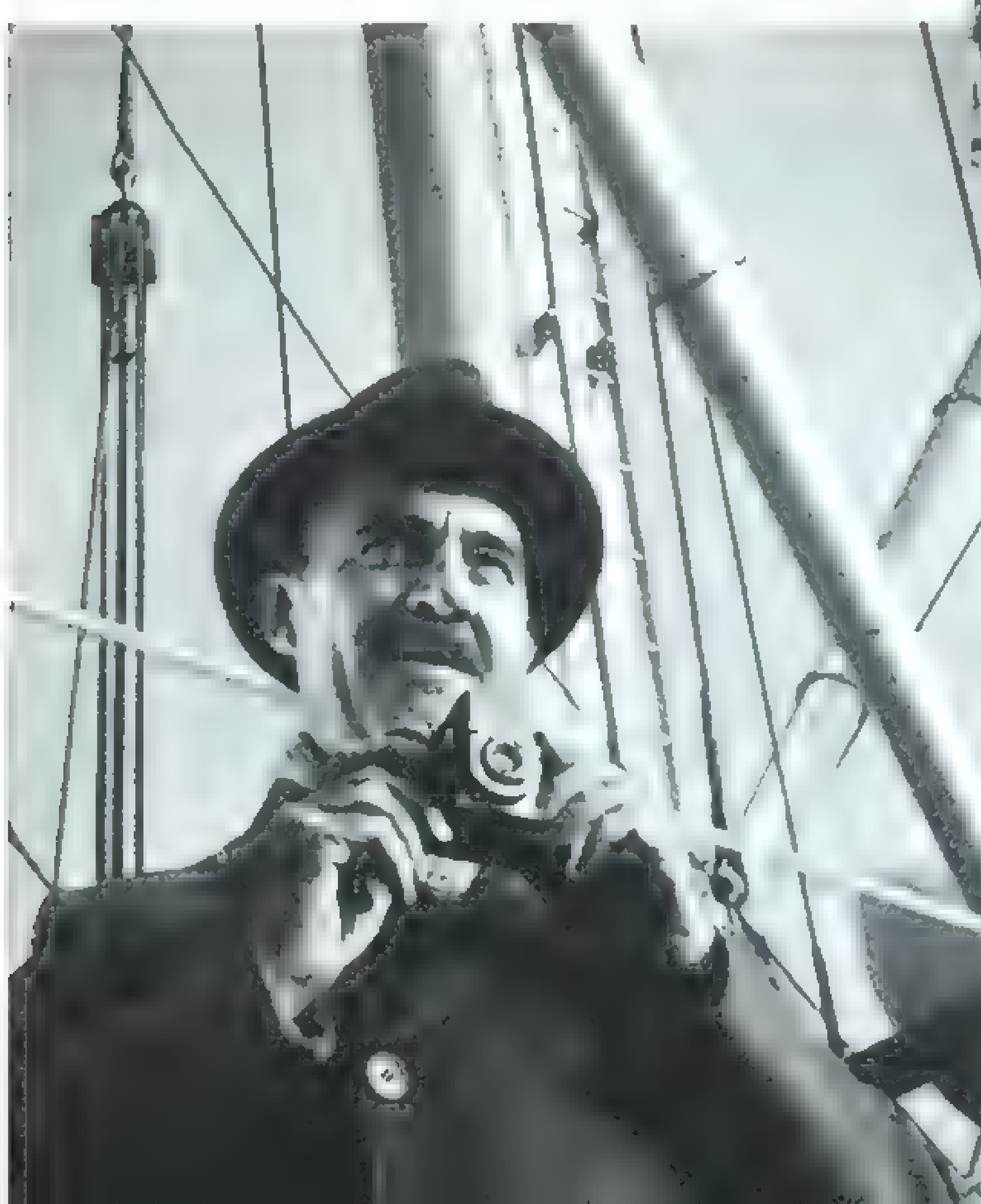
UNUSUAL SNAPSHOTS

by distinguished amateurs

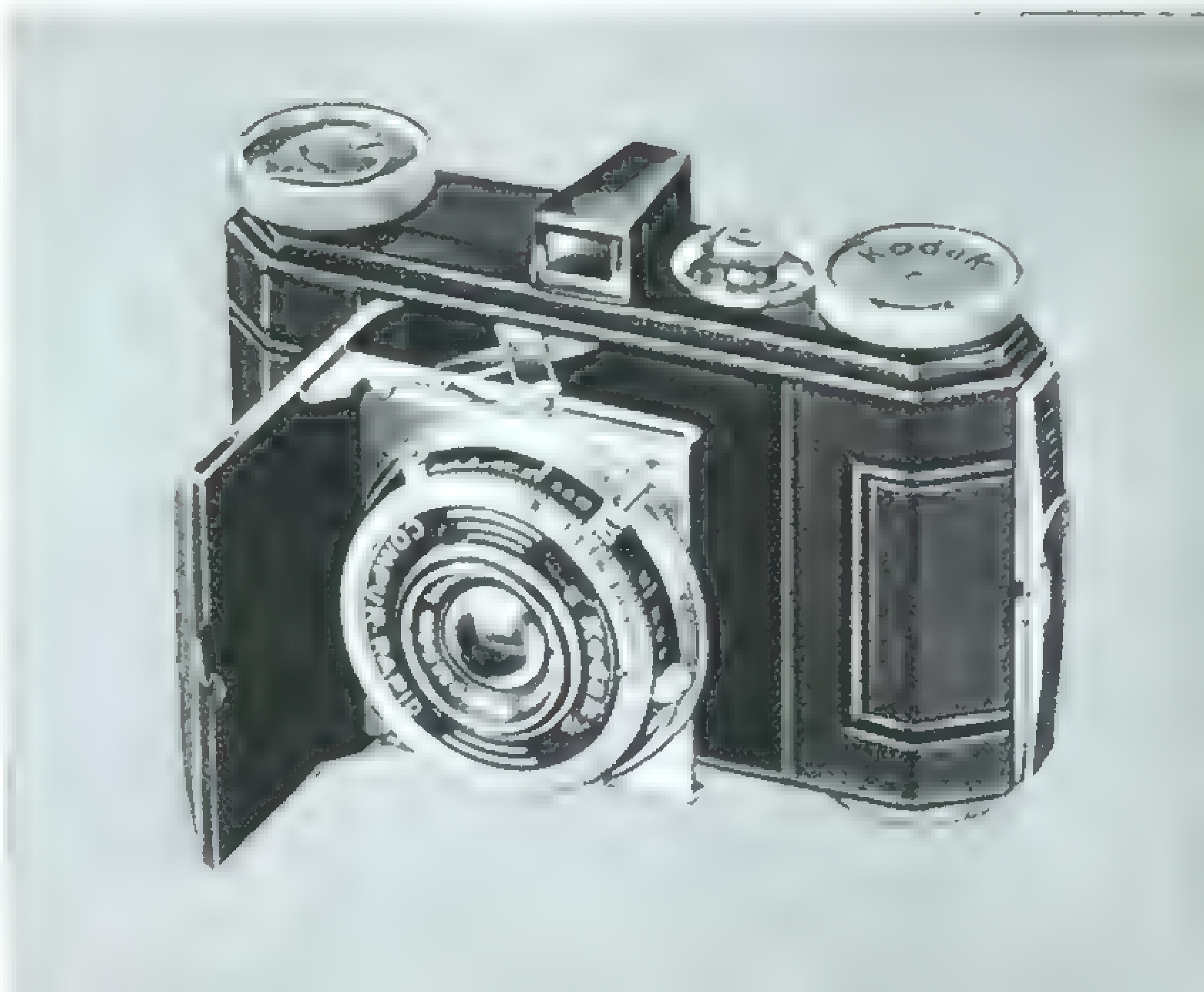
MR. AND MRS. GEORGE EMLEN ROOSEVELT find one advantage of living in Bermuda and commuting to New York is that you can spend the time between ports perfecting yourself in amateur photography. Both are enthusiastic performers with the camera. Both admit a partiality for the Kodak Retina. With their friend, Mr Morgan J. O'Brien, Jr., they made some interesting studies of land, sea, and each other on a recent voyage.

● *Right:*—Mr. O'Brien snaps his companions against a rather effective sea background. *Below:*—Morgan J. O'Brien, Jr., with his Retina—snapped by Mr. Roosevelt.

● Mr. Roosevelt snaps Mrs. Roosevelt, as she borrows Captain Davis' telescope for the first sight of the emerald-green coast of Bermuda.



KODAK RETINA—Eastman's finest precision miniature camera—makes 36 pictures at a loading. This tiny Kodak has all the worth-while features—automatic film spacer—powerful *f*.3.5 lens—1/500-second shutter. Pictures, about 1x1½ inches, readily enlarged. Price, $57.50—at convenient camera counters . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.



Don't let this happen to you!

Has your wife been picking hairs off your shoulder?

Are there telltale bristles in your comb?

Is your coat collar flecked with dandruff?

Get Kreml!

Here's a combination dressing-tonic that won't make you look like a gigolo.

It makes hair behave without plastering it down.

It removes every speck of dandruff.

It's marvelous for falling hair.

In the barber shop, ask for Kreml.

Keep a bottle always on your bathroom shelf.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

Use this olive oil shampoo. It simply billows with cleansing, purifying lather.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

I Mix the Drinks

Continued from pages 66-146

to bed hours ago and that, furthermore, to actually prove anything on the lights a person would have to be on the inside of the box when the doors were closed. Father just looked at the box and called it names.

I returned to mother and attempted to restore her youth and composure.

William's curiosity had also led him to the pantry. He had never seen father under the influence of spirits nor the pantry spotted with tomatoes.

He sniffed the cocktail shaker once more, and then with a look of determination held it under the water faucet.

"What the hell are you doing?" shouted father.

"Diluting dee drinks," says William, "They's power stricken. Ya sir, they's no good fer ulceration of dee stomick."

"You get away from that," says father. "Here," he says, pointing to the ice box, "empty everything out of that box and remove all the shelves."

"Wait a minute," interrupts Mr. Hawks and eyeing father anxiously, "What are your plans?"

"I'm getting inside that box," says father.

"He's gettin' drunk," says William to himself.

William slowly emptied the box, distributing its varied contents all over the pantry and keeping one eye on the door and one eye on the shaker. He removed all the shelves and looked foolishly at father.

The light of respect had begun to fade. Father put down his glass and prepared to enter the ice box. He squeezed his head and shoulders through the large door while Mr. Hawks leaned against the sink and sipped his cocktail. It looked unpromising.

"Listen, Mr. Houdini," says Mr. Hawks, "I can tell already you're not going to make it. You simply weren't made for ice boxes. Now, if you were a banana or somethin'—."

"Push," commanded father.

Mr. Hawks pushed but nothing happened. "Maybe if you took your clothes off you'd slide in better," he suggested.

William looked maliciously at Mr. Hawks. "He's goin' to citch cold enough as it is," says William.

Father sneezed from inside the box. He gave one or two feeble wiggles which reminded Mr. Hawks of a bug stuck in the radiator of an automobile.

"Coming out," says father.

The score was one to nothing in favor of Mr. Hawks. Father was desperate and ideation was slow.

Unexpectedly Mr. Hawks announced that he would like to go upstairs and wash his hands.

"You can wash 'em right here in the sink," said father.

"I said I had to wash my hands," repeated Mr. Hawks, looking rather worried. "And I don't think I ought to use the pantry sink."

"Oh," said father, "Just follow me. We can go up the back stairs." He steered Mr. Hawks to the second floor.

While father waited at the bathroom door he happened to glance into the back bedroom. At that very moment a brilliant idea struck the gong of father's mental clock.

Anyway *HE* thought it was a good idea and told Mr. Hawks it was as he led him into the bedroom. My little five-year-old brother lay snuggly in his bed. Little Henry had always been undernourished.

"What the hell?" inquired Mr. Hawks.

"Shh," says father, going to the bedside in his most gentle manner. "I think he'll fit in the ice box. He's sort of a runt anyhow." He poked little Henry in the ribs. Henry responded sluggishly to the stimulus.

"Want to come and play with Daddy?"

Little Henry stared crossly at father through the slits of his optics.

"Go away," he said flatly.

"Come, come," returned father. "We're going down in the kitchen and play Eskimo."

"Mamma going to play, too?" asked Henry, showing some interest.

"She'll play hell if she finds him," said Mr. Hawks.

"We're all going to play," explained father, "And you'll be the Eskimo who lives in an ice house." And, so saying, he lifted little Henry out of bed. Father felt right proud of himself, but as he said several years later, the alcohol probably altered his judgement.

He gave Mr. Hawks a superior smile and told him the controversy would soon be settled.

And so it was Henry who was going to solve the question of the light in the ice box.

Little Henry was led quietly through the kitchen, and into the pantry where stood the confused William in front of the empty ice box.

William tried to be cheerful about the whole affair. "Well, Masta Henry, sho enough," he said gayly, "What brought you all down here?"

"His father," said Mr. Hawks.

"Aren't we goin' to play nothing?" inquired little Henry. "Where's mamma?" Henry would have felt better if his mother were in the game.

"Not so loud," cautioned father. "We're going to play Eskimo. You'll be the Eskimo and hide in your ice house. I'll be an arctic explorer and William will be a polar bear."

At this point William informed father that all the polar bears he knew of were white.

"Keep quiet," father told him. "They can get dirty, can't they?"

Continued on page 150

VAT 69

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The sun never sets on Martini & Rossi Vermouth

India: A Hindu and an Indian Christian, enjoying Martini & Rossi at a sidewalk inn in Bombay.
Photo by Prataprai K. Shah, Bombay.

Palm Beach (above): Enjoying a "vermouth cassis" (of course most Americans take their Martini & Rossi in Manhattans and Martinis). In short, the sun never sets on Martini & Rossi. It is the world's standard vermouth because it *blends* better. Do yourself a favor—specify it when you order cocktails. There is no substitute for it if your palate is sensitive.

MARTINI & ROSSI
Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y.

I Mix the Drinks

Continued from pages 66-146-148

Mr. Hawks was feeling technical again. "How could a polar bear get dirty with nothing but snow, ice, and the ocean under him?" he asked father.

"OK," says father. "OK, we won't have a polar bear. We'll have a monkey," and he looked pointedly at William.

Mr. Hawks was about to give a lecture on the habitat of the primates, but on second thought let the matter drop. He suggested that he be the polar bear and William be an Eskimo bootlegger and give the explorers another drink.

Father was showing little Henry his ice house. Henry was rather sceptical. He had been taught to stay out of the ice box and couldn't adjust himself to this new school of thought. There was a question of treachery about the whole business and his father seemed suddenly and oddly different. He even smelled different. He looked hopefully towards William who apparently hadn't changed with the night. "Are you going to play, too, William?" he asked.

"Ya suh," said William weakly as he poured Mr. Hawks another drink. "I'se already began." His tone was anything but enthusiastic but his affirmation washed the doubt from little Henry's mind.

"See," says father, "we're playing right now. I'm an arctic explorer coming over a cake of ice." Father put several ice cubes on the pantry floor. "Now run and hide in your ice house," says father.

"I don't want to hide," said Henry proudly, "I'm not afraid of any explorer man."

Father hadn't planned on anything like this, and for a minute he just looked stupidly at little Henry.

"Well hide anyway," said father, "I'm a very dangerous man."

Mr. Hawks was beginning to think so himself.

"You told me never to hide from anybody," said Henry.

"Listen," explained father, "This is just a game. You only pretend you're afraid. See?"

Little Henry looked solemnly at father. He walked over to the ice box and stood reluctant befor the door.

"Go ahead," coaxed father, "Open her up and climb in."

Henry opened the door and with a good amount of effort slowly wedged his little body along the floor of the box. Father stood by giving directions and helped Henry maneuver his head under the refrigeration chamber. Henry doubled up his legs and father shoved them in the box.

"That's fine," says father pleasantly.

"It's cold," says Henry. "I don't want to play Eskimo. I want to come out!"

Father quickly shut the door. Mr. Hawks thought of the days when he used to catch rabbits in wooden traps.

"Now then," says father, "When he comes out we'll simply ask him about the lights and then we'll know the answer to this thing." He looked carefully to see that all the doors were shut tightly. William shot a cautious look at the pantry door. He wasn't so sure mother would appreciate finding her son on ice.

There was a faint and muffled scream inside the ice box followed by vigorous thumps against the doors.

"The little fellow don't like it," said Mr. Hawks with a touch of emotion. "He's crying like hell."

"Ah, ha," says father, "That proves definitely that the light is out. He's afraid of the dark."

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Hawks, "I suppose he starts crying at sunset? No sir, that's no proof at all. We'll ask him whether it was dark or not."

Father opened the door cautiously and was rewarded with the left foot of Henry in his ulcerated stomach.

"Let me outa here," cried Henry, "Let me out!" He wiggled frantically and slid out on the floor. He stood up before the two arctic explorers and shivered and bawled.

"Listen," says father, "Was it dark in there or was it light?"

"It was cold," whimpered Henry, the tears dripping off his cheeks.

"But the light," pleaded father, "Was it on or off?"

Little Henry rubbed the top of his head tenderly. He sneezed and cried louder. "I don't want to play Eskimo. It's cold! I want mamma."

Father looked helplessly at Mr. Hawks who had somewhat of a futile expression himself. "Don't cry so loud," snapped father.

"Tell your father, why dontcha," says Mr. Hawks. "Tell him if it was the dark that made you cry."

"It was the cold!" bawled little Henry. He touched the surface of his head carefully.

"But if it hadn't been cold," continued Mr. Hawks, "Would you have cried because the light was out?"

"But it *was* cold," replied Henry stubbornly. "I want mamma!"

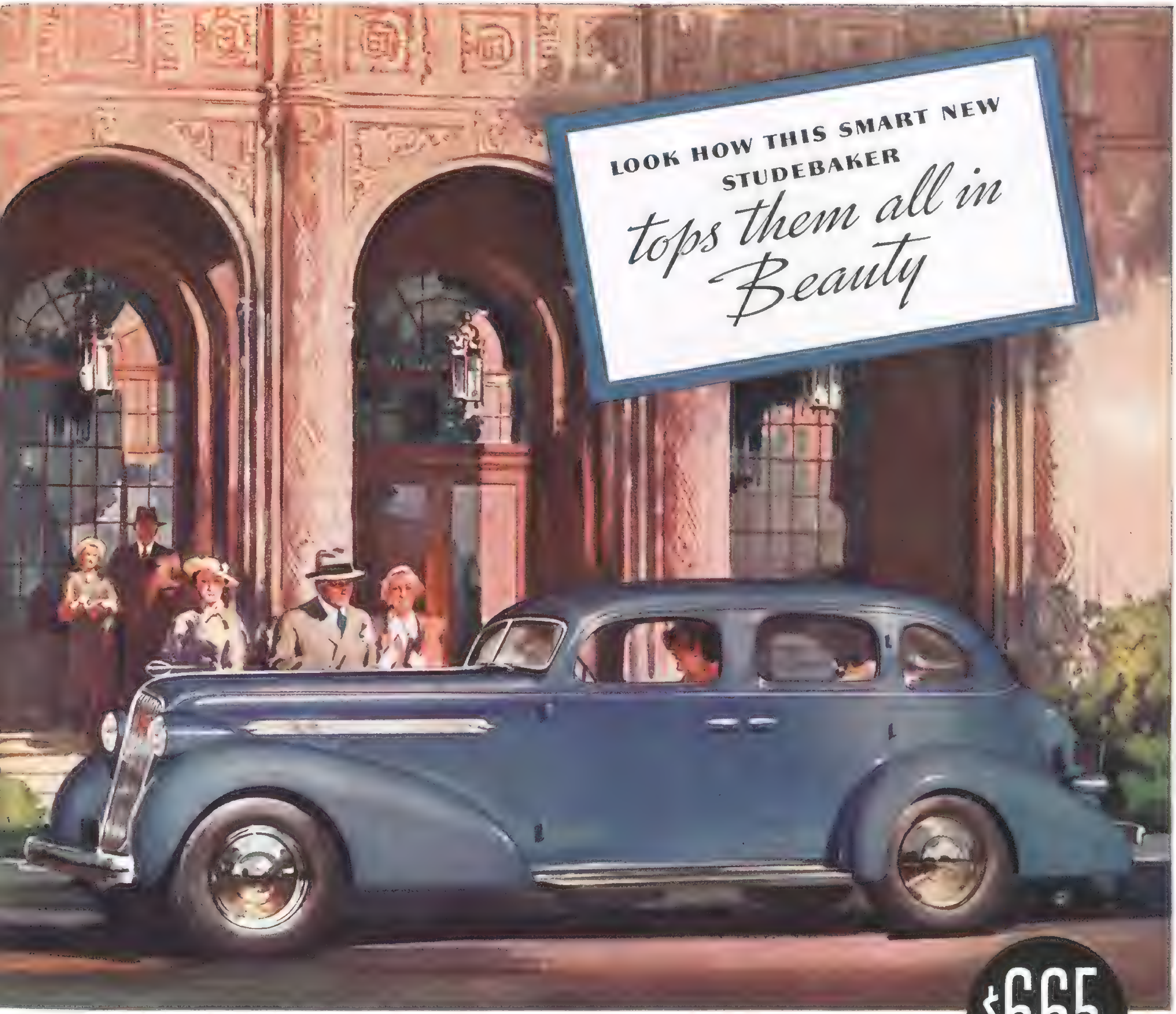
Father wore a belligerent look. There was the answer right in front of him and yet he couldn't reach it. "You answer my question," said father. "Was it light or dark in that ice box?"

Little Henry sobbed and put his hand gently to his head again. "It's busted," he cried.

"Your head's all right," says father looking carelessly at its surface. "It's just cold."

"The light," says little Henry, "The light is busted. I bumped my head on it and it exploded. I want mamma!" he screamed.

And he got mamma. ⧺

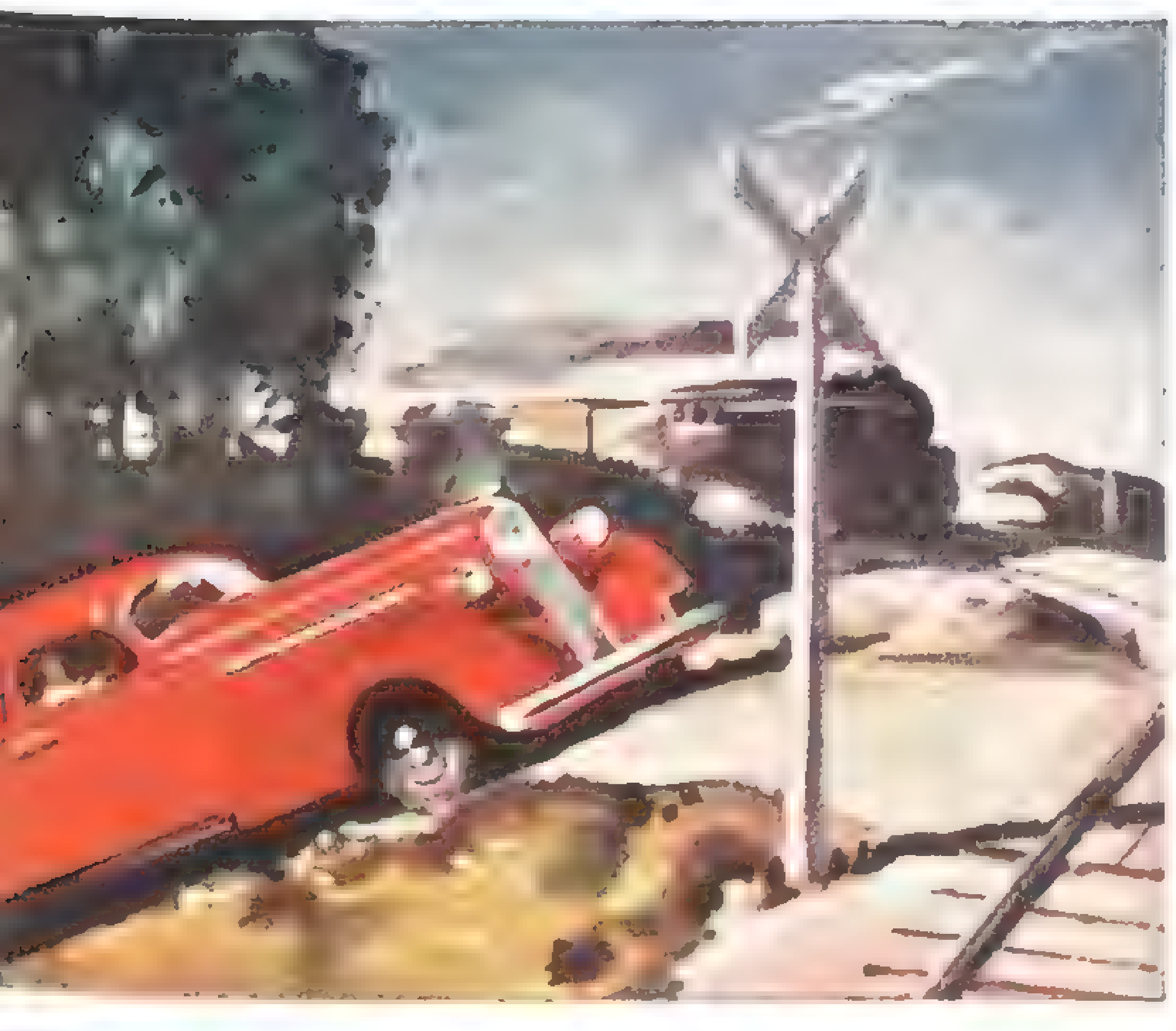


LOOK HOW THIS SMART NEW STUDEBAKER *tops them all in Beauty*

$665 AND UP AT FACTORY, SOUTH BEND

JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN LOWEST PRICED CARS

And an officially proved gas economy Champion!



STOP ON ANY UPGRADE . . . YOU WON'T ROLL BACK IN A 1936 STUDEBAKER—*That's because of the unique Automatic Hill Holder obtainable only in the new Studebaker. It's probably the year's greatest advancement in safety and convenience.*

HELEN DRYDEN settled the motor car style question for this year, when she designed this impressive, beautifully contoured, new Studebaker.

It isn't a last year model a little bit improved. It's thoroughly new from slender, silvery radiator to sweeping rear fenders. And you never saw interiors of such roominess, completeness and good taste.

The smooth, air-curved Studebaker top is the largest one-piece sheet of solid steel ever used in a motor car . . . and it's inseparably welded to a steel body that has more and stronger steel-girder reinforcements than you'll find in any other car.

But words can't tell you what this Studebaker itself will. See it! Drive it! Prices begin at $665 for the new Dictator Six . . . at $965 for the new President Eight. And Studebaker's new C. I. T. 6% plan offers a new "low" in time payments.

STUDEBAKER WINS IN NATIONAL GAS ECONOMY CLASSIC

First place in its price class went to the 1936 Studebaker Dictator Six and first place in its price class to the 1936 Studebaker President Eight in this year's famous Gilmore-Yosemite 352 mile run strictly supervised by the A. A. A. The Dictator averaged

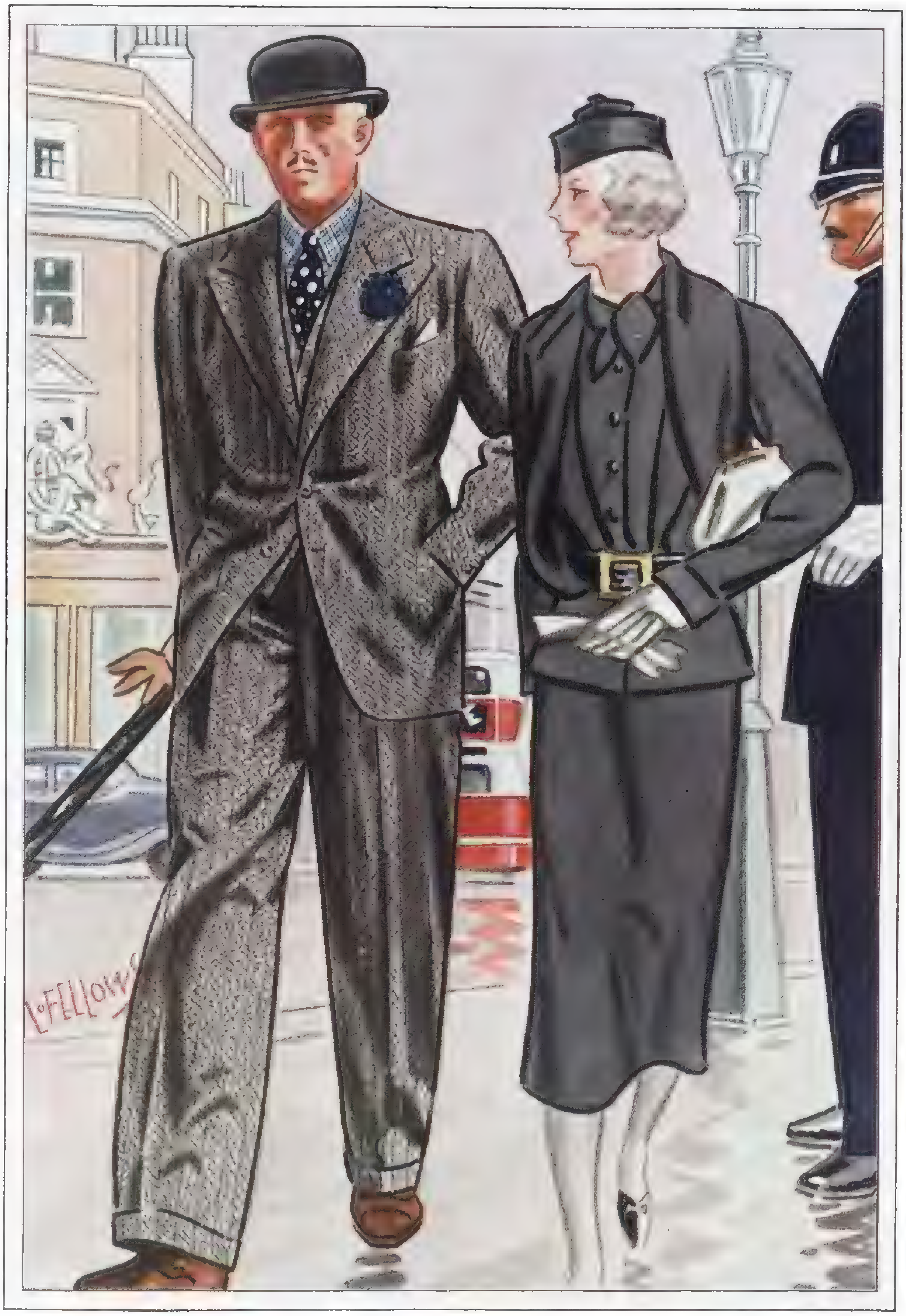
24.27 MILES PER GALLON

excelling even the showing of lowest priced cars. The President averaged 20.34 miles per gallon.

STUDEBAKER'S GAS-SAVING OVERDRIVE enables your car to travel 3 miles on 2 miles of engine work. Overdrive is at its best in the 1936 Studebaker because it's a development of the modern-type transmission pioneered by Studebaker.

NEW 1936 *Studebaker*

SMART TO BE SEEN IN . . . SMARTER TO BUY



TWO BUTTONS ON BOND STREET BACKGROUND

This is the new two-button single breasted suit with double breasted, that is peaked, lapels. It was introduced last season in London and met with immediate success. In the example shown here it is made up in grey sharkskin with a blue stripe. Note that it is worn with the lower button open and that the button that is fastened is directly on the waistline. The jacket has fullness under the arms and the trousers are cut full in the new twenty-inch width. The shirt is a fine broadcloth in a Glen Urquhart pattern, worn with a separate slotted soft collar that is made of the same material. The blue foulard tie has white shower spots, another development of the past London season. Other details deserving study are the brown buckskin town shoes, the rough finish bowler hat, the blue cornflower in the buttonhole and the fawn colored mocha gloves. The black hat with brown shoes is no accident—witness p. 142.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

"... Make Us Truly Thankful"

Continued from page 65

There had been no breakfast. There were no more eggs. There would be nothing to eat until the truck came. No matter, it was well to fast occasionally.

Inside a child whimpered its hunger to its mother.

Felicio turned to the open door. "Be still," he commanded. "There will be food."

The whimpering died away, but in its stead the voice of Dulcima came stridently through the door.

"Fool," she said. "The truck cannot come through this mud. There will be no food and my child is hungry."

"There will be food," Felicio reiterated imperturbably. "There is always food. Concepcion has said four Ave Marias and I have said two. Our Lady of Guadalupe and The Government will send the food."

"If there will be food, then get us some wood." Concepcion took up the battle.

"Patience," Felicio responded. "There is no need for wood until there is food. The day is warm."

Miguel appeared, walking down the avenue of huts. He saw Felicio and headed toward him.

"I have just talked along the wires with the Robertson rancho," he said. "There is a truck with food two miles beyond there, but it cannot get here because of the mud. All the Mexicanos here are to walk to the place of the truck and carry back their own food."

"How far is this truck?" questioned Felicio.

"About five miles," Miguel replied. "Go you now and summon the others."

Felicio gave the message to Concepcion and Dulcima.

"I do not like to walk so far," he said, "but the food is there and His Excellency and the Blessed Virgin need help to get it here. It is the will of God."

He walked to the other cottages, giving the same message to the occupants. Gradually the muddy streetway became filled with chattering men and women. With Miguel as head and guide, they set off, their feet sliding in the mud, their shoes quickly balling into enormous size with adobe.

At the truck, disappointment awaited the group. Only one truck had been able to get so far and families from other camps had arrived earlier and had received the major portion of the supplies. There was little enough left, but there would be more tomorrow, the truck driver told them.

A woman filled out some papers with their names, and Felicio's family received a little flour, three cans of meat, two cans of milk, some canned corn and carrots.

"That is not much," the woman said, "but it will keep you from starving. There is enough there for three days, if you are careful, and in three more days, if there is no rain, the trucks will bring you food—enough for two weeks."

"Gracias, Senora." Felicio grinned delightedly.

When the others had received their supplies, the party started the long weary journey home through the mud. It was harder now because they all carried something, even though little, and the weight of the mud made it difficult to lift their feet. Noon had passed and Felicio and his family had eaten nothing since the night before.

"I am hungry," said Felicio, his appetite whetted by the thought of food.

"We will eat when we return," Concepcion responded. "When we return and you have brought us the wood."

"The Government furnishes us food but does not cut the wood," Felicio complained. "However, I will cut enough wood so we all can have plenty to eat."

"No," declared Dulcima, "we cannot eat it all at once. The lady said we must save a little so we will not again be hungry."

"Have no fear," Felicio replied. "There will be food. The man on the truck said there would be more tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow, but in three days," Concepcion countered. "The lady said the truck could not get here for three days through this mud."

"There will be food mañana," Felicio maintained. "Did not the representative of His Excellency the Gobernador declare there would be food? We will fill our bellies now and sleep till the truck comes."

"It might be best to save a little," Concepcion said, thoughtfully.

"Do you not see?" demanded Felicio. "Our Lady likes Her place beneath the beautiful lamp. She appreciates the honor. Our food will be here tomorrow. Would you have your children go hungry when food is at hand? We will eat it all today. More will come."

"Si," Concepcion capitulated. Dulcima waded through the mud in silence.

Back at last, Felicio set to work at the woodpile, first providing sufficient wood to get the dinner started. Cans were opened, food prepared and cooked. The family ate all the food. None was left.

His meal done, Felicio went to the corner where the lamp stood. There he knelt again before the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe and murmured a prayer. When that was finished he went out doors and sat upon the step, gazing off to the east. He lit a cigarette and smiled. He puffed the cigarette slowly, and his eyes looked out beyond the distant range. He smiled again, a smile of satisfaction, of repletion.

"There will be food mañana," he thought.

Another smile.

"It is the will of God."

He shut his eyes, satisfied.

"This is a good country. There is no need to go back to Parral." ⵿

© Brooks Brothers

SPRING SUITS AND OVERCOATS

Brooks Brothers' new importations of Flannels and Saxonies from England, and of Cheviots, Shetlands and Harris Tweeds from the North, are now ready for Spring in one of the most comprehensive assortments of Ready-made Suits and Overcoats we have ever shown. Every piece of material has been carefully selected by our own executive staff...and as usual, many of the patterns are strictly confined to our use in this country. Suits and overcoats are either single or double-breasted...with either natural or square shoulders...in many different models.

Ready-made Spring Suits . $55 *to* $90
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when they cost you less in the end?

We've never been satisfied to make the best-looking shoes. We insist that Florsheims be as good as they look—give performance even better than their promise! If you're paying less for shoes than the Florsheim price, try spending a little more: get Florsheims—you'll save a lot more than the little more you spend! The more closely you watch expenses, the more surely you'll value the miles-per-dollar service and cost-per-mile economy of Florsheims. *Style illustrated above,* The Saxon, *S-619, in brown reverse calf.*

$8.75 AND $10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE

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The Music-Box Review

Continued from page 109

are the pearls from the oyster, the cream of the crop, the pot of gold at the bottom of the Federal Reserve. Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Hugo Wolf are the composers represented. The Lehmann sings them in a manner that the layman can enjoy, even if he doesn't understand the umlaut language which changes nuts to nerts. It is a grand idea for an album, and is worth a grand an album.

Song Recital by Lotte Lehmann.
Victor Musical Masterpiece Series—M-292.

* * *

If you lovers of the rhythm called dance want sumpin', Louis Prima has recorded one of the tunes, become folk, *I Love You Truly.* Listening to it I had the impression of being held up by a friendly lamp-post, seeing purple elephants, dragons dripping chili-sauce, and crawling ant eaters spitting dead grasshoppers on an old Aubusson rug. It certainly will be a sacrilege to the now-middle-aged ladies who remember some swain singing it to them from the rear end of a canoe. Nobody then knew what a "a-del-a-da" was.

The opposite opus is *Sweet Sue,* that dance perennial. Louis Prima's New Orleans manner is apparent in the passacaglia of the first half of the last chorus. You don't mean to tell me!

Brunswick—No. 7596.

* * *

Can I help it if Hal Kemp has made a swell addition to his growing list of good recordings? *Moonburn* from *Anything Goes* is fraternity house material, pure but not so simple. But, Hal, we've had almost enough of the sixteenth-note figures in the brass. You need something to vary the monotony or else the little sixteenth-noters soon won't sound so peppy. *My Heart and I* is the drawling other side, and the vocals in each number are well done.

Brunswick—No. 75897.

* * *

Not because you're a sentimentalist and like the old tunes best, but because you like good dance things, and like them arranged and played better than anyone else has since, buy Paul Whiteman's *Dardanella* and *Avalon.* Time will tell, eh? It certainly will, and in these two numbers you can actually see Ferde Grofe learning things while arranging them. Is the "swing" new? Don't make me laugh! Whiteman does it here better than I've ever heard it. Somebody thought up a new title and claimed it as their own, but the old emperor did swing first and best.

Dance records and arrangements age more quickly than a woman who fights it, and these records still sound fresh and novel and inviting, so, Public, there's your answer.

Victor—No. 25238.

* * *

"Fats", you're going sophisticate! Not entirely, of course, but mighty close. Please don't. *When Somebody Thinks You're Wonderful,* don't let them down. After you got over that first chorus everything was all right. *You Stayed Away Too Long* was more the "Fats" I have known from beginning to the end. It had the old meat in it, vocally and pianistically. Now I'm going sophisticate. What I meant to say is, "Don't sell 'Fats' short".

Victor—No. 25222.

* * *

It had to come—come out here—after going the round and rounds. The Boswells are the latest to do the "swing." Well, no matter! *I'm Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter* is the coupling. It is swell ensemble singing, and a typical Boswellian recording. But why should there be so much solo material and so much orchestra? Don't tell me ideas are scarce; I know better!

Decca—No. 671.

* * *

Louis Armstrong is in his *Solitude.* However, he's not alone, his whole gang helps his lonely attitude. He wails it to the whole world, even to the point of finishing with an altitudinous "F" on his pretzel horn. Then there is *Thanks a Million* in his best husky manner. May I mention that the Armstrong technique produces a high "D"—flat (?) at the conclusion of this one?

Decca—No. 666.

Recommended Buyings:

Para Vigo Me Voy
A Street in Old Seville
Xavier Cugat and his Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra
Victor—25237

Lovely Lady
I'm Shooting High
Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra
Victor—25216

The Day I Let You Get Away
One Night in Monte Carlo
Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra
Victor—25220

I'm Building Up to an Awful Let-Down
Anything Can Happen
Eadie Duchin and his Orchestra
Victor—25218 ⧻

400 year search solved by American genius

The Dutchman's "smoke refrigerator"

The Persians invented the *hookah*—the famous water-pipe of the East. The Egyptians soak their pipe stems with water before each smoke. Hans, in Holland, puffs a pipe that's almost as long as a man.

Are they all just trying to be queer? Far from it. They are looking for *"low-temperature smoke."* For 400 years, men have known that tobacco enjoyment could be immensely increased if they could find this one secret. Many are the contraptions the nations have tried. But who wants to cart around a *hookah?*

Now it's done in two short inches

America now solves the problem—in a *self-cooling* cigarette—SUPER-MILD SPUD.

It isn't just another cigarette brand—it's another brand of smoking!

"Low-temperature smoking"—which means many things you've never enjoyed before.

First, SPUD'S gentle menthol process removes every trace of tongue-bite.

Better still, you can smoke SPUDS clear around the clock—with a mouth as fresh as when you started.

SUPER-MILD SPUD came of seven years' research. It has three things never before combined in a cigarette. Vintage tobaccos—up to 10 years old. Moisture "sealed in the leaf." And *menthol!* SPUD originated the menthol treatment of tobaccos—and still holds the secret of its effective use.

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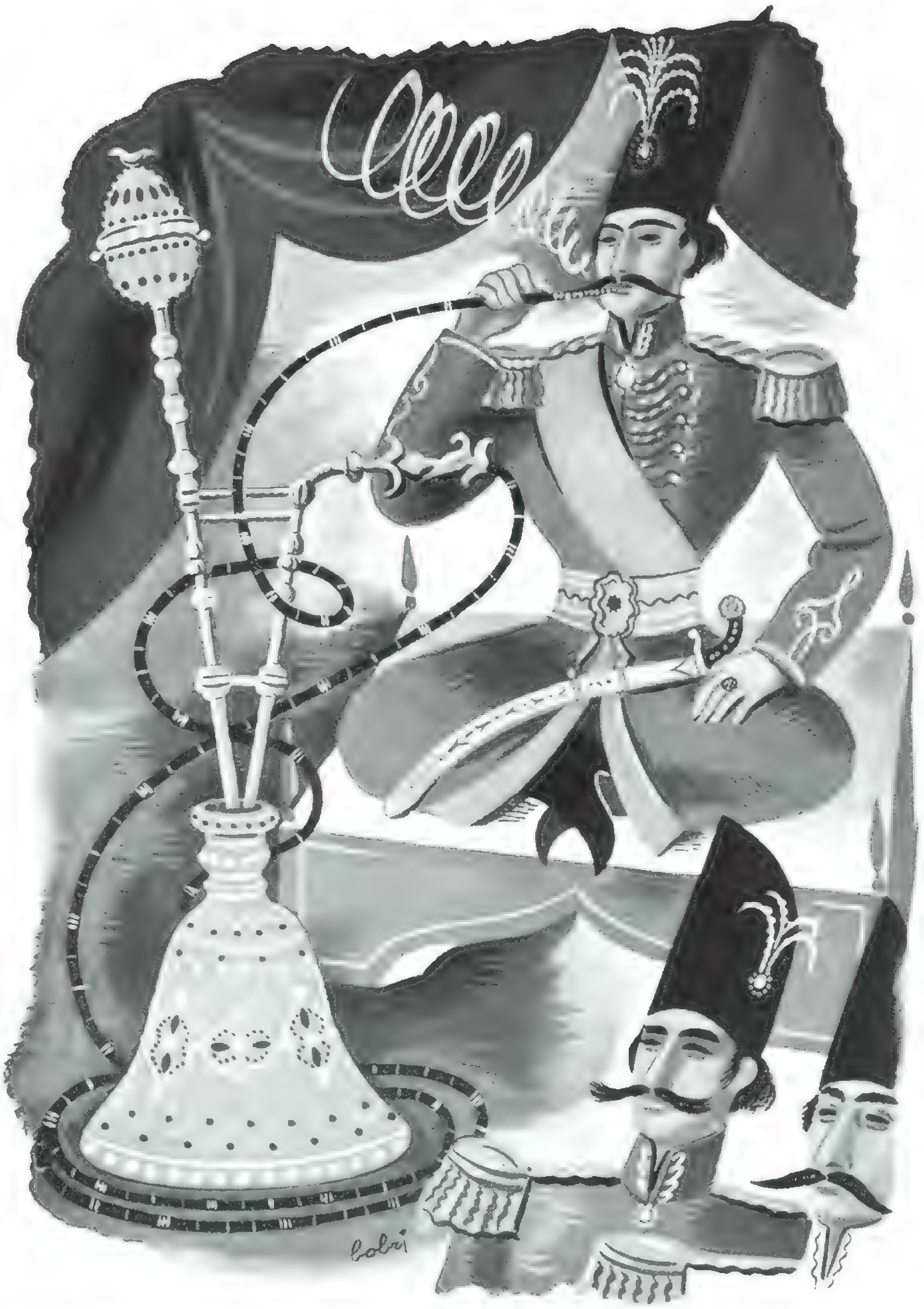

THE SHAH'S $400,000 HOOKAH. So greatly did Muzaffar-ud-Din, Shah of Persia, prize "low-temperature smoke" that he lavished rubies and emeralds and diamonds on his state *hookah*.

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CORK TIP or PLAIN

THE MODERN AMERICAN'S SPUD

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MILLIONS OF SPUD SMOKERS CAN'T BE WRONG!

Joe Cook and one of his elaborate "inventions" which he used in the musical comedy "Fine and Dandy"

How to cure Whisker Trouble

Devious Dee-vices and Mystifying Machines Make Shaving a Pleasure

by **JOE COOK**

COMEDIAN OF RADIO, STAGE AND SCREEN

I believe I was teethed on a camshaft. Maybe that's why machinery is my dish. And talk about inventions—they all call me "Joe" around the patent office in Washington. Yes I know my machinery—and the machinery I saw in the Gillette factory puts anything I've ever seen way behind the eight ball.

It's unbelievable the number of dee-vices they have around the place just to make sure that there is no such thing as even a *single* sour Gillette blade.

For instance, they start out with a coil of the finest steel that money can buy, and put it through more tests than a guy trying to get his first driver's license. Metallurgists—the gents who know all about metal—"X-Ray" the steel, pop it into a furnace and burn it—take pictures of it enlarged hundreds of times. Say—there isn't a hidden flaw that can get by. These Gillette people are harder to please than the critics on opening night.

Of course the big Five-Star feature is the battery of grinding and sharpening machines which put so fine an edge on each blade that you can't even see 'em. What's more I accidentally dropped one of these blades and my guide informed me that the blade would not pass inspection. I made him prove it. We placed the blade in a magazine containing 1000 blades. We alone knew the portion of the holder in which we had placed the blade.

The blades were then handed to an inspector in the final inspection department, who ran her eagle eye along the tightly packed mass of blades and instantly picked out the one I had dropped! That shows you how perfect a blade has to be to get by the rigid Gillette inspection.

Lack of space causes me to omit many of the pains-taking processes that Gillette deems necessary in producing its blades. All I can say is—that if every whisker-troubled human could only take a trip, like I did, through the Gillette plant, nothing but a Gillette edge would ever touch his face. Yes sir—I'm keen for Gillette blades—and vice versa.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute. Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Philadelphia's Firebird

Continued from page 94

to New York by special train and scored another success at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Thereafter, every single season, for some reason or other, Stokowski has been in the headlines. One year he played *Sheherazade* to the accompaniment of a weird machine called a "Color Organ" which projected fantastic globs of colored light upon a screen. He re-seated his orchestra according to a plan of his own which places all the strings except the 'cellos on the left side of the stage. He announced that he would try the experiment of playing concerts in the dark so that the sight of the musicians at their sawing and blowing need not distract the listener. The men played from dimly lit music stands; but unfortunately it was necessary for them to see Stokowski's beat, so a single spot-light illuminated the conductor's head and shoulders. That lone, brightly-lighted blond head, burning like a flame in the dark concert hall, proved far more distracting than the entire orchestra could possibly be, so the idea was abandoned—amid a chorus of boos from the music critics of New York and Philadelphia. When Professor Theremin brought forth his Thereminophone, an instrument which produces tones electrically and with tremendously amplified volume, Stokowski seized upon it immediately and used it to reinforce the bass in some of his own transcriptions. On another occasion he introduced an even stranger electrical instrument, the invention of one Maurice Martenot. He gave performances of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* in which the characters were visually represented by huge puppets designed by Remo Buffano. He introduced music by the Mexican composer, Julian Carrillo, which is written in quarter tones and requires a special group of quarter-tone instruments. He played horrendous, ultra-modern works by Edgar Varese until Philadelphia screamed in pain. And when a New York audience, their nerves grated to shreds by Schoenberg's *Variations*, took revenge in a storm of hissing, Stokowski turned on his podium and gave them a ten-minute tongue lashing. He lectured his Philadelphia audiences on their late-coming and once stopped the orchestra and walked off the stage when he heard whispering and coughing in the auditorium. He waged a campaign against applause. With the coming of radio he found a new and fruitful field of experimentation. Always interested in matters scientific, he studied broadcasting assiduously before he would permit his orchestra to be heard on the air. Almost every year since then his radio sponsors have announced some new contribution by the maestro to the improvement of broadcasting technique. Once he even tried to conduct and at the same time operate the control knobs from a sound-proof glass enclosure.

It would be easy to assume that Stokowski's success as a conductor and his immense box-office drawing power are due to these and many other news-creating activities. But the assumption would be wrong. The great majority of people who attend symphony concerts come to hear fine music well performed, and if a conductor does not give them just that, he cannot hold them long—even with all the wiles of a Barnum. Rather he builds up for himself a formidable wall of resentment in the minds of critics and serious music lovers. For the answer to Stokowski's success one must turn this musical Janus around. Then one discovers that his achievements stand on solid ground. In the past 22 years he has given Philadelphia symphony concerts of the highest order—magnificently coordinated programs, chosen for the most part with skill and taste, and played with dazzling virtuosity.

Though he is often classed as a wild man of music, a careful examination of his programs over the past two decades reveals the reverse to be true. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner are the cornerstones of his concerts. Otherwise he ranges over the entire field of music, neglecting no school and no nation whose contributions are good. The modernists whose cause he has so stoutly championed — Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Berg, Shostakovich and the rest — are present of course, but not in unreasonable quantities. His tastes are catholic and his judgments shrewd, and he has the best record of any of the conductors (except possibly Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony) in finding new works of lasting value.

As for the playing of Stokowski's orchestra, its virtuosity simply beggars praise. For years he has culled the orchestras of the world for players, choosing the best of the best. Under his leadership they play with a polished perfection, a unity of attack and a brilliant vitality that is breathtaking. Prussian drilling is not alone responsible. Their performance is full of characteristic Stokowski touches, refinements that his restless and inventive mind have worked out. His string choir, for example, produces an enormous tone, due first to his seating arrangement by which all the instruments play toward the audience instead of half of them playing to the back of the stage, and second to an intricate trick of dividing the bowing which Stokowski is said to have learned from Victor Herbert. Again, his woodwinds when playing in unison produce a remarkably rich, organ-like tone, because Stokowski wisely subdues the bassoons,

Continued on page 159

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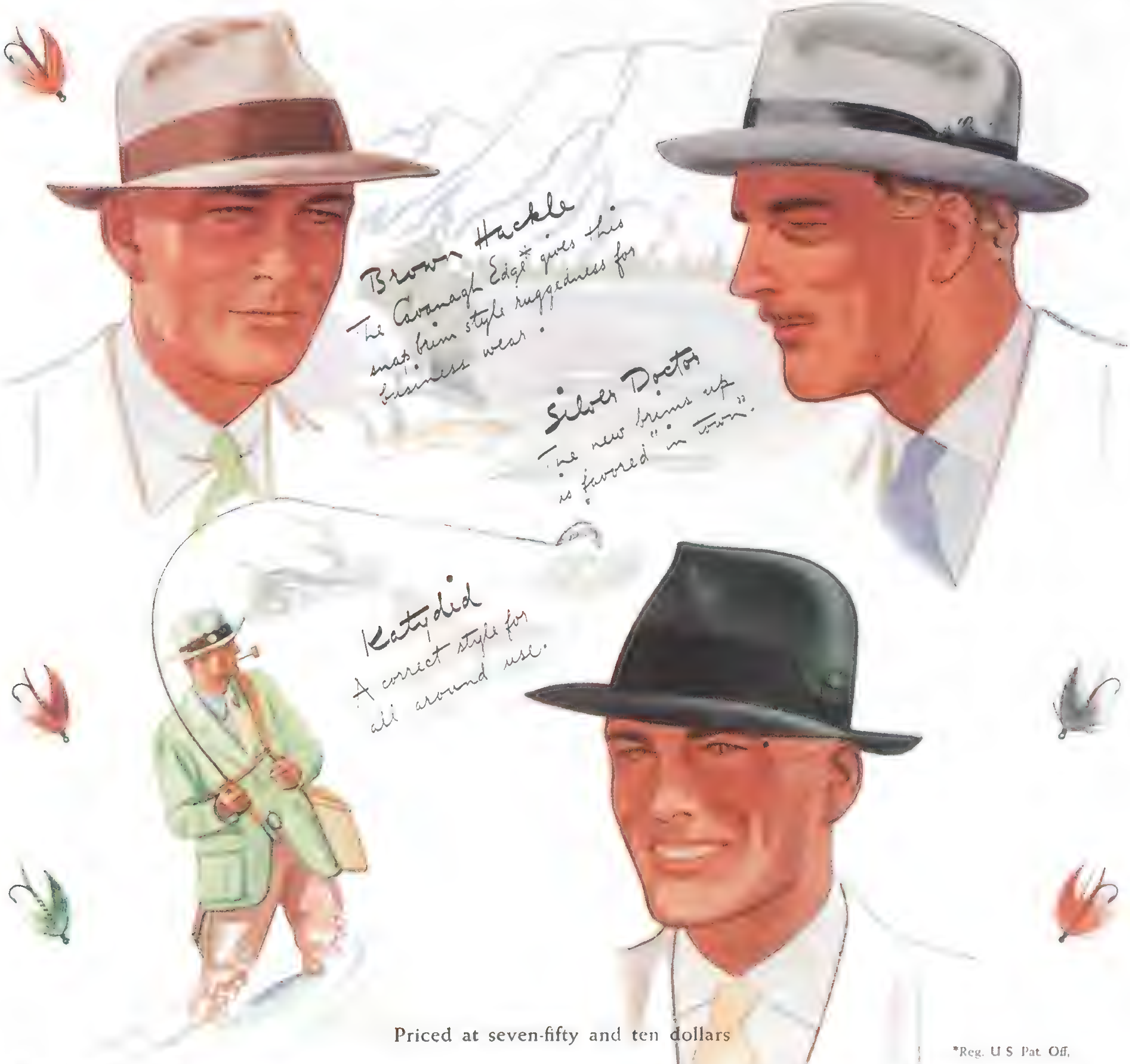

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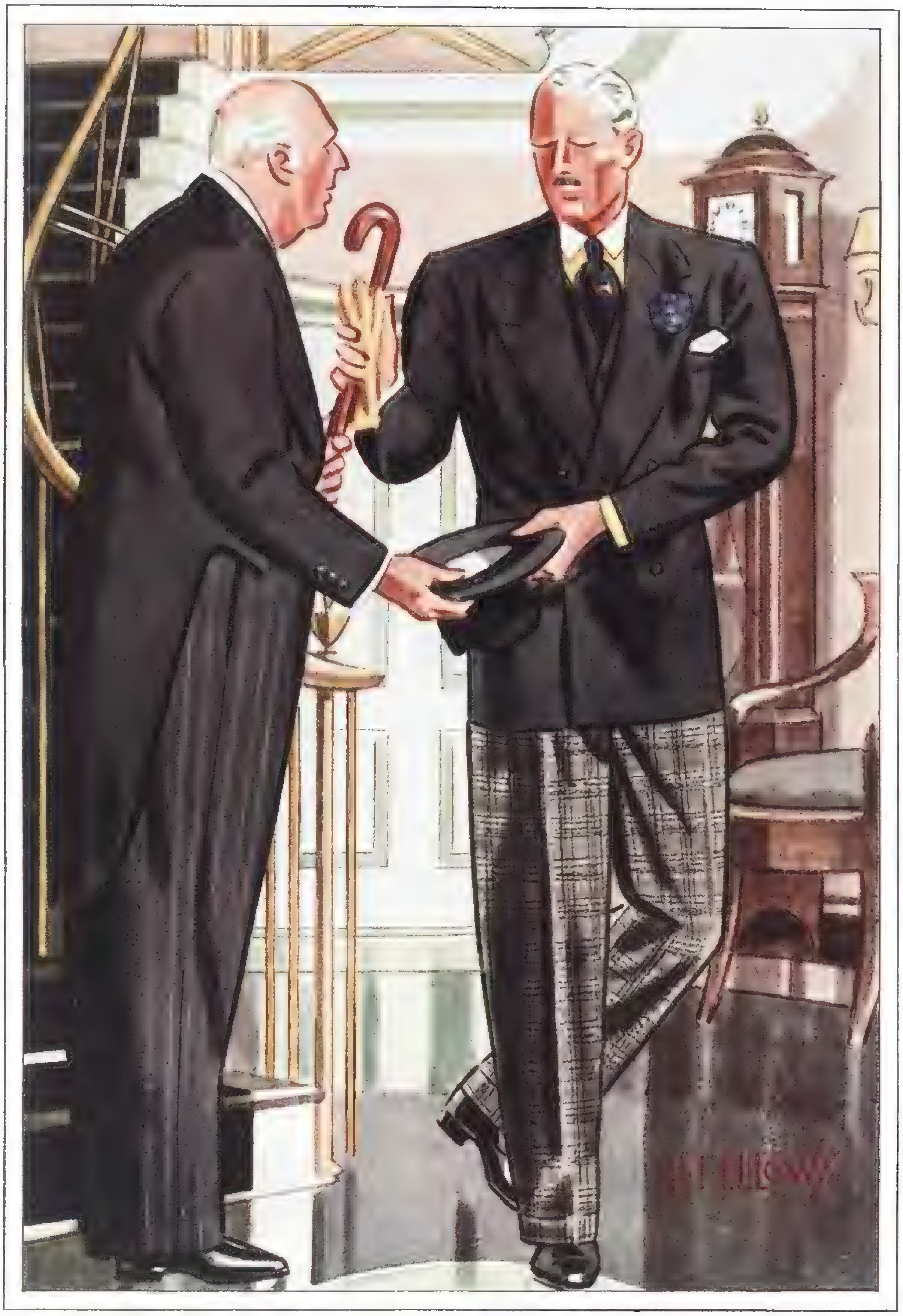

CHAMPAGNE SHIRT WITH SEMI-FORMAL WEAR

COLOR has been creeping into semi-formal dress, slowly but steadily, for some while back. The break-up of the monotony of black and white has been most noticeable in southern resort evening wear, but in semi-formal day dress, too, the encroachment of color has been just as steady if less spectacular. Here, for instance, is a jolt of brightness achieved by the addition, to the dignified greys and blues, of the new champagne color in a soft shirt of fine zephyr broadcloth, worn with a starched collar in the accepted widespread model. Note the comparative gayety, too, of the gold animal figure stickpin against the navy blue of the Spitalfields tie. The jacket is of Oxford grey worsted with waistcoat to match. The trousers are of light weight cheviot in a fine Glen Urquhart plaid with a blue overcheck. Yellow chamois gloves, black Homburg and shoes, blue cornflower boutonniere.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Philadelphia's Firebird

Continued from pages 94-156

the instruments generally responsible for a muddy ensemble. His tympani too are subdued; often they simply act as a reinforcement for the deep strings. Most characteristic and effective of all is the superb contrapuntal balance maintained through the entire orchestra. The chief melody always stands out in high relief; under it the various strands of counterpoint—the inner voices, the bass—are adjusted with the most delicate precision, each clearly audible yet each in its proper relation to the whole body of sound. This contrapuntal balance is one of the reasons for the unique success of the Philadelphia Orchestra in the field of recording. It helps give Stokowski's records their unusual clarity, a quality which record fans long ago discovered.

To discuss Stokowski as interpreter is to move over onto a portion of the battle-ground where the pro- and anti-Stokowski forces engage in their most frenzied quarreling. The truth is that no more unorthodox interpreter ever stood before an orchestra. The man's electric temperament, fused as it is with a veritable kaleidoscope of elements, finds its way inevitably into his readings. They are vivid, sensuous, dramatic to the last degree. He seems to search a score not so much for the key to the composer's intentions as for new and original ways of setting forth the dramatic content. Works of Wagner, Strauss, the Russians, emerge from his orchestra literally drenched with passion. His remarkable feeling for orchestral coloring continually asserts itself, until Debussy, Ravel or Stravinsky will blaze with every hue known to the instrumental palette. More than one scholarly critic has been shocked to discover that Stokowski not only makes occasional cuts in scores, but even tinkers with the instrumentation when he thinks he can make improvements. He used to touch up the gruesome death moment in Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration*, and he has also built up the climax of *Sheherazade*, achieving a terrific climax from the collision of Sinbad's ship with the rock. Anyone who has heard Stokowski's reading of Sibelius' *4th Symphony* can never forget a wild ringing of great bells that rolls out over the din of the orchestra in the last movement. Sibelius in his scoring actually calls for small tinkling bells; but to hear both versions is to admit that Stokowski's is more effective, and even closer to the spirit of that gaunt, masterful work.

The crowning enigma of Stokowski's enigmatic career remains to be told: the link that binds his name with the greatest name in music—Bach. Of all composers Bach lends himself least to fireworks, to theatricality, to display for its own sake. He demands instead interpreters of uncompromising integrity and profound musicianship. This is the composer of whom Stokowski, the *enfant terrible* of conductors, has made himself the modern prophet. In 1922 he made a transcription of Bach's organ *Passacaglia in C Minor*, and when he first performed it with the Philadelphia Orchestra it created a deep impression. Since then he has produced twenty or more similar Bach transcriptions. No ballyhoo has accompanied them. Many of them appeared anonymously; for years Stokowski's name as transcriber was even omitted from the Philadelphia Orchestra's program notes. In the past decade Bach's music has grown swiftly in popularity and composers all over the place, from Schoenberg to Respighi, are making transcriptions of his works. But Stokowski's remain the best. They are made with restraint and with dignity, and he has had the rare imagination to avoid most of the gaudy gimcracks of modern instrumentation. He gives instead the impression that Bach's music is speaking simply, for itself. The results are often overwhelming.

What will Stokowski do next? Prediction is hazardous, especially following his recent announcement of one of the most drastic moves of his entire life. After much threatening he has finally resigned as music director of the Philadelphia Orchestra. When the transcontinental tour is ended he relinquishes command of the magnificent instrument he spent so many years perfecting. Eugene Ormandy, the brilliant young leader of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, takes his place as chief conductor. Stokowski says that he will devote the next three years to "research work." The exact nature of this research is not revealed, except that it is connected with the science of sound reproduction, in which Stokowski has always manifested a lively interest. Meanwhile, many rumors are abroad. Some say he yearns to conduct opera. Others believe that his summer residence in Santa Barbara indicates that he is attracted by the cinema and that he is planning to conduct a screen version of Wagner's *Ring*. Still bolder flights of press-agent fancy have him secretly working on a movie based on Wagner's life, in which he will actually portray the part of Wagner. Whatever it may turn out to be, Stokowski's ample public will be interested, but not necessarily worried. They do not begrudge him his fun. They know that the lure of symphonic conducting is one of the most powerful attractions to which musicians are subject; and in Stokowski's case supremely gifted as he is—the pull must be well-nigh irresistible. They know that before very long he will be back—somewhere—on a podium, proclaiming in tones of flame the gospel of Beethoven, Brahms and Bach. #

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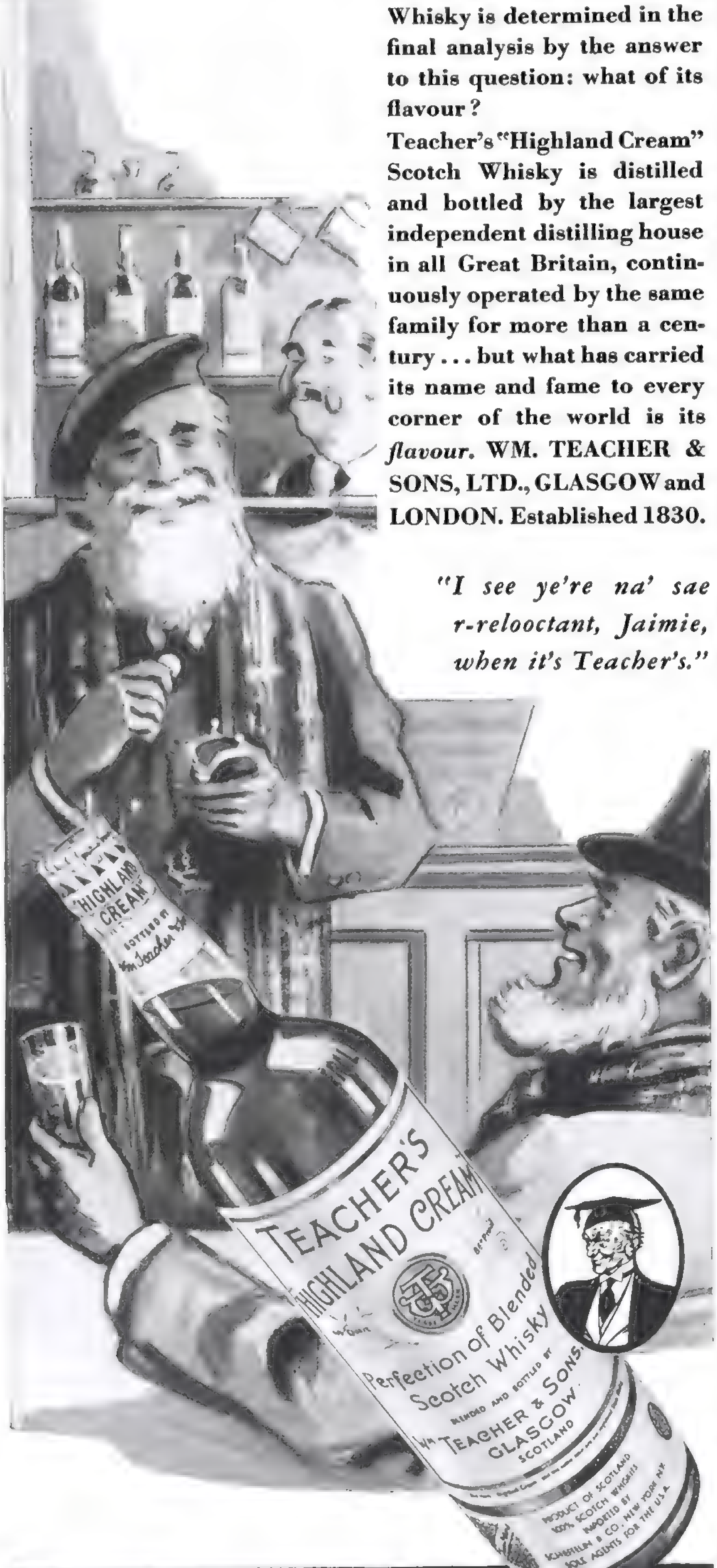
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Interlude, Macdougal Alley

Continued from page 48

her friend by the head.

"I wonder how it would taste?" asked Nutsy.

"Let's find out," eagerly suggested Butch. "Pull!"

"No, wait!" shouted the red-head. "Let's make a wish first!"

Holding to their respective ends of the fish, they both closed their eyes for a moment, silently moving their lips. Then they jerked in opposite directions. The head came off practically by itself in Nutsy's hand, leaving almost all the fish with her friend.

"You win," said the red-head, sadly. "What did you wish?"

Butch, the goddess, said not a word, but with her wide gray eyes looked intently at Pomeroy—a look that might have been either roguish or in deadly earnest.

Pomeroy colored furiously and drew himself to his full, but not very impressive, height.

"I think it's time you young ladies went home," he said, with dignity.

The two girls slowly tiptoed to the door, looking at him from the corners of their eyes as they nibbled at the smoked whitefish. Reaching the threshold, the dark young goddess halted.

"You're not a bad sort," she said to Pomeroy, "but I think you're repressed."

Then gaily, like two young deer, they scampered away over the cobblestones.

Now all this doesn't seem to make sense. But it may possibly explain why Pommy's design for the cod-liver oil package turned out to be full of old-fashioned curlicues and scrolls, and why, for the next few weeks, as if he were in revolt at something, he kept getting his designs cluttered up with motifs strangely conventional and mid-Victorian. ##

Chronicle of a Discovery

Continued from page 91

Professor of Fascist leanings, thereby creating a rival anti-parsley movement, the two campaigns soon neutralized each other, the net result was a substantial increase in parsley (and newspaper) sales throughout the country.

Well-to-do people in New York were totally indifferent to these charges anyhow because they were too busy trying to secure, by hook or crook, seats to the new revue: *Parsley Trimmings of 1940* which had taken the frivolous element in Gotham by storm. The more serious-minded were attending *The Greens*, a *genre* play about Southern parsley farmers. They say some of the language in that play was just awful.

Hollywood, of course, was not to be caught napping. It announced immediate production plans for three love stories, four gangster films, and four musicals all having a parsley background. One of the later, *Pass the Parsley*, was positively the most sensational musical ever staged. The high spot was a scene where two hundred chorus girls in green foliage (representing parsley, of course), sprouted out of a huge garden, did a tap dance, and then wound up by draping themselves over a gigantic papier maché sirloin steak. The steak alone is said to have cost $15,000.

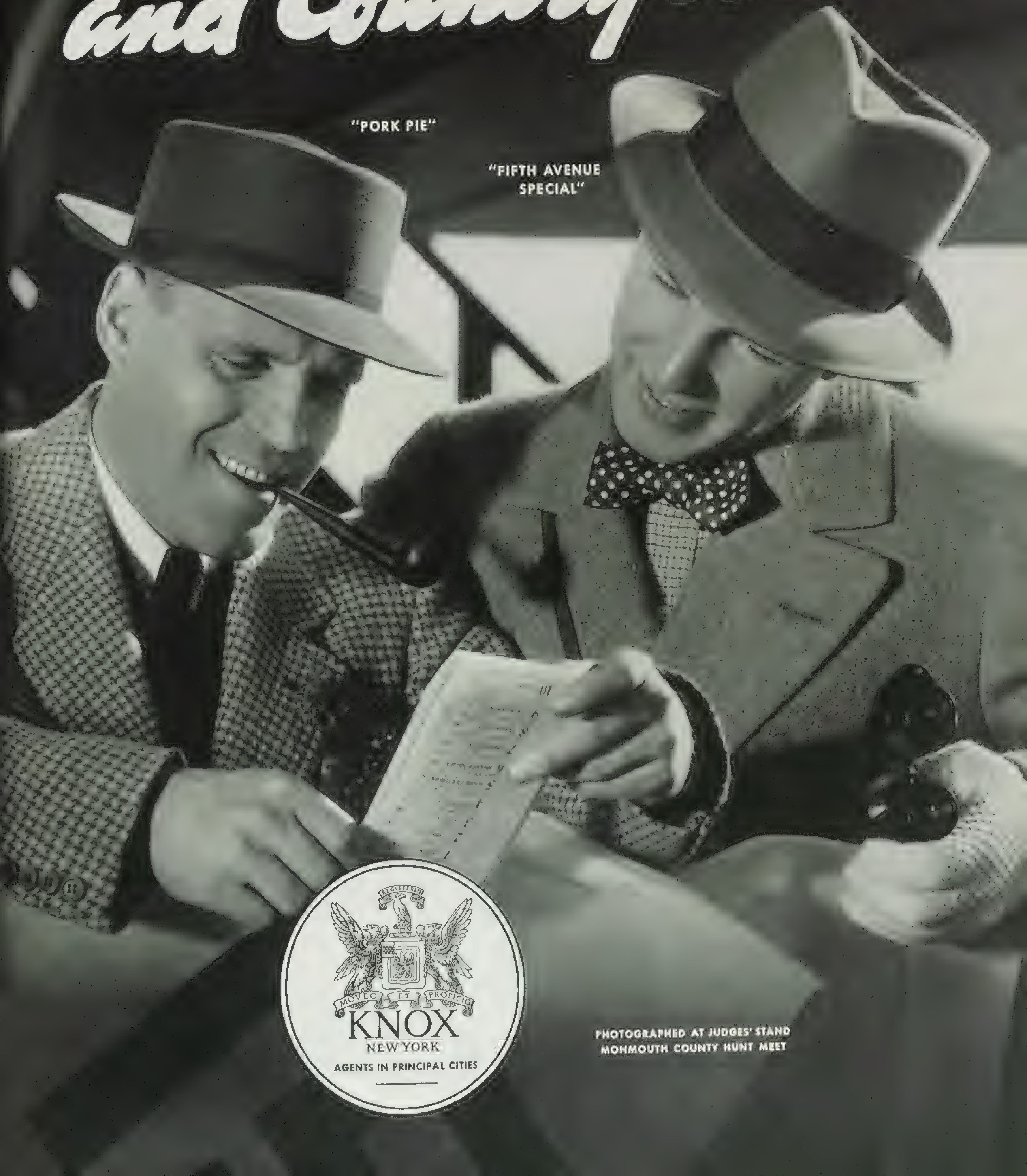
October had now arrived, and those who read the sports pages—which means practically everybody—were gratified to learn that the famous Coach Harold "Clink" McGrath, mentor of Suburbia's all-winning Emerald Earthquake, thrice Rose Bowl winners, would see to it that parsley played the major part in the diet of his grid-iron stars, including the great "Non-Stop" Choisininskiwz himself. This led several obscure professors to declare that football was over-emphasized, and may or may not have had anything to do with Suburbia's decision to construct twenty thousand additional seats in its stadium.

In hundreds of publications from coast to coast a bitter endorsement war had broken out between the Consolidated California and the All-Florida Parsley Growers and Packers Associations. Joe Welsh, the heavyweight pugilist champion, Russ McDonald, the crooner, Marabelle Carter, the movie queen, and Lady Mary Winton came out unreservedly for the Florida variety, but California's end of the argument was valiantly upheld by Frank Ferris, the tennis pro, Alesandro, the chess wizard, Margaret Tonner (who had just swum Bering Straight), and Mrs. John Walter Van Cort of New York, Southampton, and Pinehurst.

It was on October the 7th, some six weeks after Ganzmuller's initial announcement, that the blow fell. Doctor Charles Fayodin, member of the World International Association of Scientists, announced that this body had carefully investigated the effects of parsley on the human system, and that, far from being (save in rare cases) biologically beneficial, it was capable of being definitely injurious—even fatal—if taken in too large quantities. Overdoses of Vitamin L given to rats had been in every case lethal, and moreover, a newly discovered vitamin, N, was of far more importance in human diet. Green beans contained this to a larger extent than any other known vegetable.

On October the 10th, Editor Ronald Harmon of *Your and My Magazine* returned a short story about parsley to one of his most frequent and dependable contributors, Lester Price. With the rejected manuscript he enclosed a brief note. It read: "Good stuff, but subject out-dated. Sorry. What else have you got?" ##

Knox Hats for Sports and Country Wear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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 104

WASTE (*Continued*)

LADY'S SECRET: A cruel papa tears daughter from her lover who dies in the war and leaves her with a cheeild. Should think they'd have something better for Otto Kruger to do.

GENIUS

THEY stuck him in a suite in the Waldorf-Astoria. They threw a cocktail party during which he shook hands for three hours and made a charming Gallic shrug every time anyone asked him about his next picture. It was a typical celebrity cocktail fight with standing room only, and the crowd circulating turgidly between the bars at each end of the suite. When that was over the job wasn't all over; he hung around for a week and was available to interviewers. They asked him about his next picture and he shrugged in a typical, charming Gallic way. So René Clair was launched in big time cinema.

True, it was only a British firm, but they were doing things in the American way for the American market. And Hollywood is getting more and more frightened by the grim intent of Alexander Korda to be one of the major producers.

So he might very well be going to Hollywood under contract, next.

One thing is always said about that Gallic shrug. It's fatalistic.

When I saw him he was still shrugging. René Clair looks flatpressed, has a hollow face, a flat-topped head, sparks with vitality. He is the Frenchman who was director-producer of *Le Million*, *A Nous La Liberte*, and other pictures that attained international prominence. He had just made *The Ghost Goes West*, his first picture in English, his first work under a large management, with an adapted script. He was not unhappy about the job. They gave him complete liberty. Only—

I had just seen *The Ghost Goes West*. It is not an important picture, but do all pictures have to be important? It is quite an entertaining picture, and very often it exhibits the puckish, satiric René Clair touch. When the Scottish castle is shown after having been transported to Florida stone by stone, and set up again, it has Venetian gondolas in the moat and radios concealed in suits of armor, in wine-barrels, in everything that looks like anything but a radio set. We sit up and say, "Oh, René Clair." Through the sequence showing the frenzied New York reception for the famous ghost, we say, delightedly, "Yep, it's still the old René Clair." And we even find a bit of meaning in *The Ghost Goes West*. We decide that the director has not only put the bee on American publicity, on American hero-worship, but has subtly commented on the inadequacy of the modern generation, the ludicrous littleness of the people of the present when compared to their lusty medieval forbears.

Perhaps we're reading meaning into the film. If it might have presented such an idea, the truth is the film didn't present it clearly—only suggested it to our mind. After all, wasn't the film merely a frivolous bit of farce, a toying with a situation in which a ghost is confused with his living double? An amusing picture with René Clair touches.

I might have exhibited my provincial mindedness so far as to ask the director whether the film was supposed to have this meaning. But whatever you get out of a book is what is in the book, and the same goes for plays and pictures; obviously my own confusion was a reflection of the confusion of the film.

The glimpses of René Clair technique in *The Ghost Goes West* were like the glimpses of Peter Lorre's acting technique in *Crime and Punishment*. A highly individual talent, in directing, acting, writing, is bought by a large company because he has won fame as such a talent. In order to capitalize that fame, the talent must continue to exhibit the most easily recognized traits with which it is identified. Eddie Cantor has to show his round staring eyes. Peter Lorre has to walk silently, soft-footed, toward a victim. Charles Laughton has to make faces. But usually the substance is removed from the performance, only the artifice remains.

During the transition period when the artist has come freshly from his own field, and still cherished the hope that he will be able to adapt himself to conditions of the commercialized theatre, he is likely to produce a few things that are carried across by sheer virtuosity.

It is these intermediary works that are confusing. After a while, the artist loses heart; his few trick gestures begin to seem affected, his technique has nothing to work on; and pretty soon his product is like any other run-of-the-mill commercial art. Seen with his name detached, it would be unrecognizable as his.

I don't mean that this will certainly happen to René Clair. After all, liberty may be liberty in English studios.

But somehow my talk with the director got around to the subject of the free expression of genius. René Clair seemed worried.

Why is it, we asked, that there hasn't been any new cinema genius since the days of the titans—Chaplin, Griffith? Why does no individual stand out as a creator in cinema? Not an actor here and there, a scenarist, a cameraman, but someone who takes the medium as a whole, finds new truths for that medium.

"I ask myself," René Clair said, "what would happen to Chaplin if he were starting today?" No more Gallic shrugging. He shook his head, sadly.

Continued at top of page 165

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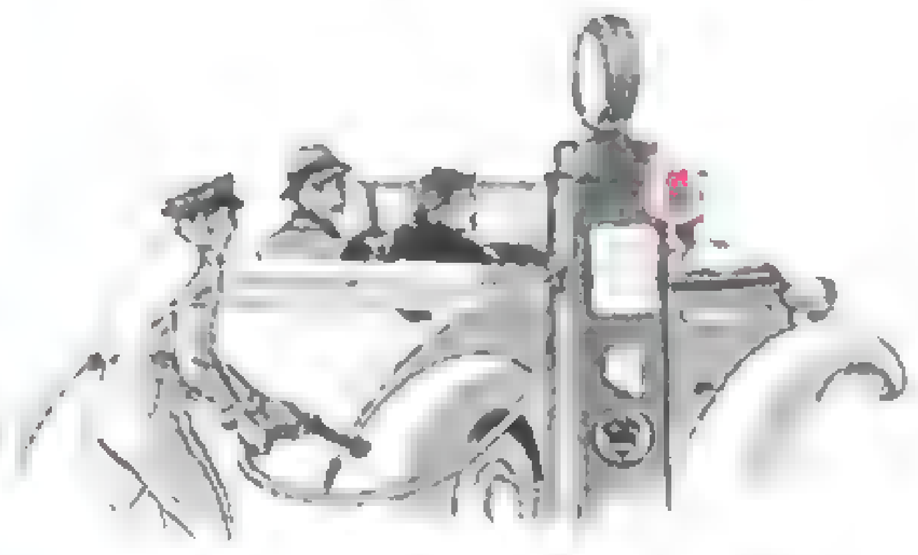

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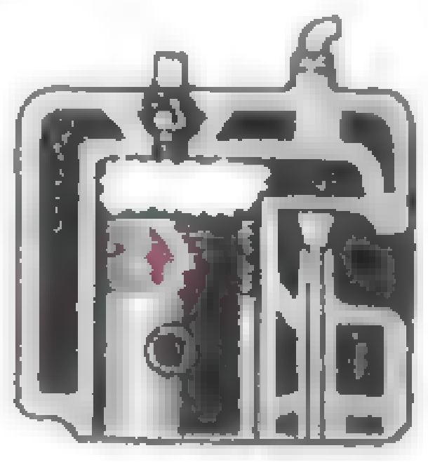

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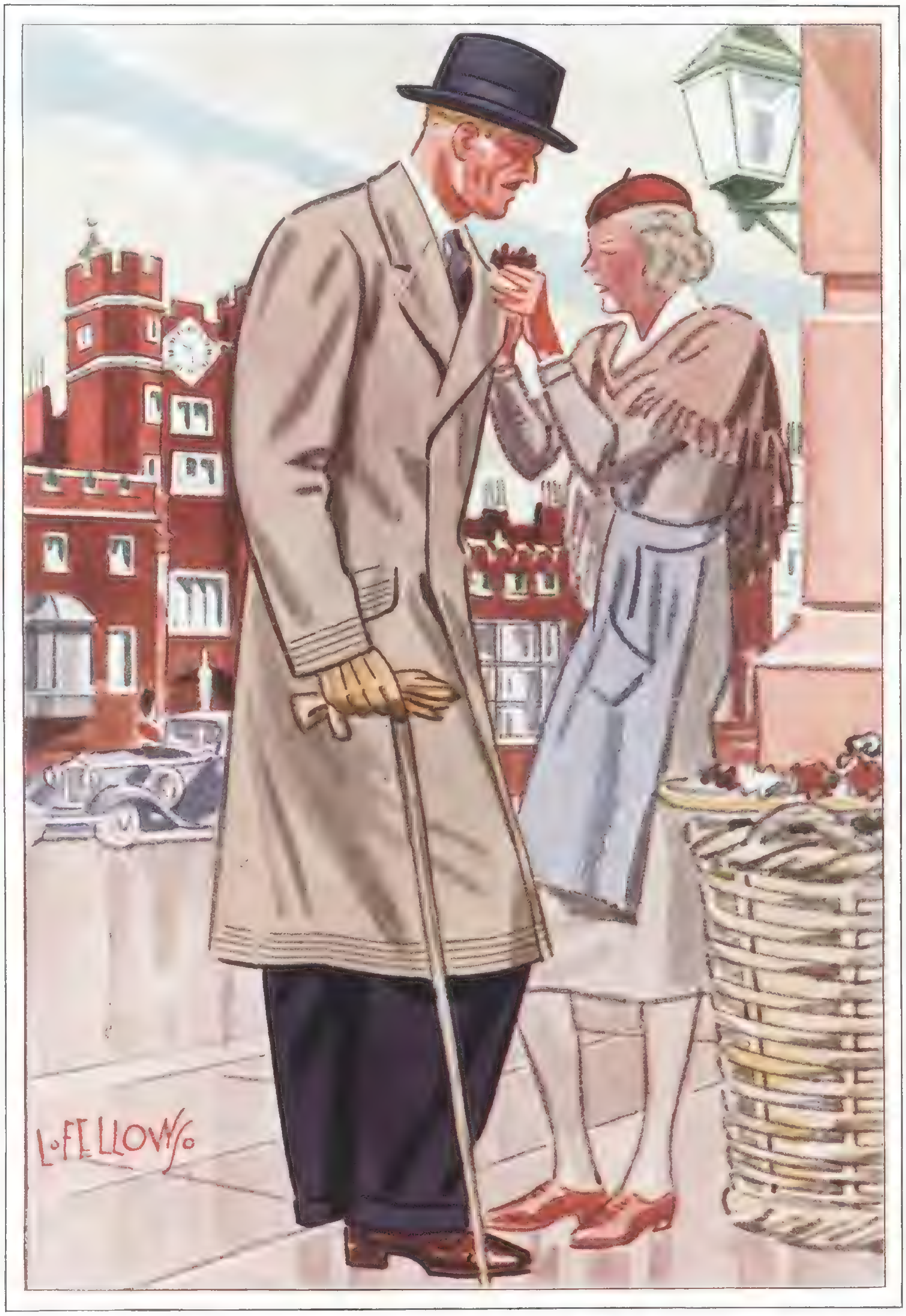

INCIDENT IN THE VICINAGE OF ST. JAMES'S

In the background is St. James's palace, home of the Eighth Edward. In the foreground is a single-breasted fly front notched lapel topcoat of covert cloth with slanting flap pockets, the flaps carrying the extra rows of stitches that finish the cuffs and the skirt. This coat has been a favorite of well dressed Americans for years. Reversing the usual course of fashion, its present vogue in London is a follow-up to its established popularity here. Other details of the outfit include a midnight blue Homburg hat, a blue worsted suit, a colored soft shirt, worn with a starched collar, and a dark Spitalfields tie with a gold animal figure scarf-pin. These pins were introduced in England at the Royal Ascot and the Derby. They come in various sporting animal figures—horses, dogs, etc. Thought for today: What will the poor fashion staff do now, now that there *isn't* any Prince of Wales?

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 104-162

"There are Chaplins, doubtless. They are in the streets, they are perhaps even in the theatre, even in Hollywood. But what is the chance that the talent will be recognized, and if it is recognized, how will it develop?"

We didn't have to go into that. It would develop into an amusing bit character, an expert in a way, a Charles Butterworth, an Arthur Treacher.

"Perhaps it was because those people came at the beginning of cinema. It was a new thing, and nobody had to worry very much what they did with it, except they themselves," René Clair said.

It might seem to follow that no new genius arises because there would be nothing for him to do—cinema has been discovered, developed. This would be a good position to take if one were speaking of the invention of the electric light, for instance. It took a genius to invent the thing, but once invented it was complete. The photoplay, however, happens to be a machinery that can be used as an art. And art is never done.

We need hardly examine the forces that would suppress Chaplin if he were starting today. René Clair's case is an example. René Clair stopped making pictures as an independent producer because he could no longer get capital. The market for French films is limited. If Chaplin had not made a fortune in the young days of production, if he didn't have his own set-up now, there wouldn't be a *Modern Times* written, directed, and produced by Charles Chaplin, starring Charles Chaplin.

The period of the individual genius in films is past.

On what vitality is the cinema going to feed? From whom will the next impetus come? How will he get a place of control, from which he can exert his influence on films?

There's no solution to that problem, according to René Clair. "I don't see how it can happen now," he said.

He seemed sad at the thought.

But if the motion picture medium is definitely denied to the individual genius, if it is too costly a brush to be entrusted to any single painter, there remains the fact that in multiple hands, it sometimes has the effect of welding many smaller talents. If the motion picture makes no progress as an art, its progress as a means of entertainment, and of sophistication of the masses, is undeniable. ⧺

Extremely Foreign Affairs

Continued from page 52

gets a considerable amount of beauty in the commercial objects around his house. The necessity of going to art galleries is less imperative and the citizen may begin to think that pictures were never intended to be hung, by the hundred, on museum walls. The successful museums are those which cooperate with schools and local industries and in general close down the gap between a Fragonard and a Ford. The others become merely the best place to be bored for the glory of art.

The crisis in the field of music is probably the best exploited of all. Between the musicians' union and the fights over radio, we know all about the decline and death of great music. Actually more Americans have heard more good music than ever before, perhaps ten thousand times more, and when Leopold Stokowski quit the Philadelphia Orchestra to work on the engineering side of music, you have a symptom and an explanation. But there, I suspect, the final effect will vary a little, because music has always been a bit exclusive. Neither the Metropolitan Opera Company nor the symphony orchestras will get back their prestige by putting on more popular productions; their prestige will still depend upon their being socially and intellectually superior, and their best bet for survival is to cooperate with the radio as far as they can. (The Metropolitan will, as things go now, be a subsidiary of Warfox-Metromount in ten years.)

The legitimate theatre is the hardest pressed of all because it still aims, more or less, at the audience which patronizes the good movies. To hold its own, it has to be about as good as those superior productions and a great deal better than the average picture. Brooks Atkinson has said, with a mixture of nobility and pathos, that the movies had taken away so many things from the stage that hereafter the theatre will have to get along with nothing but the best. It was rather magnificent, but it was said by a critic, and not by a producer. The producers have not reconciled themselves in the least to their good fortune—that they need no longer put on plays which only the dull-witted can enjoy. (The dull-witted have dollars, sometimes, I have heard, more even than the bright ones.) They still try to carry the war into the enemy's territory. They go to see the most tasteless, themeless, senseless picture ever made and, properly convinced that they can do better, they do better. The morning after their opening, they blame the critics, not knowing that dramatic critics are far too busy to go to many movies. What producers would say if the movie critics were once let loose on them, I daren't think.

There are, I suppose, between fifteen and twenty reasonably or remarkably good plays produced each year. The other forty or fifty are the worst enemies of the theatre. Just how to prevent their appearance, I don't know. Contraception is against the law. ⧺

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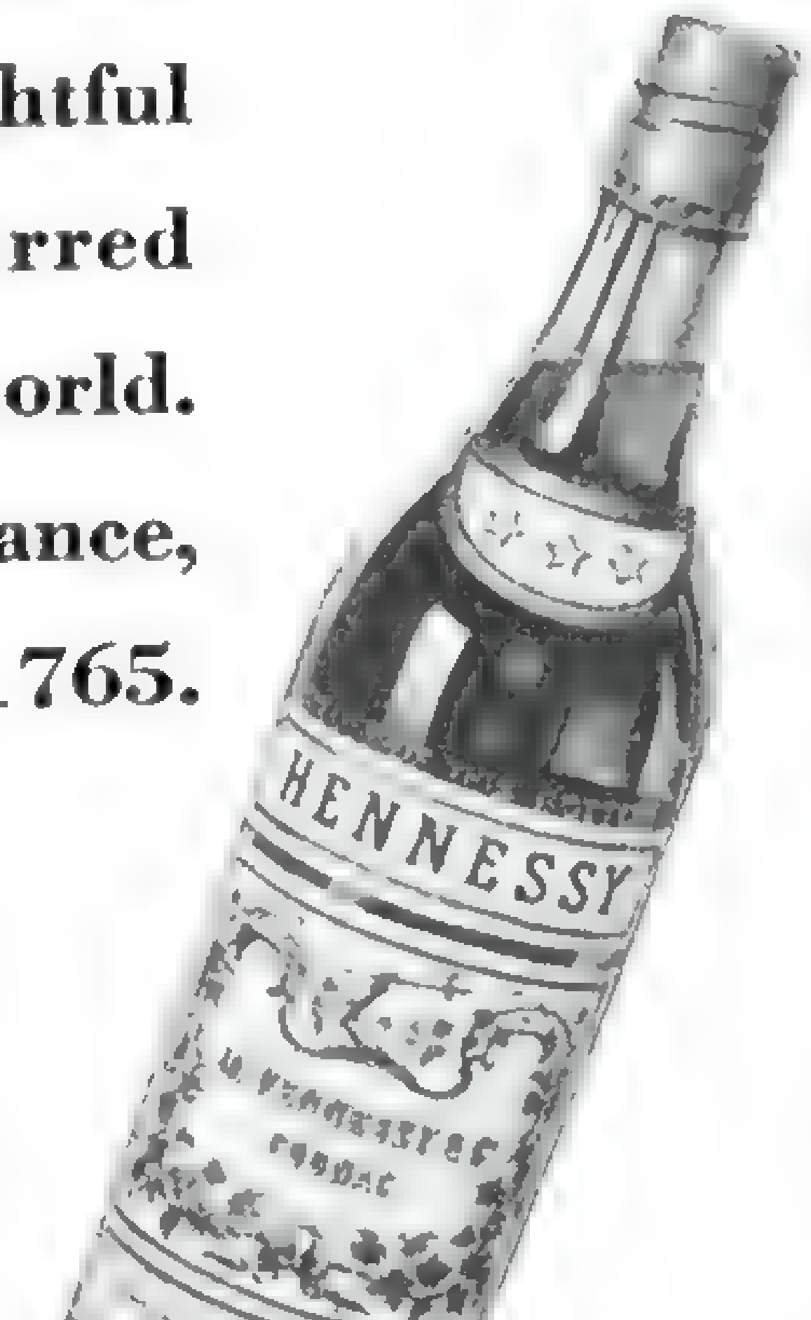

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The Tall Coorter

Continued from page 36

of money for my old age. Ssah! So I'm going," she cried, and in the turn of a second she was in her merry mood. "In fact I'm gone. It's only my spirit that's talking to you."

"You have enough of it," he flattered.

"I'd need it," she said proudly, and as she smiled with vanity her big mouth ran like silk and the wrinkles shot in and out of her cheeks. "There's not enough spirit here to fill a thimble."

"Have you the job got?" he asked anxiously.

"I wrote this morning to a Mental Home outside London."

"I thought they said they had nothing?"

"This is a different one."

"Well," he said, more at his ease, "they might have something suitable. You never know."

He jumped up quickly. The wicket-gate had opened and old Jollop-and-Wather appeared. But he did not come in. He just put his pince-nez to his nose and waved the way to a stranger. Sheila billowed away to the top of the hill where she put her hands on her greyhound waist and faced the smoking thatch of the little town. She was a lighthouse.

"Hello, Frankie boy!" shouted the stranger.

Not until the lunatics drove left and right of the advancing bruiser did Leydon recognize Jim Motherway. He wore a soft, light-grey hat, light-grey clothes, yellow boots, a light-grey coat was slung over his shoulder like a matador's cloak, a speckled yellow handkerchief flowed out of his breast-pocket. He had gold eye-teeth.

"Bejaney!" said Leydon with a slow, warm grin. "It's Jim Motherway. You're looking prosperous," he said as they shook hands.

Motherway laughed and calmly turned Leydon round and round, chewing easily as he did so. Then he looked him up and down like a horse, and laughed.

"Boy!" he said. "There's not a bleeding change in one inch of the lot of you. Does nothing ever happen here?"

"Not *now*," winked Frankie, with a gentle thrust.

Motherway laughed again: he was a little vain about that old knifing affair.

"Made good?" asked Frankie, with an effort at a man-of-the-world air.

"Tell the world, boy! I've come straight from Buenos Aires—or as straight as half-way round the world. Money? Foo! I've made oodles of money. Yessir, I've hit the bell." He added a bit patronizingly:—"You should have cleared outa here when I did Frankie boy. That was the time for it. There was money for nothing in America during the war. And after it. And I made it."

"Aye, sure," said Frankie easily. "One of these days too, I'll shake a leg."

"Nah!" said Motherway in scorn. "Too late. The whole caboose is a mess-up in a dixie now. I caught it on the hop. Say, how's Sheila? Same old angel-in-the-street-devil-in-the-home, eh?"

"Sheila's alright," Frankie was beginning to protest, half-turning to look at her when Motherway swept past him, halloing up the hill. Then for the rest of the hour those two talked and laughed on the hill-top while Frankie watched them idly. At the sound of the bell she went in with Motherway, arm-in-arm, and he was left alone, as he had never before been left alone, to shepherd in both his babblers and her's.

II

He was left alone that night, too. She went into town with Motherway, and Frankie dawdled at the gate-lodge waiting for her return. The bruisers passed out and then they began to pass in, their usual few oranges or sweets, penny-worths of cautious pleasure in little paper-bags, clutched tightly in their great fists. As they passed in for the night they saluted him elaborately, and Fat Micky, the lodge-keeper winked at the gaslight to show that he understood the joke. Still Leydon hung on, and by his gossip he managed to keep the gate open for her. She swept by him up the drive, in Motherway's great scarlet saloon-car, waving her hand to him as she whirled by. Only then did he go indoors, followed by Fat Micky's suggestive coughing.

He joined her at the long enamel-topped supper table. They had the room to themselves.

"He's turned out to be a grand fellow," she assured him, while he sipped at his cold milk. She smoked with bravado.

"Mind the cigarette," he warned.

"What the hell?" she cried and he knew who she was imitating. She gabbled on: "He's been all over the world. He has pots of money."

"Oh, so? And what is his job?" he asked, trying to keep his voice down from the key of envy.

"Everything! Investments? I think he's nearly a millionaire. You never saw the like of it. Splashing it all over the hotel. He has influence, too. He knows all sorts of people. He's going to get me a job in London, or maybe New York, I don't care. Oh, Frankie, he's an awfully decent fellow, really, and when he was here in the old days he was nothing to me no more than any other fellow. But," she laughed with excitement, and with pride, "I know how to handle him. I always did. He has a great regard for me."

Again she laughed with pleasure at some little incident of the evening out.

"By God," she cried, "we cut a hell of a dash, the pair of us, in

Continued on page 168

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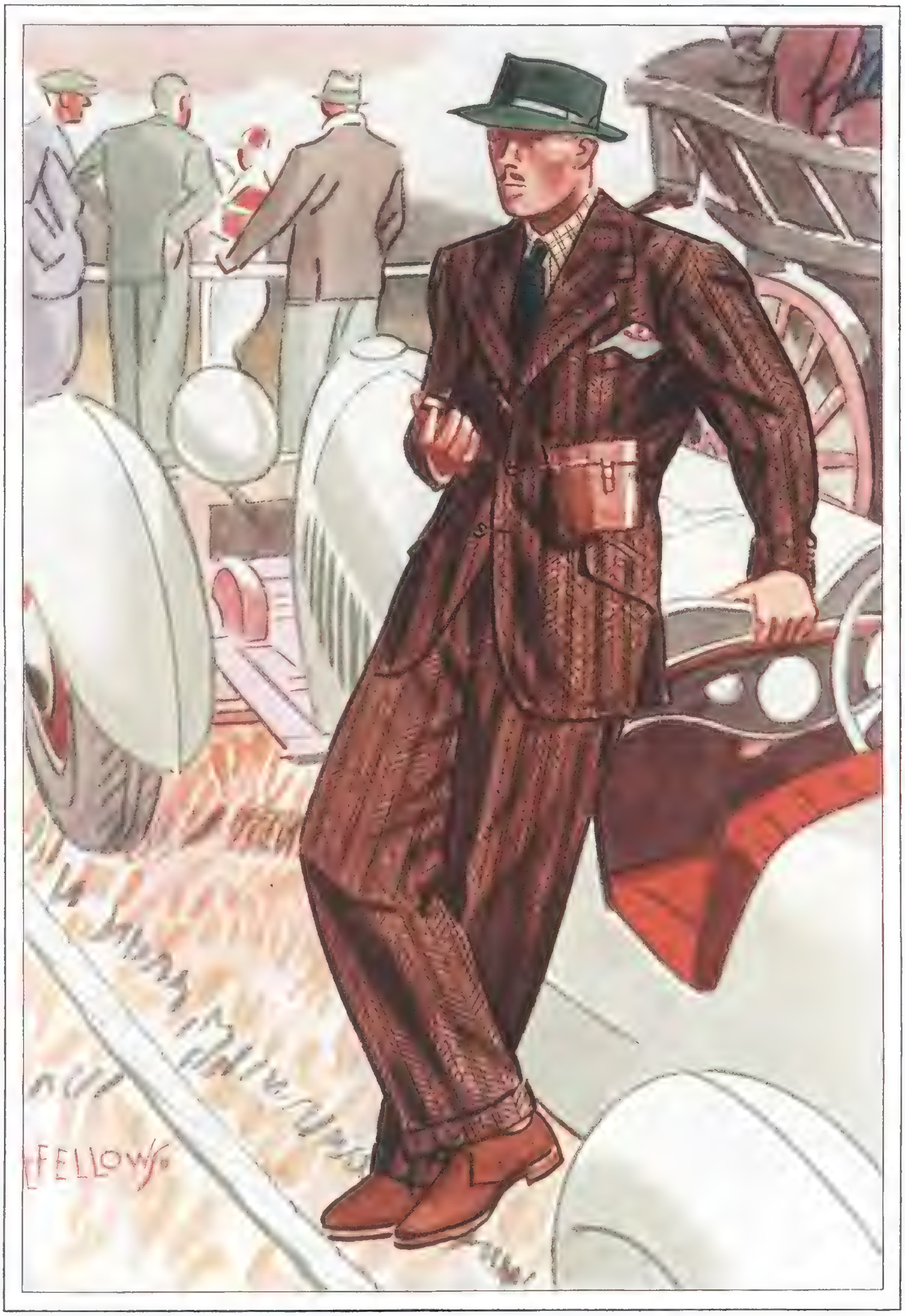


A STEP AND A HALF AHEAD OF THE VOGUE

This outfit is frankly in advance of present popular acceptance but is indicative of the direction of the present fashion trend throughout the world. The rather extreme length of the coat, combined with the effect of the slanting flapped pockets, taken together with the somewhat bewildering assortment of stripes, may be a bit hard to take at first glance, but every detail is authentic. This brown herringbone cheviot suiting has three colored stripes, red, green and yellow. Suitings are tending toward stripes, rather than checks and plaids, in the preference of the pace-setters among fashionable sportsmen. Note that the cut of the coat noticeably follows the lines of a well made riding jacket. As for details, the hat is a true pork pie, the shirt is a tan checked light flannel, the handkerchief is foulard, and the brown buckskin shoes are the accepted monk front model. Note the wide trousers.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Tall Coorter

Continued from pages 36-166-168

this.' He didn't want to, but I bought the whole damn boat and crew off him. I own it still. It's somewhere around the Red Sea. No, I'm telling a lie. I gave it, to be frank, to a poor kid of a girl I wanted to do a good turn to—an English girl. I tell you, Sheila, I was glad to get a clean hotel in Cairo."

"Heavens, Jim!"

So, on and on, while the September breathed its early frost on the little lake by which they sat and the patriarch goats bent their horns over the lava rocks. Across the steel of the water they could see and hear a man swishing the ferns with his scythe. Hearing that sound, so familiar to his youth, so suggestive of the brown heap that would be fed into the fire by some little girl in red petticoats sitting by the hob, he sang her a love-song in Gaelic. And he took her hand in his and looked gently at her. He said:

O. Ero. My bright one.
O. Ero. Bright girl. . . .
It's long since the dark night
When we kissed with our mouths. . . .

"Ah, Sheileen," he sighed. "I need somebody to look after me. I've burned the candle at both ends—and in the bloody middle, too."

"Sing it, Jim. It's lovely."

To the rhythm of the scything he crooned it:

Your mother was from home.
And your brothers were in bed.
We sat by the fire
And the *daradaoil* crept by us
While I nestled your dark head.
My heart is like a nut
That hangs withered on the bough. . . ."

Of such things she did not speak when she came back of nights to the Madhouse; nor how he began to cry and said he would give all his millions to be young again, to have a little whitewashed cottage, to be cutting the ferns, to be seeing his little child poking them idly into the turf-fire.

"And why can't you, Jim?" she said.

He looked at her. He jumped up, dragged her to the car, and he drove like a madman to the asylum, singing wildly all the way.

III

She came back one night with the ring on her finger. Jim was there, and what with the nurses running to their duties, their keys rattling, and stopping to congratulate her, and more coming off duty to drag her aside and hear how he proposed, bells clanging, doors banging and echoing, and Jim Motherway telling the men the life they were going to have when they were married—it was no wonder Frankie Leydon said the place was "like a madhouse."

Some of them said afterwards that when he said that, he suddenly went white. But he did manage to go up to Sheila and say that he hoped she would always be happy. She took his good wishes with a smile, too happy at that moment to bear any grudge.

Then he said something in a whisper to Motherway, and he went out into the grounds.

Motherway went out soon after. It was cold and a wind swayed the cypresses and the new electric lights of the little town glowed proudly across the fields, the railway-line and the bog. The face of the asylum was all lit up and the grass was wet in the light of the windows. Now and again a scream or a wild laugh rang out like a nightbird in sudden fright.

"Well, Frankie-boy," cried Motherway, "I hope you bear no grudge. All's fair in love and war you know."

"No," said Frankie quietly. "Not one bit, Jim. Not one bit."

Motherway's hand, for all that, stole to the belt under his waistcoat.

"But, I have a great regard for Sheila. As you know, Jim. So I said to myself, 'I'll talk to him about it.'"

"About what?"

"Where did you get all that money, Jim?" he asked very softly.

"What's that to you? Sh? That's my affair."

"Aye, sure. But leave me put it this way, so. Jim! Have you really got any money at all?"

Motherway threw back his head and laughed, at first silently. The moon came out and shone on the two wide bull's eyes that stared with unequal pupils up at it. A wild scream of laughter rang from one of the windows. Leydon shivered. He saw the gold teeth at the back of the mouth and the gold palate shone. Motherway was laughing aloud, now, and Leydon who had not been for fifteen years in a Madhouse without knowing the sound of it, clenched his fists.

"Frankie, boy," said Motherway at last, putting his big hand on the nurse's shoulder, "you're God's gift to mankind. Listen to me, boy! I could buy out this Madhouse, lock, stock, and barrell, and every mother's child in it."

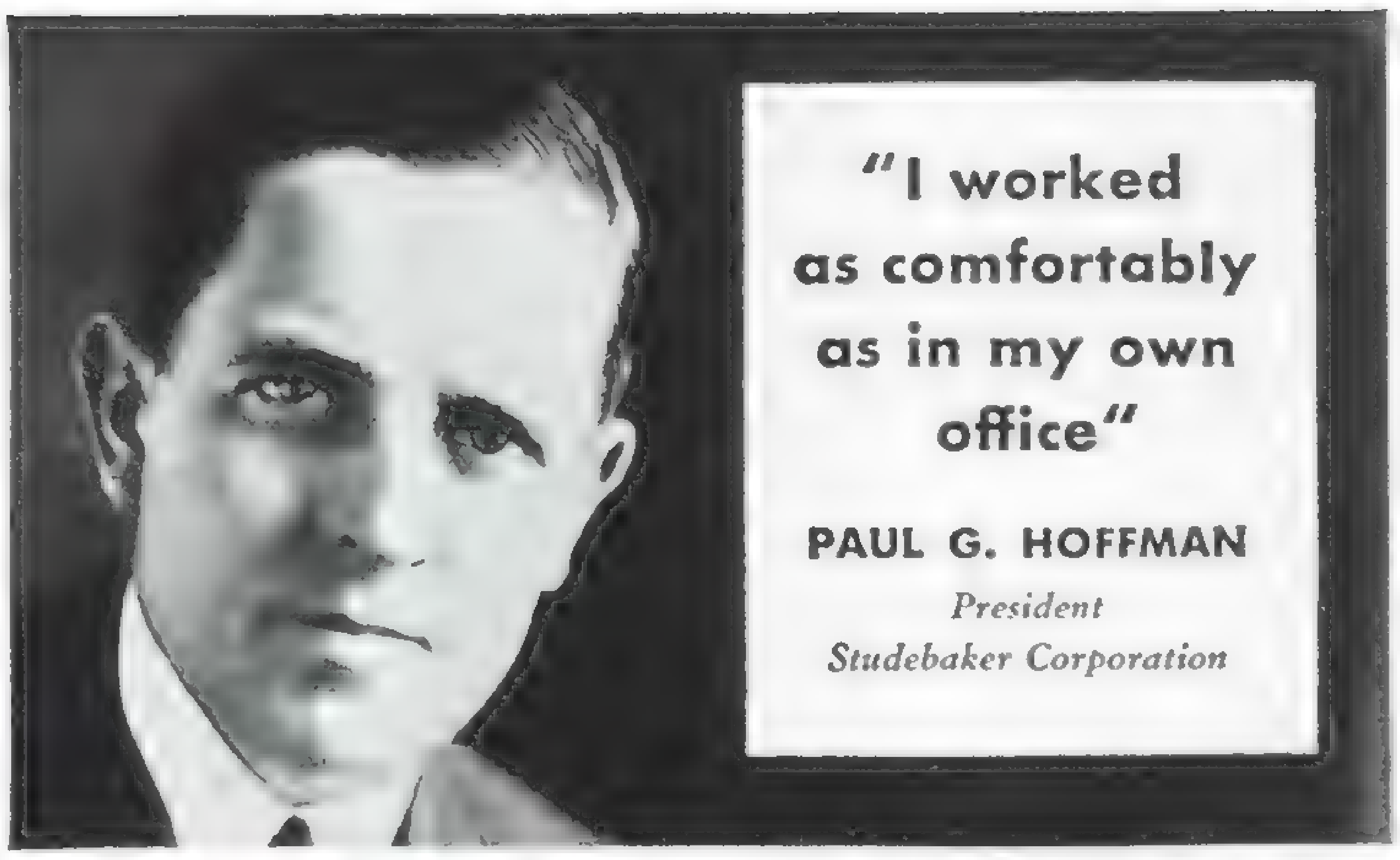
He clicked his fingers. He flicked out from his breast-pocket a patent-leather wallet and rubbed from it the fat rubber-band. He slipped out a sheaf of notes, all white, and large, and crinkling. On top was a ten-pound Bank of England note.

"See that man's name?" pointing to the signature. "That man owes me five thousand pounds."

"Aye, sure," said Leydon, watching him.

Motherway ruffled the notes like playing-cards and became excited.

Continued on page 172



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The Tall Coorter

Continued from pages 36-166-168-171

"The Bank in Ballinrobe owes me ten thousand pounds."

When Leydon said nothing he grew angry.

"I hold an I.O.U.," he shouted, from the Chase National Bank of New York for twenty thousand dollars."

Leydon's teeth were clenched. He stared under his cap at the other. In the moon he was pale as the slow clouds. After a while he said:

"Motherway," and he did not open his teeth to say it, "you're not going to marry Sheila. You're going to come inside with me and talk to Jollop-and-Wather."

He leaped and gripped the lunatic's two arms. The wallet fell. The notes floated.

"Let me go," screamed Motherway. "I'll kill you."

They fell in a heap on the grass. The madman strained for his knife. He drew it. The nurse kicked at the hand that held it and when the knife fell he flung himself on it. The other scrambled up and ran. He ran in and out through the waving cypresses. He ran out of sight.

For a while Frankie lay panting on the grass, and when he drew his hand across his mouth there was blood in his palm. Hours later he was still drawing his hand across his mouth, looking anxiously at it. Then he was sitting on his bed, with the open wallet in his hands, the coverlet littered with what he found there—the usual things, the usual signs of the G. P. I.—visiting cards for James Motherway, M.D., or James Motherway, LL.D., or copies of letters addressed to such people as the Governor, Bank of England, London. He tried to sleep a little but he was so exhausted that during the first hour he spat a little blood, and with difficulty he kept himself quiet until the dawn. As he saw the first cold light crushing its way between the hairy clouds and the black bogland he suddenly heard a singing below him in the grounds. It was like the morning-wind. It said:

O. Ero. My bright one.
O. Ero. Bright girl. . . .
It is long since the dark night
We first kissed with our mouths. . . .

For a while it wandered around the House like a cuckoo-call. Then it stopped. Frankie rose and he stole along the corridors, now deadly silent, when even the most foolish were at rest, and at her door, on the women's side, he tapped lightly. When she did not answer he opened the door and looked in. She was asleep. Her dark hair was in two plaits over her slight bosom. Her soft mouth was pursed like a child who is a sponge of sleep. Her arm was extended. The ring was in place. He heard it below her window:

Your mother was from home
And your brothers were in bed.
So we sat by the fire
And the *daradaoil* crept by us
While I Told You My Sad Tale

Her breasts rose and fell, evenly. He closed the door, and stole away.

She is still in the Asylum, now the Head Matron—a good post. Sometimes a new doctor flirts with her, for though she is no longer young she has always had that bullrush height and she walks like Pride. She should be content and she probably is, for she has a tidy little fortune laid away—most of it what Frankie Leydon left when he died; nearly three hundred pounds, all in ten-pound Bank of England notes, white and crinkling, and a little cockled as if the rain had got at them. Everyone in Ballindore likes her for her laugh and her good spirits.

Not until I had known her for two years, and had been visiting the asylum every week in the course of my work—I was grinding a class of probationers for an examination—did I suspect anything.

Then one day I was looking for one of the girls, and heard she was up in "Ballarat," and I asked the matron to show me the way. She refused abruptly. When I got there I mentioned it idly to the young nurse.

"Has Miss Considine something in her nose against me?" I asked. "She seemed very distant today."

The girl looked at me. Then her look wandered to the long bench where the old women clicked their needles over the stockings or babbled to themselves.

I saw she was looking at a big hulk of a man in the coarse grey uniform of the place sitting among the old hags. He sat back, staring over the little lakes and the rocky plain. He was crooning nasally, to the old mad woman beside him, in Irish, clearly without any sense of what he sang—

O. Ero. My bright one . . .
My heart is like a nut
That has withered on the bough . . .

It is a lovely song and I knew it well and knew he had it all jumbled up in his brain.

I looked back at the nurse. She told me the story. ⵌ

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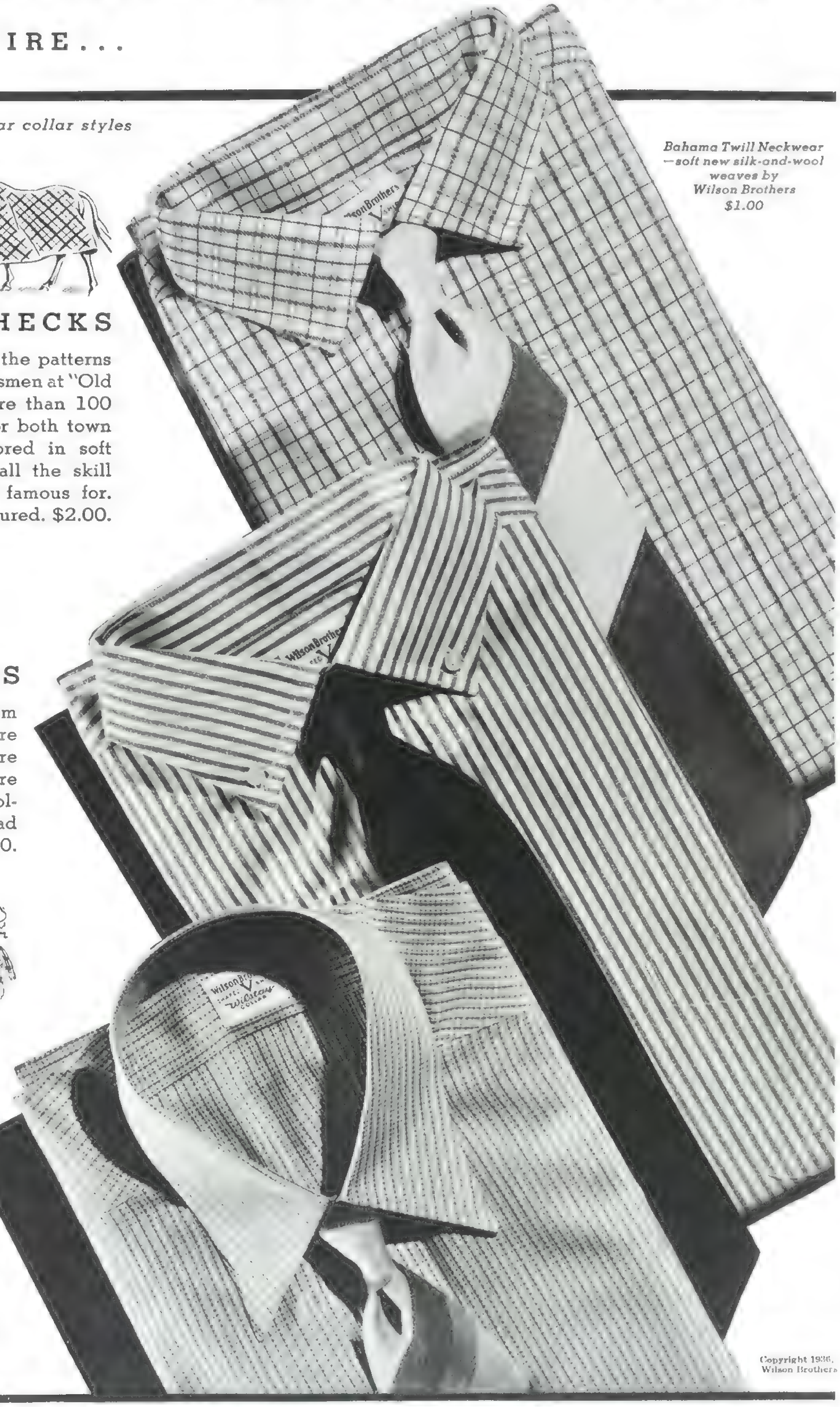

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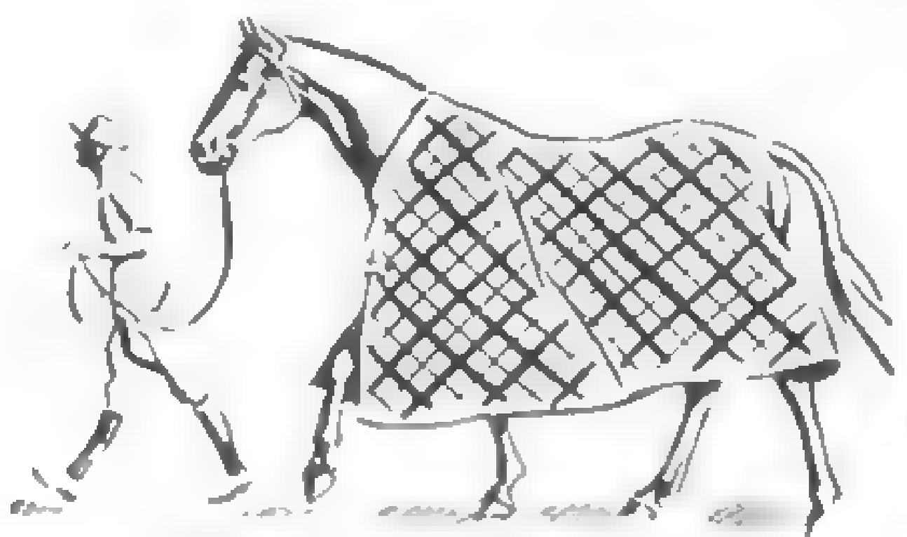

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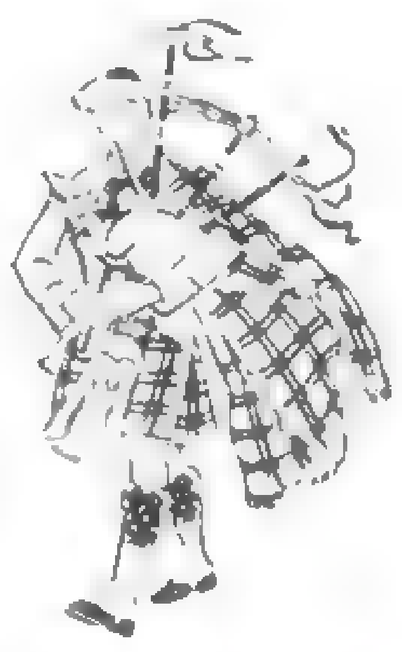

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Glands on a Hobby Horse

Continued from page 47

someday we shall be able to create man *as we wish him.* This is a very fascinating prospect indeed.

At present the world seems to be drifting towards an eventual and complete self-annihilation through war. For many millions of years, perhaps, man has carried within himself the seed of his own self-destruction; if this is true, he will not be the first marvelously built and coordinated animal that has reigned and disappeared from the face of this globe.

It is highly possible that Man, as Ruler of the Earth, has been doomed as even the gigantic sabre-toothed tiger, and his place is to be taken over by some form of insect or animal life not yet apparent. Man, in spite of every spiritual and superhuman effort from the very beginning of his cycle, has not been able to alter his inner nature one little bit. There have been magnificent and important brakes, of course: the pineal Jesus was a brake, and so was the apparently pineal Buddha; the clairvoyant pineals, the well-balanced compensated thymuses, and the brilliant, courageous, brainy pituitaries have been laboring all of these past centuries to build libraries of human knowledge, create monuments of stone, music, and art . . . all of them part of the great brake to keep man's civilization from cutting its own throat. At the ill-advised moment comes always the pugnacious adrenal, upsets the apple cart, screams bloody murder, arches all of our backs and sets our hair on end. Adrenalin pours into the mass bloodstream of nations; we look at ourselves in the mirror and see a howling paint-smeared savage; Congress, Parliament, or the Regent declares war, thereby starting something that it often takes many long and heartbreaking years to finish.

The adrenal likes to start a fight, but the thyroids and pituitaries usually have to finish it for him. Nevertheless in our enormously complex civilization in which speed and all of its countless daily emergencies emphasize heavily the constant need of the good adrenal, the adrenalcentric has become practically the cornerstone of our present human race, and bears its burdens more than any other man. Certainly he is more representative of this century than any other centric. Moreover in a future and more complacent age, he will lose some of his present importance.

Changing man from the outside never seems to have really worked. Meanwhile, for the first time, we have found a way to change man from the very chemical inside of his brain and soul.

It is interesting to note that both Stalin and Mussolini have kinky hair, and that Stalin, although his hair is wavier, has brilliant thyroid eyes. With some unimportant differences, both men have particularly good adrenals and pituitaries, and are not unalike glandularly. Hitler, however, is a fascinating problem all upon his own; there are definite and immediate traces upon his lined and immature face that all is not well in the world of his glands. He has blown several fuses and his thymus is in action again, although it should have more or less permanently retrenched when Hitler was seventeen.

Hitler gives every evidence of being one of those meteoric thymus-dominants associated with thyroid excess, and somewhere in the background of the picture of this quickly moving and furiously emotionally unstable type, there is the undeniable existence of the pineal; this makes a very curious human being indeed. Here is a person who has never rid himself of all that peculiarly cruel inhumanity of children, and who in addition, daily has his accelerator stepped upon by his relentless and driving thyroid. Hence comes his emotivity, his rapidity of perception, but also his impulsiveness and his dangerous (for himself) explosive crises of expression. His restless and inexhaustible energy keeps him perpetually at work, flitting about from here to there, to cut the world to his peculiar pattern, cost humanity and himself what it may. And, beautifully glossing over the whole glandular structure of the man is the "sacred" and active pineal, that ancient motive force of great religions, ready and willing to give this brilliant but cruel brain a full-organ-stop justification, even though that religion may be that of Odin and Thor. There is only one fly in his ointment, however, his thyroid-excess is all very fine, but *not* in connection with the thymus. He will be a prey to brainstorms that will be his undoing even though he has so far been able to ride and attune his rages, managing somehow to hitch them to his political power house.

However one of these fine days he will have an outbreak which will result in a semiconscious psycholepsy. In other words the day in which Hitler commits an irresponsible act, not to others, but himself, will be his last. And when his energy wears down, he will be very highly susceptible to just this.

The active thymus gland produces some of our most peculiar men of genius, and simultaneously many of our very worst criminals. It is essentially the gland of childhood and its persistence means that its fortunate or unfortunate possessor shall always remain partly a child spiritually, if not intellectually. He will have all the genius and cruelty of a child. Have you ever watched children pull a frog apart, or maul and

Continued on page 176

VINCENT LOPEZ, FAMOUS ORCHESTRA LEADER...

tells you how to mix "The Drink of the Month"

G&W
SEVEN STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY

Chase March Chills with the

G & W "SOUTHERN BELLE"

2/3 jigger G&W Two Star, Five Star or Seven Star Blended Whiskey
1/3 jigger Italian Vermouth
3 sprigs Mint
1 dash Orange Juice
1 dash Picon Bitters

Crush mint before adding other ingredients. Stir slowly with cracked ice for 1 minute. Strain . . . and treat yourself to a cocktail that will warm the cockles of your heart!

SPRING this grand G&W "Drink of the Month" on your guests the next time you entertain. And to win a reputation as an expert drink-mixer, take these tips from Vincent Lopez, famous orchestra leader of the Ambassador Hotel, New York:

Remember—the purpose of ice is to cool the cocktail, not dilute it. Don't use too much.

To pour out a clear, perfectly balanced drink—*stir* it instead of shaking it. Shaking melts the ice too fast, producing a weak, muddy-looking cocktail.

To be sure your cocktails will taste right, be sure your whiskey is made right. Use a whiskey that's smooth and flavorful whether you drink it in a cocktail or highball—use G&W! G&W whiskies are the products of the oldest distillery on the whole North American continent. Extra years of experience is the secret of their extra good taste!

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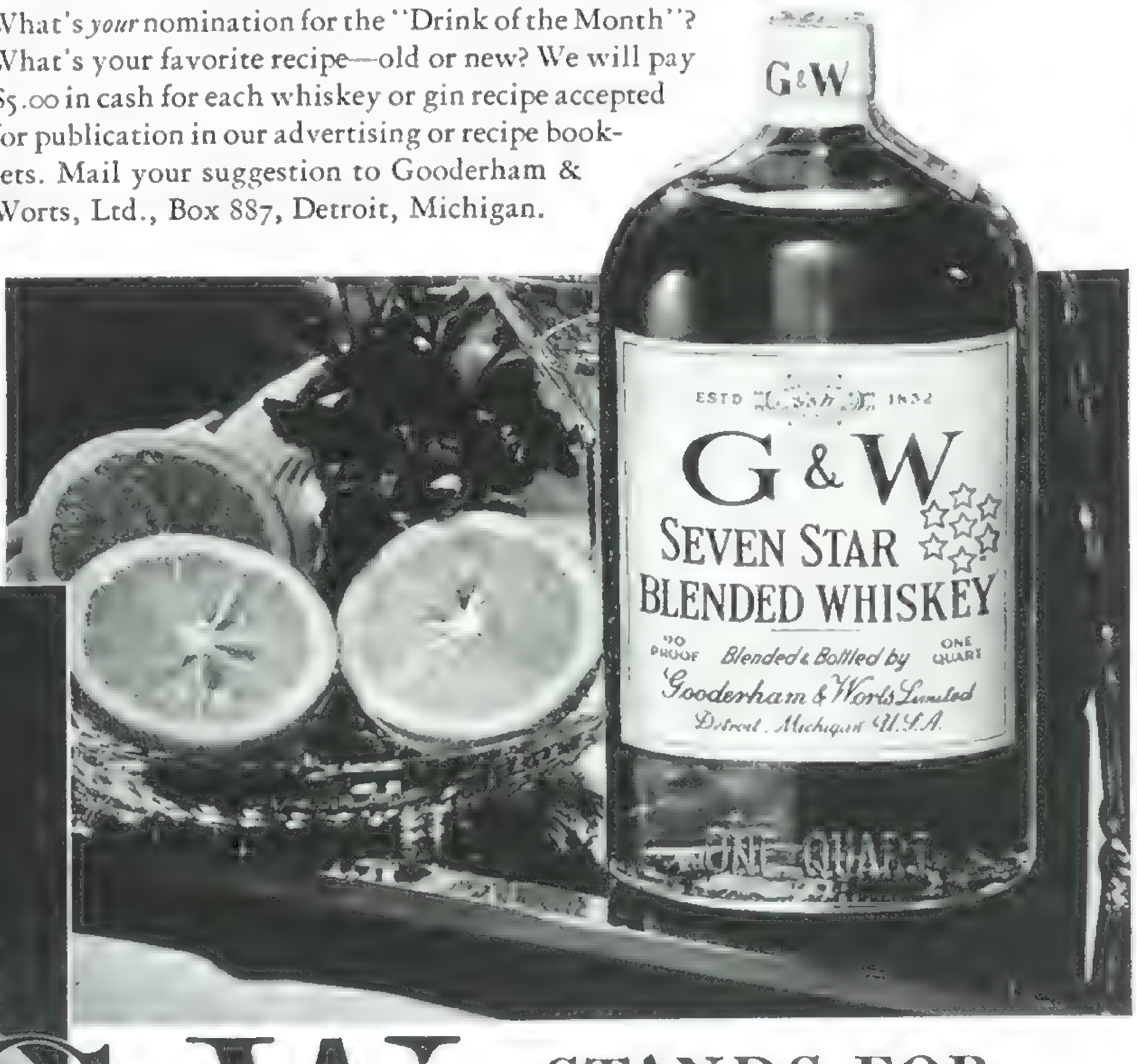
What's *your* nomination for the "Drink of the Month"? What's your favorite recipe—old or new? We will pay $5.00 in cash for each whiskey or gin recipe accepted for publication in our advertising or recipe booklets. Mail your suggestion to Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Box 887, Detroit, Michigan.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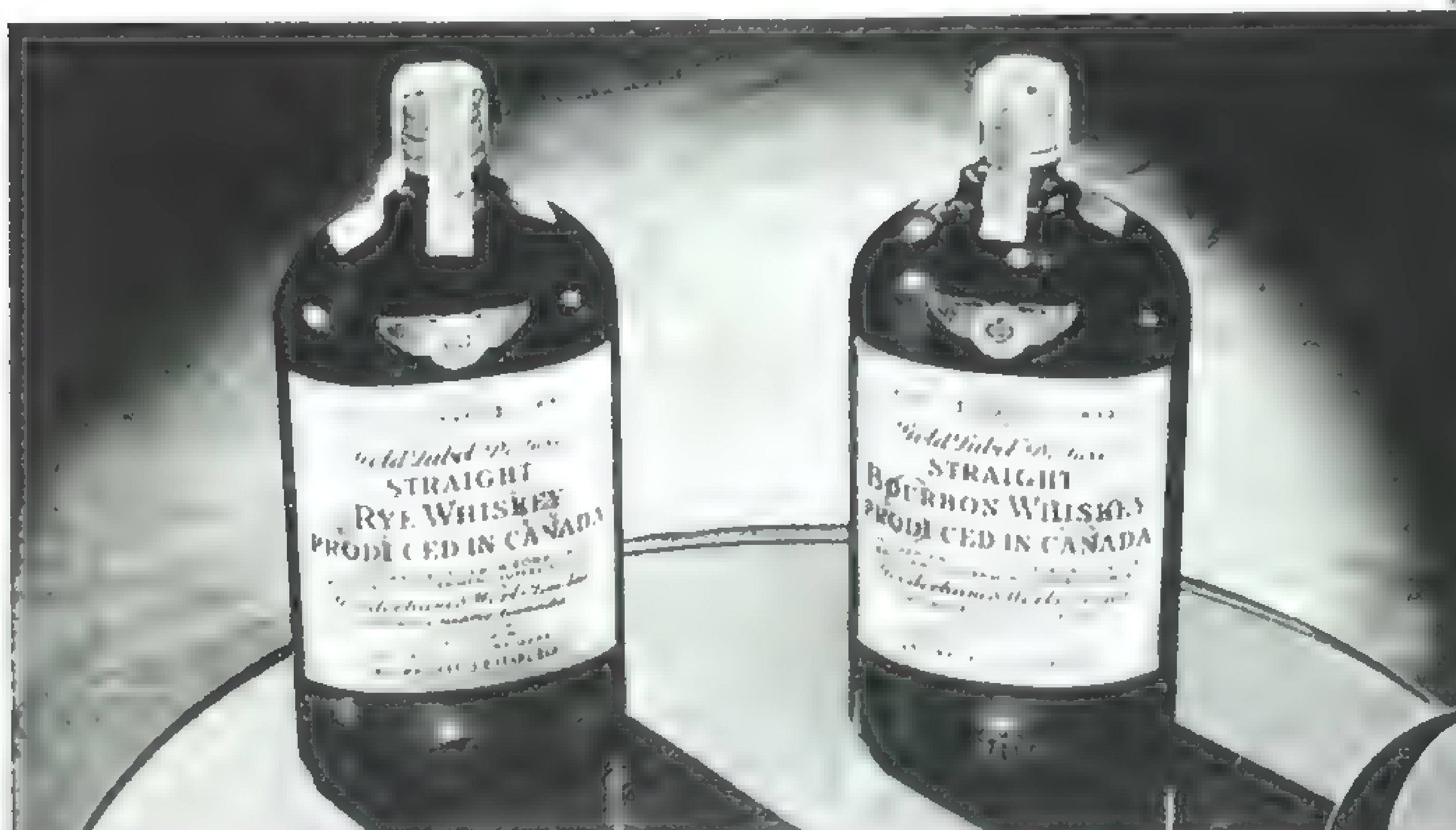
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G&W STANDS FOR Good Whiskey

Glands on a Hobby Horse

Continued from pages 47-174

tease a cat? If so you have peered into the soul of the thymocentric Baby-Face Nelson. The thymocentric crime, for instance, is always recognizable by its cool and inhuman cruelty and its calculation amounting to genius. Ninety per cent of present-day detective stories would be impossible if our master detective would simply apply the most fundamental knowledge of endocrinology, merely lining up the seven suspects found near and around the corpse (murdered in true S. S. Van Dine fashion) and pick out the thymocentric male through his baby face, fine skin and hair, and tendency towards beardlessness. Or if her fingernails break off easily and her hair is like the finest silk, there is your murderess without further ado. Of course this will not deter future detective story writers in the slightest as they will now certainly line up seven thymocentrics around and near the corpse.

Crime, nevertheless, will soon be solved by tracing the glandular personality through the method of the crime itself. Every glandular type of human being will commit the same crime differently. (More of this in a later article.)

The thymocentric, as a matter of fact, is a very engrossing and arresting type. He can be as widely different as Oscar Wilde or Maxie Baer, both decided thymocentrics, for Wilde was a classical thymo, and Maxie is, beyond all doubt, a thymo with a good dash of combative adrenal in his mixture. This can easily throw one into deep meditation concerning the thymo, and the sweet passing thought comes at twilight that there is only one thing you can be absolutely sure about him, and that is that you can never be absolutely sure about him.

He can be brilliant or quixotic beyond endurance; he has no real conception of a grown-up world; and he lives forever in a particular and impractical world of his own making. If he attains a position of power, like Nero, Hitler, or Robespierre, he attempts to hew, at whatever cost, the world to his impractical mark. Beyond a certain early degree, he is not usually successful, for his inborn cruelty and impracticality is inevitably his undoing; he attains a measure of success only through the breathless daring and sheer unexpected brilliance of attack.

More successful are the thymo artists. Strawinsky is a thymocentric adrenal, and so is Georges Balanchine, *maître de ballet* of the American Ballet and the Metropolitan. Both Strawinsky and Balanchine are astonishingly alike both in temperament and musical tastes. Incidentally it is interesting to note that in contradistinction to the girls in the *Scandals*, the American Ballet girls have an astonishingly large percentage of thymos: Giselle, the lovely *prima ballerina* is a thymocentric-adrenal; only these childish infinitely graceful naïve Degas-like creatures would have the will, courage, and impracticality to prepare from childhood for the lowest paying profession in the world.

The thymocentric woman can be very lovely and unusual, and in all cases she does not seem to be stamped out of a press and run into George White's *Scandals*. For better or worse, she is "individual."

But, if you would learn what the word "capriciousness" really means just take a fancy to one of these thymocentric ladies, and you will then, for possibly the first time in your life, have a thoroughly exciting time. Most women, except the masculoid adrenal, are properly sexed; love for them is often as not one hundred per cent of their careers. Your thymo woman, however, can be a thoroughgoing careerist (as you are) or she can be so occupied with a dream that she will pay but scant or spasmodic attention to you. This dream need not be another gentleman, or even a lady, but merely a new book, a new play, or a new poodle. She does not need to be a gold-digger; she merely has but little sense of money and often needs a great deal of it. At her worst she is the kind of woman Mrs. Zeigfeld and Gracie Allen so viciously and excellently portray; revolvers go off in her little jeweled hands and kill people, particularly when she is "in a black cloud" and cannot remember anything. If your little feminine thymo is to be captured, you must be a father to her; with her fine hair, her delicate china-doll-like beauty she will never be a pal or a comrade in that same brusque, straight-from-the-shoulder fashion which makes remarkable today the typical woman of Soviet Russia. If she tells you that she is your comrade, lock the doors and ring all the burglar alarms. I don't know what they do today in Russia when Tovarish Ivan falls in love with Tovarish Soviet-lady-thymocentric but I'll bet anything that eventually a lot of people will be fooled. For the thymocentric is the least adaptable glandular type to the new social structure of Soviet na-

Continued on page 178

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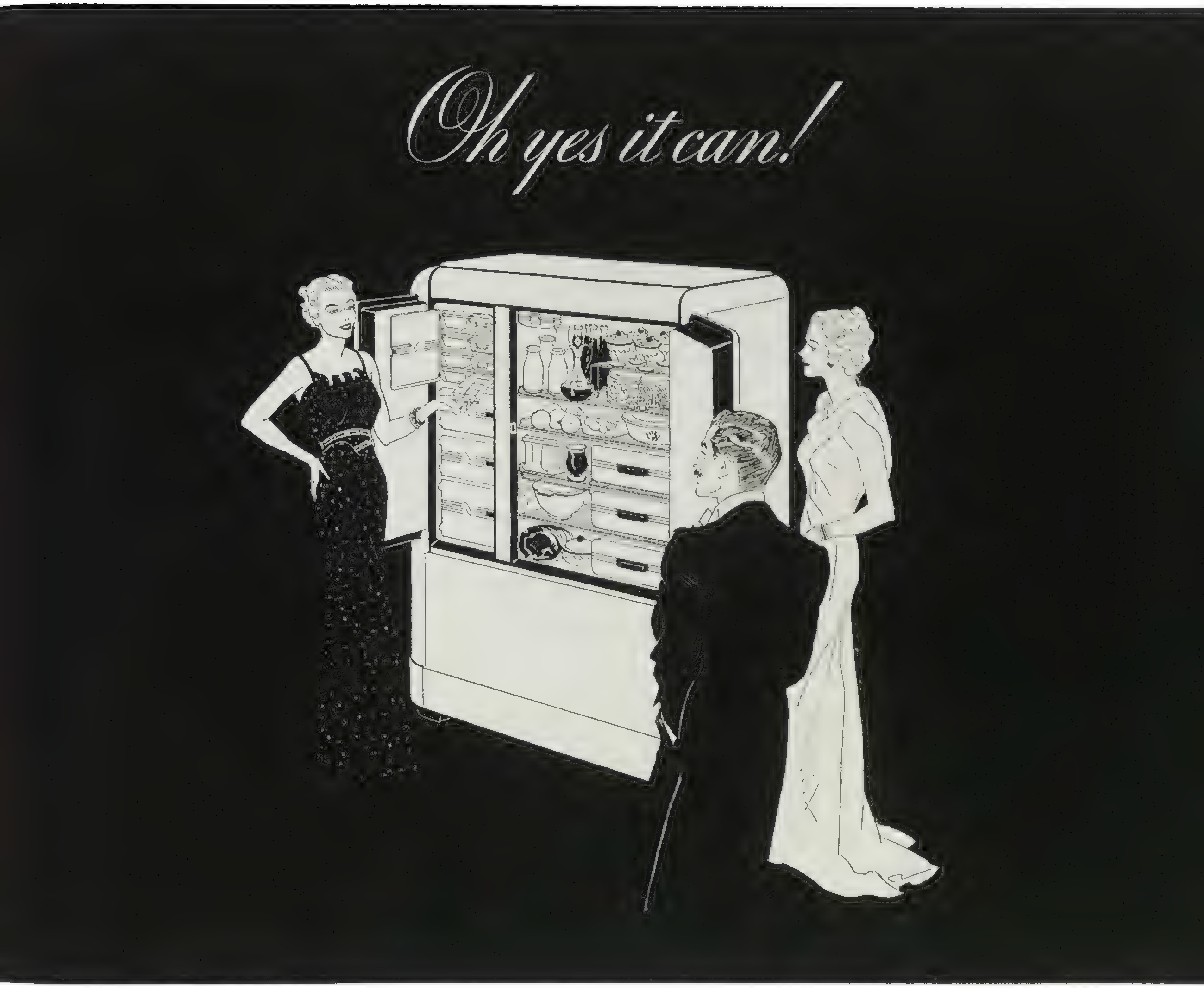
AGE CANNOT WITHER


Oh yes it can!

Because . . . even while you read this advertisement . . . something is beginning to wither right in your own kitchen. We mean your electric refrigerator.

For years it has been delivering refrigeration . . . dependable enough, in truth, but refrigeration without a thrill. And now it is a refrigerator for which you will have lost all pride of ownership.

What has aged it? Why are you suddenly being told that the old "box" is ready for the second-hand man? Because, with the 1936 DeLuxe Kelvinator, household refrigeration has taken a long stride forward.

You have never before heard of a refrigerator with a written Certificate of Low Cost of Operation.

You never saw a refrigerator that kept its food compartment constantly and automatically at a perfect temperature . . . that had a thermometer *built in,* to prove its perfection . . . that purified the air in the food compartment, circulated it to every corner of the cabinet, and kept its interior absolutely odorless.

And then . . . another Kelvinator development moistens the air to the dew point so that fresh vegetables are revived and revitalized.

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As a lover of beauty, you'll like, too, Kelvinator's idea of calling in Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky to aid in designing the cabinet itself.

But these are just the high spots. You must see the new DeLuxe Kelvinator. But...don't saunter into a dealer's store with the idea of just looking. The old pioneer spirit that made you buy your present refrigerator is bound to descend on you again. It's irresistible. And so is the 1936 Kelvinator.

• • •

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Shave Blindfolded

Lektro-Shaver invades the exclusive Ritz-Carlton Barber Shop of N. Y. City.

Thanks a million

...and just be patient

We're still working overtime to fill orders for this *remarkable* shaver

We're floored. We had expected that the first advertisements of the new Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver with the $200,000 master cutter would sell possibly 500 razors. Actually, we have orders for more than 12,000. They are coming in at the rate of over 400 a day.

If you have already ordered or are about to order, just be patient. Your Packard will be shipped as soon as it is humanly possible. We have added extra help. We are working the factory overtime. But bear in mind that this remarkable Lektro-Shaver is a precision instrument. Its creation takes care and time.

A New Principle

The new Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver is so perfect that you can get a master barber shave every time—even if you were to shave blindfolded. The tougher the beard, the better it likes it.

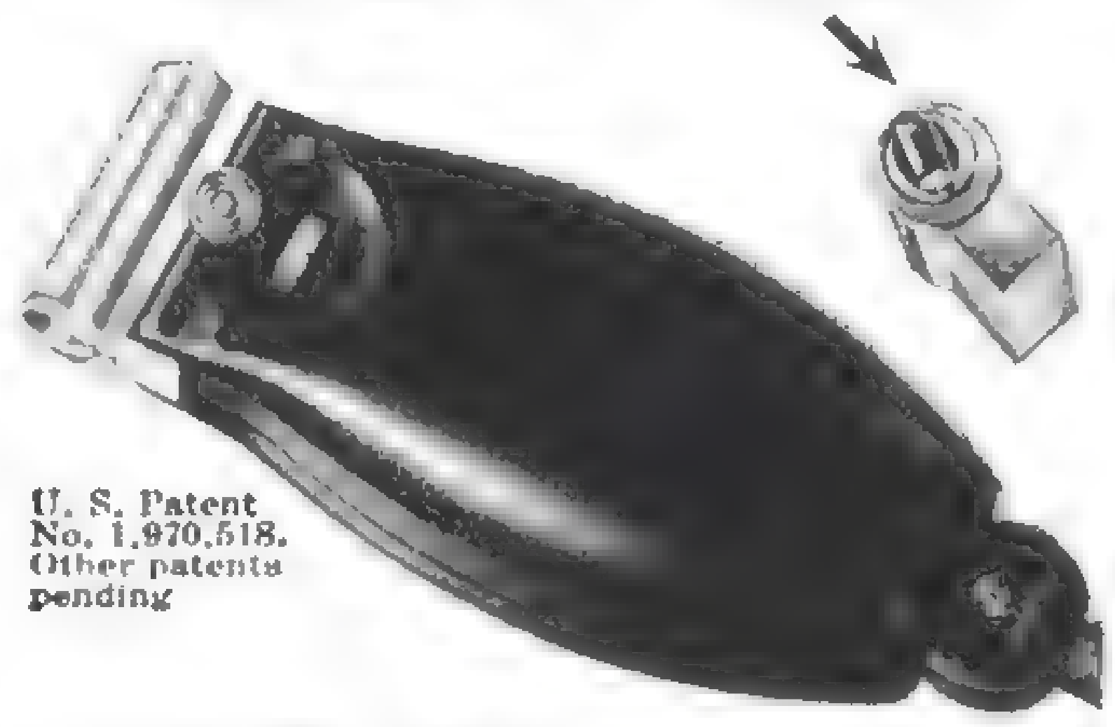
Its amazing results are due to the master cutter—that almost human device with its two-way action. As it rotates left to right, it also slides backward and forward. Note that its cutting surface is round instead of square as in other electric shavers. That enables it to get into hollows easier, to cover irregular surfaces, to meet every hair squarely and lop it off close to the skin. It will not pull the hair, nor pinch nor scratch the most delicate skin.

Cannot clog itself either.

With the new Packard you can shave any time, wherever current is available, without brush, lather, razors, or blades. You can shave closely, cleanly, and painlessly. Just in passing, women are simply crazy about it for toilette uses.

Fill out the coupon and we will endeavor to get your razor to you within ten days. You may, however, have to wait slightly longer.

Through this slot hair falls into open barrel which cannot clog and cleans itself



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Enclosed please find check......money order......for $15.00 for which please send me postpaid the new Packard Lektro-Shaver.

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Glands on a Hobby Horse

Continued from pages 47-174-176

tions. She is essentially a luxury person. Even our George White *Scandals* girls would be more easily adaptable should they (Heaven forbid) be unloaded upon Soviet Russia, or placed under similar conditions. Adaptability is the crowning glory of the lovely thyroid, and we would probably see them in tomorrow's Soviet newsreels, parading barelegged in the athletic tournaments. Miss Thymo will be absent, however.

Thymocentrics' peculiarities often recede as they grow older. Therein perhaps, for the man who marries one, lies hope. The thymocentric was never born to take hold of life adequately, and occasionally when he or she is compelled to do so through the pressing necessities of life's little short journey, he develops his pituitary or adrenal compensations, and the thymus . . . a flighty gland at best . . . not able to take care of the gigantic situation unloaded upon it, has called for help. One or two of the other glands kind enough to hear the S.O.S. send lifeboats. Sometimes a very peculiar gland is touched: Strawinsky's late religious turn of mind has undoubtedly something to do with a new *pineal gland compensation. A well known American novelist, on the other hand, whose capricious exploits in his early youth astonished and amused the nation, has, after many years of grinding out Hollywood's most successful motion picture scenarios, become rather heavy and bourgeois. He knows it, and it worries him; he does not understand that he is a thymocentric whose many years of driven and carefully calculated and balanced hack-work have created a demand for such abundant and additional glandular compensation, that he no longer possesses that original temperament and capriciousness which once made him so attractive, and which was indeed, the very fount-head of his genius. He thinks that it is his weight, and spends most of his waking hours planning to reduce.

For this reason occasional young geniuses and many thousands of fine artist talents who decide upon hack-work to earn that fortune upon which to retire upon the proverbial yacht in the South Seas, find themselves ten or twenty years later with the fortune but without the genius. The pressure of many years of logical, balanced, and driven work upon potboilers has literally forced out whatever remained of their talent.

Although the idea of recreating man exactly as we would have him is, probably, the most fascinating of all the promises of endocrinology, there are other aspects which promise to open up as many fantastic doors as were once opened up into the subconsciousness by Freud; there is, for instance, the very plausible possibility of creating men out of women and women out of men. However the results may not always be just as expected. A young lady of my acquaintance does not desire to be a woman and, indeed, would do anything to become a full-fledged man. I assured her that it was technically possible, but that she would never be anything more than an effeminate man, and so, in the end, still fail to escape those masculine embraces she so dreads at present. She decided to let things ride as they are. One can expect miracles, but miracles until they are properly harnessed will occur how and in what manner they wish. Such is the way of miracles since time immemorial. However time immemorial has not known that we, by a simple manipulation of the pineal and other glands controlling and regulating growth, can now produce mature lions the size of a terrier, or rhinoceroses no larger than collies. Indeed, had these things been known some time ago, we might well be walking down Fifth Avenue today with a pet Dinosaur on leash. Likewise, for many centuries, ladies would not have been on the lookout for men with large and virile noses, or the proverbial hair upon their chests, irrelevant if not misleading characteristics in relation to essential masculinity. They would look instead for the fine pituitary beetling bushy eyebrow, and the hairy Satyr leg. Knotty muscles, tremendous size, vigorous sportsman . . . all of these things are false scents, ladies, but the broad unspaced teeth, the far apart eyes, and the dolichocephalic head of the prime pituitary will never fool you. If for nothing more than this a slight knowledge of the endocrine glands could dispense with a great deal of human unhappiness.

And now, you say, the subject begins to be of interest, now you begin to see what I mean about making a hobby of it. But why, you wonder, and in these pages of all places, should I tell the female what to look for in foregauging the desirability of the male? What about telling the male a few of the tell-tale high signs for which to watch? Gentlemen, your present pique is understandable.

A quick-reference codification of the characteristics of the various feminine glandular-centrics is a thing that fairly howls to be written. It's a sizeable order, too, but we'll put it in work at once. What you want, I judge, is something along the line of a handy glandbook for the questing male. Oh boys, ARE we going to make a hobby of this! ##

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*Little is known about the rare pineal-centric but it seems fairly certain at the present time that the gland has a heavy religious influence, and Berman is sure that Jesus, and Buddha belonged to it, as well as numerous saints and other striking religious characters.

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"the madder the hat...
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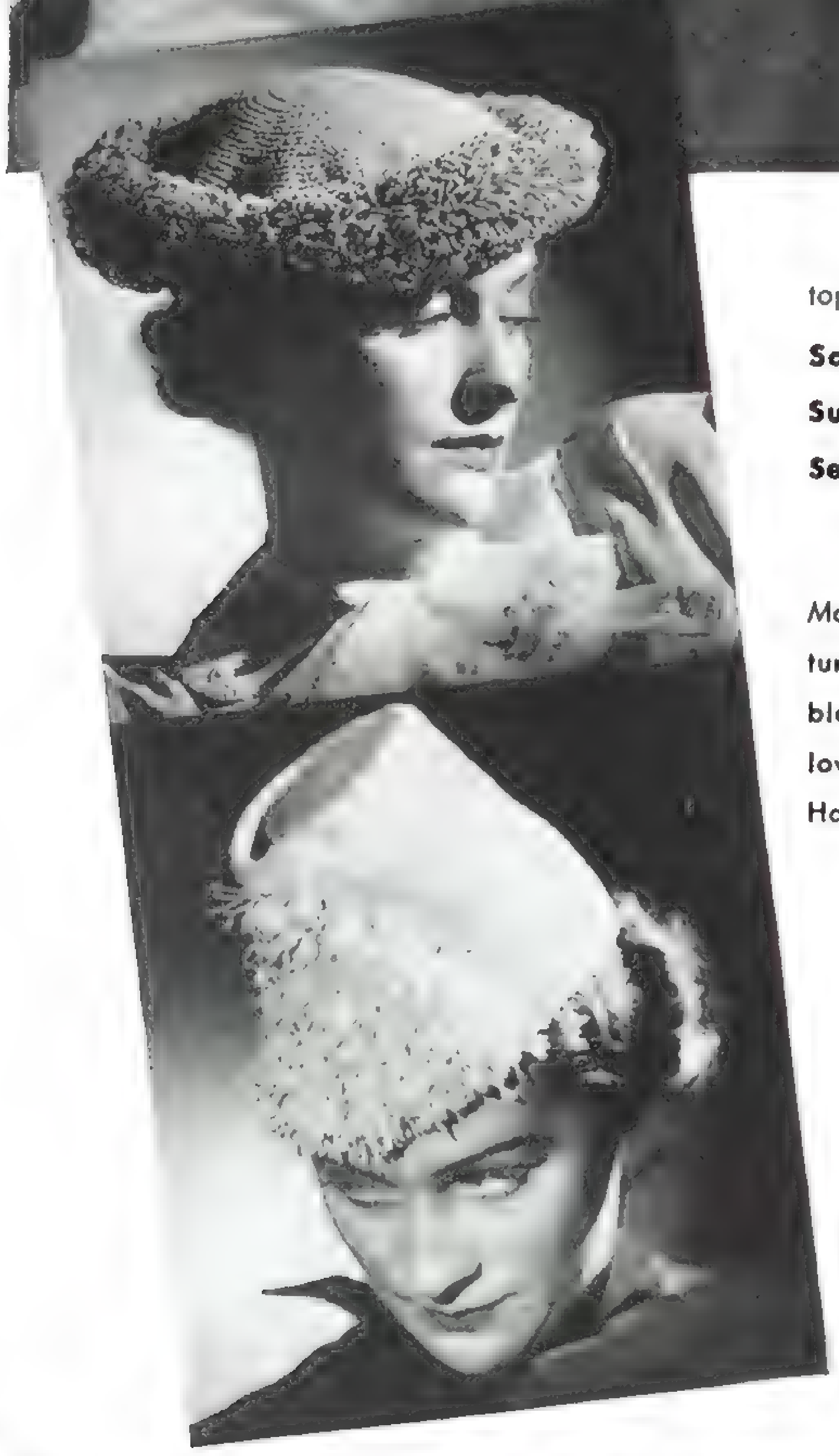

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-10

NOTES ON UNSCREWING THE SCREWIEST GAME

Your article on the "screwiest game" is certainly the screwiest concoction I have ever read. Granted that a writer, bent upon composing an entertaining piece on a subject totally unfamiliar to him is bound to misunderstand this or that point explained to him by others whom he mistakes for authority; but to compress as much misinformation into small space as Mr. Travis Hoke has done in the January issue exceeds, in my opinion, all reasonable limits of poetic liberty.

The well known fact alone, that many of the finest minds in the history of all peoples have admittedly preferred Chess to any other game—if they played games at all—should arouse strong suspicions that Chess has attractions lacking in all other games. The funny thing is that the very elements which Mr. Hoke believes distinguish other games from Chess—joys of action, thrills of danger, and, unfortunately, also that curious pleasure of outsmarting a pal—are more pronounced in Chess than in any other game, and that this probably explains the fascination Chess exerts upon the average player.

When I speak of joys of action and of dangers, I have of course not in mind the infantile notion that action can exist only where there is much screaming and scrambling. It seems too silly for words to look for physical action where mental activity is concerned. Does one judge the amount of action in a sonata by the gesticulations of the performing virtuoso? Or the movement in a painting by the verve a painter exhibits in putting his colors on the canvas?

The time a Chess player has to make up his mind what to move is so crowded with action that he always feels pressed—he never seems to be able to get through weighing the possibilities which offer themselves. And when his adversary makes an unexpected move which threatens the life of his King, terror grips him and makes his heart race—just take a cardiogram of a Chess player in action—and the dangers of the escapes he attempts are as real to his mind as any physical dangers could be!

And that goes for the onlooker, too! I remember when during one of the games I played against Marshall for the U.S. Championship in 1923—it was at the University Club in New York, and I had just sacrificed a Knight in the hope of extricating myself from a strangle hold by a sudden break in the center—one of the excited onlookers collapsed and was carried out. The suspense, whether Marshall would find a way to save himself, proved too much for him.

Mr. Hoke does not mention at all the real distinguishing feature of Chess, the one element which has always made it *the* game enjoyed by men of intellectual interest. This is the opportunity it offers for playful exercise of the creative instinct which marks the man of scientific trend as well as the man of artistic gifts.

There is the same joy in trying ever new combinations of the forces represented by the various Chess men as the joy the composer finds in combining the notes of the keyboard to ever new harmonies, or the painter in varying his colors and forms, or the writer in creating new situations or characters. And in subjecting his combinations to the purging influence of the application of general laws—of physics or strategy—the Chess connoisseur partakes of thrills similar to those the mathematician finds in his abstract sphere.

It is the grasp of these general principles which distinguishes the Chess master from the average player and not, as Mr. Hoke assumes, his power to figure ahead a great number of moves. The Chess master's power lies in his ability to confine his considerations to very few good moves where a great many seem feasible to the dub.

To a music student any composition may seem playable in a half a dozen different ways, while only one way will occur to Godowski or Hoffman or Rachmaninoff.

That story of Capablanca foreseeing 2600 moves in a certain game is just as nonsensical as it would be to say that Chopin had to consider 2600 tone combinations before writing the themes of his *Ballade in G minor*.

To explode a few more myths: Chess has not been traced back to 3000 B.C. but to 600 A.D. In other words, it is only about 1300 years old. It is played mostly in Russia, Germany and England. The more excitable Latin spirit is unsuited for it. In the Orient it is played very little. The dominant game there is the Chinese *Weichi*—called *Go* in Japan—which is about 3500 years old and much simpler but in my opinion deeper and more interesting than Chess.

A combination is not a trap. A chess game is a chain of combinations but traps are rare. The losing player usually sees what his opponent is driving at but cannot help it because he has not mobilized his forces as well.

In a tournament *each* player has a stipulated amount of time to complete a given number of moves, and it matters not, therefore, whether his opponent plays fast or slowly.

The reason why women rarely play Chess well is, I believe, that in making a move they not only think of how good that move is but also how well they look in making it.

Chess may be the most unsocial game, but only because most "social" gatherings consist of people most of whom do not like to think. Believe me, Chess is a wonderful excuse to escape from small chatter without telling the hostess the real reason.

Yours for the propagation
of the Royal game,

New York, N. Y. EDWARD LASKER

OUR FAMED LIBERALITY

Feeling somewhat like the much quoted I-Never-Felt-This-Way-Before Girl, I propose to SOUND OFF furiously in fervant praise of the editorial picker-outer who tossed the silk hat to the dogs and gave us guys an honest-to-god description of fox hunting truly done. Orchids and the cut glass pile driver to hunter Capel.

Leesburg, Florida ASHTON GRAY

OUR FAMED ACCURACY

I am not the type who has a love of writing letters to publications, but the *Fox Hunting Per Se* in your February issue is so full of inaccuracies that I thought I would give you a friendly criticism. Without wanting to appear vain, I list my credentials so you'll know I'm not some misinformed nut:—

Have had foxhounds since I was 13 years old.

Now have over 100 including the National champion of 1934, and a hound I owned won the National field trials in 1932.

Delegate of the American Foxhound Club to the American Kennel Club.

Judged foxhounds at National Shows.

Conduct departments on foxhunting in national magazines.

Have hunted from Maine to Florida to Colorado.

So here goes:—

So vast a difference that to call the sport that gallops about shouting "Yoicks" true Fox Hunting is to commit a libel on a sport!

"Yoicks" practically obsolete; even when used in England used only by

Continued on page 182

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▼ The new Royal Demuth is here! The minute you pick it up you'll know it's a far better pipe than any ever before offered in its price class. You see its superiority in the rich graining, the deeply glowing finish, the flawless details of workmanship. ▼ Then light up. Every mellow puff confirms the fact that this is a custom-crafted pipe . . . cut from the cream of the world's superior bruyere. No pipe, regardless of price, is made of finer bruyere than Royal Demuth! ▼ For 74 years we've been known for good pipes. Royal Demuth is the best pipe we know how to make and, we believe, the best pipe that can be made, anywhere, at any price! ▼ Even if you're used to $10 pipes, you'll agree that Royal Demuth is as fine a pipe as you ever smoked.

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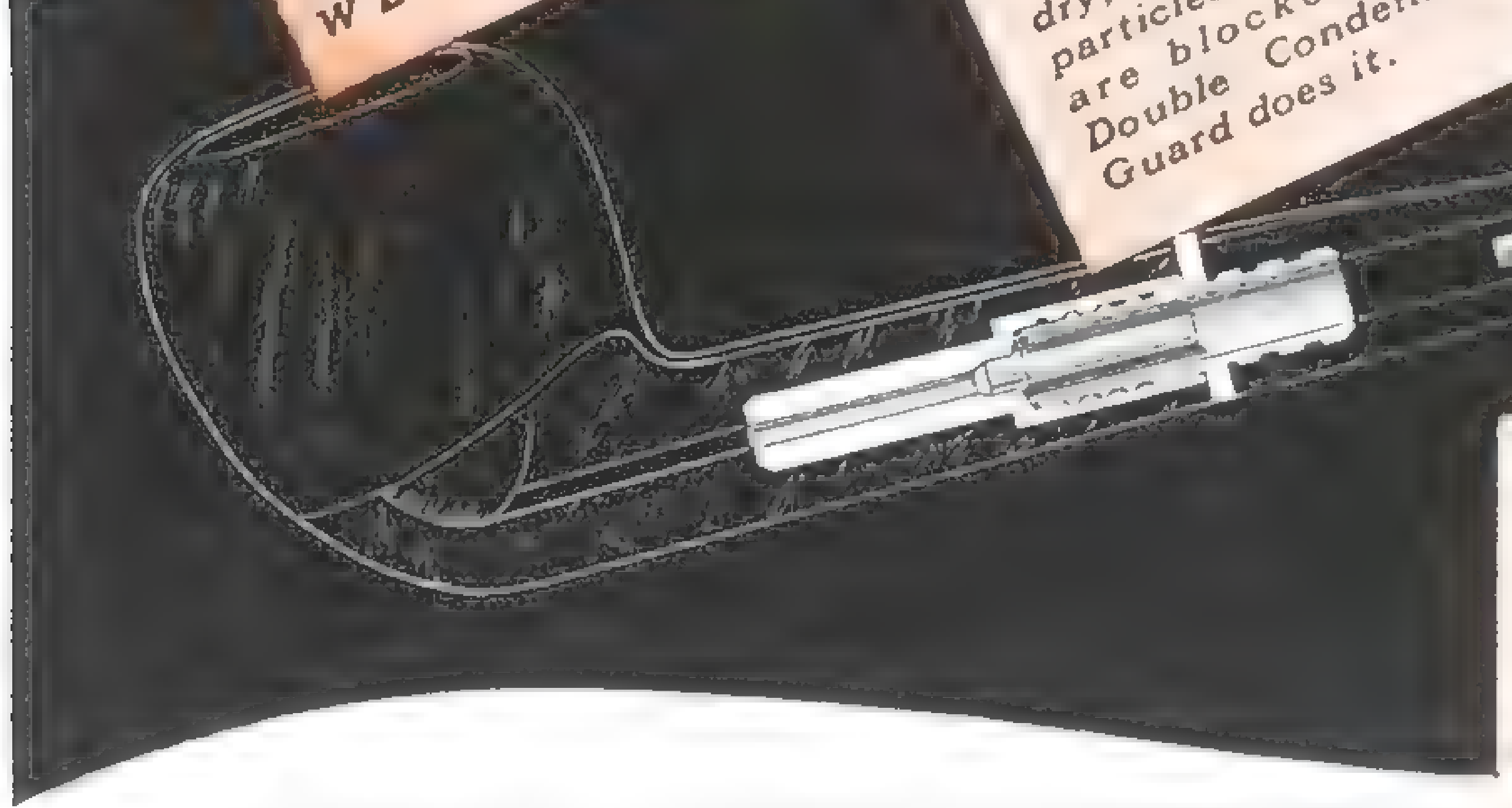

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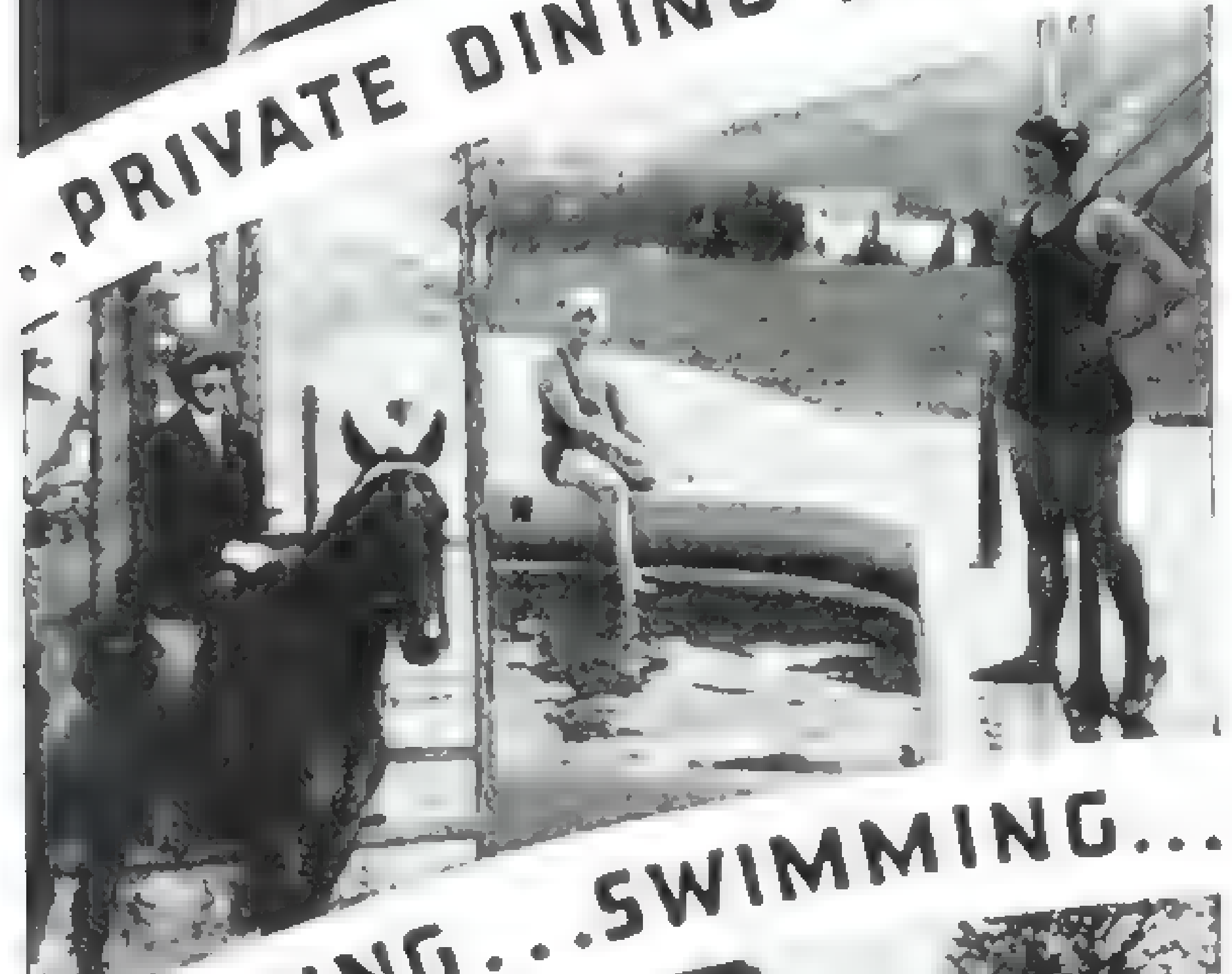

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-10-180

Huntsman. Never used in U.S.A.

—the gentry of this land of so-called democracy galloping about shouting "Tally-Ho" or simply "Ho" as the case may require.

The prints are not of the gentry of this land but of England. "Ho" is never shouted by anybody.

They can only be indulged in by a comparatively few persons—

Comparatively few persons—one hundred to five hundred often follow a pack on horseback. The usual number of night hunters listening to a pack is less than a dozen.

A sporting event in which the fox is to be at a prearranged spot at a given time, or does not exist at all, can hardly be called a hunt.

If the author's experience has been that the fox is to be at a prearranged spot, he must have occult powers.

When he dashes across open fields valiantly pursued by assorted dogs, horses and humans it is a race, yes, but. . . . A fox hunt is a different matter.

Here the author attempts to distinguish between the fox race and the fox hunt. He has the two differences exactly reversed. All my invitations to the type of foot hunting he is trying to describe read "races." All the mounted events I have attended have been called "hunts."

He went ahead to explain the matter to me and ended by telling me to be dressed and ready by eleven that night.

Promptly at eleven—

The impression is given that eleven o'clock is the time for night hunting. Practically all the knowing foxhunters or foxchasers or whatever you want to call them start at dark.

Immediately the dogs were released and shuffled off into the night.

The author must have got a flying start on the traditional jug of "corn" in order to think the hounds *shuffled off.* Night hunting hounds go off like streaks of lightning just as field trial hounds do.

—sudden deep bellow broke the silence.

The "corn" must have been really taking effect when we have a foxhound give a *bellow.*

That's Bell, they've struck,

"Bell" is merely what it sounded. The spelling of a bitch is "Belle."

Any fox hunter can do that,

A foxhunter may be able to tell the voices of his own hounds, but to tell all the others is improbable.

The barking grew distant—

Hounds only "bark" when they tree.

—carry on a conversation with the first pup,

When hunting hounds do not carry on conversations with each other.

They keep their nose on the ground while they're trailin' and the sound is muffled,

Many hounds trail with a high head. The sound is not muffled for the simple reason a hound raises its head when giving tongue as its throat muscles can not properly function otherwise.

—but always changing ground, doubling back and across.

This would denote unbelievably poor hounds or an unbelievably queer fox.

The sound was clear, excited, savage.

OK. A very good description.

—earnest barking—

As mentioned previously, hounds only "bark" when they tree.

Suddenly I found that my throat was was hoarse from unconscious yelling. All about me the yells of the men, the high pitched "Hi-yi-i-i-i" that must have been the original of the famous Rebel yell, were blending with the savage cacophony of the pack.

It surely must have been potent "corn." Yelling is only indulged in to get hounds off a line or to a point where the fox has been seen.

—the desperate fox doubled and leaped on the trail.

The author is apparently confusing the fox with a tarpon he once hooked.

A fire was built, bottles passed, sandwiches eaten, and a sense of contented relaxation permeated my tired body.

Finally coming clean.

One by one the hounds would come loping in to flop tiredly by the fire, to be lifted back into the trailer.

Hounds come trotting back or walking back.

I could not help but wonder at the fate of that clever fox had he been forced to pit his cunning against a pack of hounds and mounted sportsmen in an open country with no chance to exercise all the wiles that have made him the symbol of cunning. As a sporting proposition I had to concede to the present company.

Foxes' chances are better in the daytime than at night, because scent at night is better.

Of all classes of sporting dog, the foxhound is the one that best combines good bench form with field excellence. Only too often a bird dog may be a champion on the bench but a double barrelled bust in the field. Not so with the foxhound. A good bench dog is invariably a champion in the field also.

It has been our constant worry that the American foxhound type is so poor. I have had several "good bench dogs." None were worth a nickel in the field.

Many prefer the Walker, a spotted, rather low, broadchested and doughty hound, long a favorite and still the hound usually seen at fashionable meets.

The Walker may or may not be spotted. It should not be low. It may be "doughty" (I wouldn't know a "doughty" hound if I saw one). There are no fashionable meets with Walkers.

For pure performance, however, the Walker has been largely displaced by the Trigg, a rangier, more powerful hound—

The Triggs are less than 20% of the Walkers. They are not rangier or more powerful. If anything, the reverse.

In the more wooded, swampy regions such as Florida the preference is for a type of dog known as the July, a squat, powerful animal that has a thick, rough coat admirably suited for plunging through briars and brambles.

On the contrary there are more Walkers and Triggs than Julys. The July coat is not necessarily rough. The July is not squat but usually tall. They are mostly used in Georgia, not Florida.

—a hound who has charged against a barbed wire fence and laid a leg open from the shoulder to paw—

To do this, a hound must be a contortionist or trying to commit Hari Kari.

The person assembling a crack pack wants as many different mouths as he can get so as to add variety to the harmony.

The person usually wants all the same breed, therefore all the same general type of voice.

—the dogs usually corner the animal before the humans arrive—

They do not usually corner the animal. The fox (1) goes in a hole (or if a grey may go up a tree) (2) or is killed in the open.

The best country is the rolling hills of the southern Piedmont.

Incorrect:—eastern Alabama, parts of Texas, Pennsylvania, western Vermont, central New York, all as good or better.

—the fox can dodge better and is not so apt to hole up as in the mountains.

If a fox keeps dodging when he runs (which he doesn't) why is the Piedmont better? A fox can and will hole up when he chooses and the name of the state has nothing to do with it.

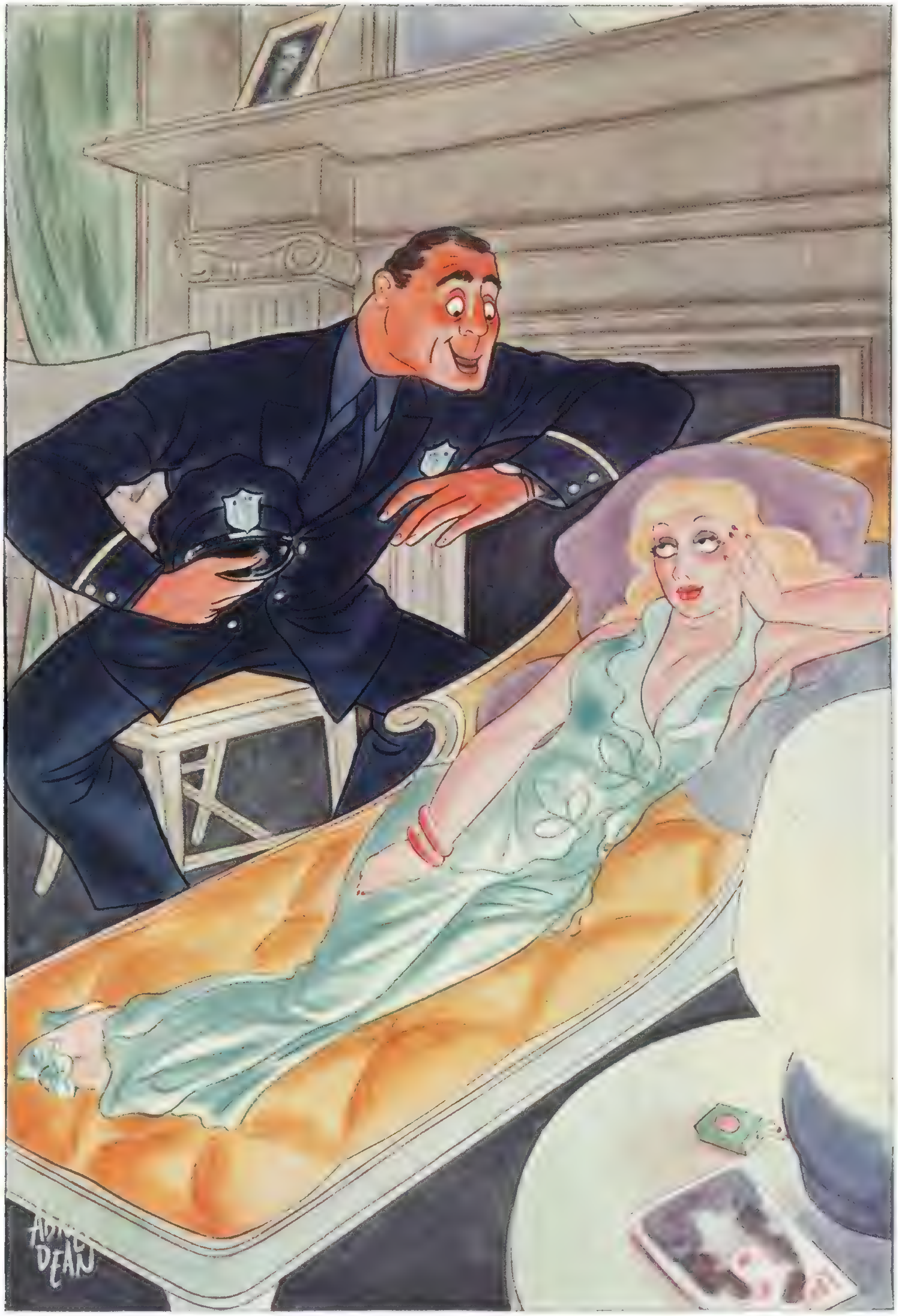
There are other places that might be picked on for bad writing, but I have not tried to just split hairs, but merely correct misstatements.

Yours very truly,

Ambler, Pa. W. NEWBOLD ELY, JR.
Pennsburg, Pa.

P.S.—I have taken the liberty of having Mr. Wooldridge, the Editor of *The Chase Magazine,* the leading magazine in this country devoted exclusively to foxhunting, especially the type of night hunting discussed in this article, go over my remarks. He writes as follows: "I read your notes which were very good. I don't see how you can improve on them."

Continued on page 202B



"Two minutes more, Miss Adair, and I'm off duty!"

On the Blue Water

Continued from page 31

a great weight and he could not hold the line which went out and down and down irresistibly until the fish had taken out over a hundred and fifty fathoms. Carlos says it felt as heavy and solid as though he were hooked to the bottom of the sea. Then suddenly the strain was loosened but he could feel the weight of his original fish and pulled it up stone dead. Some toothless fish like a swordfish or marlin had closed his jaws across the middle of the eighty pound white marlin and squeezed it and held it so that every bit of the insides of the fish had been crushed out while the huge fish moved off with the eighty-pound fish in its mouth. Finally it let go. What size of a fish would that be? I thought it might be a giant squid but Carlos said there were no sucker marks on the fish and that it showed plainly the shape of the marlin's mouth where he had crushed it.

Another time an old man fishing alone in a skiff out of Cabañas hooked a great marlin that, on the heavy sashcord handline, pulled the skiff far out to sea. Two days later the old man was picked up by fishermen sixty miles to the eastward, the head and forward part of the marlin lashed alongside. What was left of the fish, less than half, weighed eight hundred pounds. The old man had stayed with him a day, a night, a day and another night while the fish swam deep and pulled the boat. When he had come up the old man had pulled the boat up on him and harpooned him. Lashed alongside the sharks had hit him and the old man had fought them out alone in the Gulf Stream in a skiff, clubbing them, stabbing at them, lunging at them with an oar until he was exhausted and the sharks had eaten all that they could hold. He was crying in the boat when the fishermen picked him up, half crazy from his loss, and the sharks were still circling the boat.

But what is the excitement in catching them from a launch? It comes from the fact that they are strange and wild things of unbelievable speed and power and a beauty, in the water and leaping, that is indescribable, which you would never see if you did not fish for them, and to which you are suddenly harnessed so that you feel their speed, their force and their savage power as intimately as if you were riding a bucking horse. For half an hour, an hour, or five hours, you are fastened to the fish as much as he is fastened to you and you tame him and break him the way a wild horse is broken and finally lead him to the boat. For pride and because the fish is worth plenty of money in the Havana market, you gaff him at the boat and bring him on board, but the having him in the boat isn't the excitement; it is while you are fighting him that is the fun.

If the fish is hooked in the bony part of the mouth I am sure the hook hurts him no more than the harness hurts the angler. A large fish when he is hooked often does not feel the hook at all and will swim toward the boat, unconcerned, to take another bait. At other times he will swim away deep, completely unconscious of the hook, and it is when he feels himself held and pressure exerted to turn him, that he knows something is wrong and starts to make his fight. Unless he is hooked where it hurts he makes his fight not against the pain of the hook, but against being captured and if, when he is out of sight, you figure what he is doing, in what direction he is pulling when deep down, and why, you can convince him and bring him to the boat by the same system you break a wild horse. It is not necessary to kill him, or even completely exhaust him to bring him to the boat.

To kill a fish that fights deep you pull against the direction he wants to go until he is worn out and dies. It takes hours and when the fish dies the sharks are liable to get him before the angler can raise him to the top. To catch such a fish quickly you figure by trying to hold him absolutely, which direction he is working (a sounding fish is going in the direction the line slants in the water when you have put enough pressure on the drag so the line would break if you held it any tighter); then get ahead of him on that direction and he can be brought to the boat without killing him. You do not tow him or pull him with the motor boat; you use the engine to shift your position just as you would walk up or down stream with a salmon. A fish is caught most surely from a small boat such as a dory since the angler can shut down on his drag and simply let the fish pull the boat. Towing the boat will kill him in time. But the most satisfaction is to dominate and convince the fish and bring him intact in everything but spirit to the boat as rapidly as possible.

"Very instructive," says the friend. "But where does the thrill come in?"

The thrill comes when you are standing at the wheel drinking a cold bottle of beer and watching the outriggers jump the baits so they look like small live tuna leaping along and then behind one you see a long dark shadow wing up and then a big spear thrust out followed by an eye and head and dorsal fin and the tuna jumps with the wave and he's missed it.

"Marlin," Carlos yells from the top of the house and stamps his feet up and down, the signal that a fish is raised. He swarms down to the wheel and you go back to where the rod rests in its socket and there comes the shadow again, fast as the shadow of a plane moving over the water, and the spear, head, fin and shoulders smash out of water and you hear the click the

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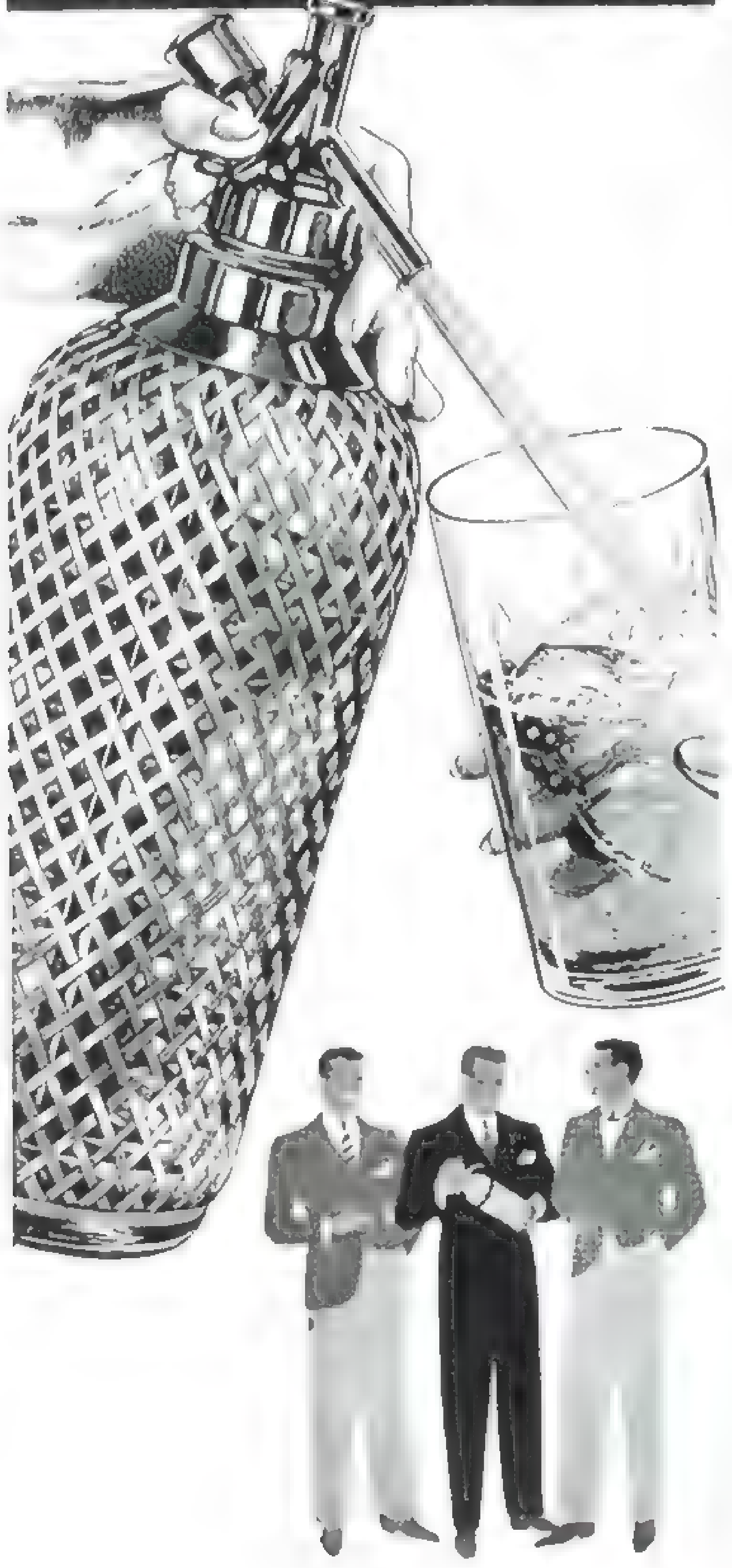

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clothespin makes as the line pulls out and the long bight of line whishes through the water as the fish turns and as you hold the rod, you feel it double and the butt kicks you in the belly as you come back hard and feel his weight, as you strike him again and again, and again.

Then the heavy rod arc-ing out toward the fish, and the reel in a band-saw zinging scream, the marlin leaps clear and long, silver in the sun long, round as a hogshead and banded with lavender stripes and, when he goes into the water, it throws a column of spray like a shell lighting.

Then he comes out again, and the spray roars, and again, then the line feels slack and out he bursts headed across and in, then jumps wildly twice more seeming to hang high and stiff in the air before falling to throw the column of water and you can see the hook in the corner of his jaw.

Then in a series of jumps like a greyhound he heads to the northwest and standing up, you follow him in the boat, the line taut as a banjo string and little drops coming from it until you finally get the belly of it clear of that friction against the water and have a straight pull out toward the fish.

And all the time Carlos is shouting, "Oh, God the bread of my children! Oh look at the bread of my children! Joseph and Mary look at the bread of my children jump! There it goes the bread of my children! He'll never stop the bread the bread the bread of my children!"

This striped marlin jumped, in a straight line to the northwest, fifty-three times, and every time he went out it was a sight to make your heart stand still. Then he sounded and I said to Carlos, "Get me the harness. Now I've got to pull him up the bread of your children."

"I couldn't stand to see it," he says. "Like a filled pocketbook jumping. He can't go down deep now. He's caught too much air jumping."

"Like a race horse over obstacles," Julio says. "Is the harness all right? Do you want water?"

"No." Then kidding Carlos, "What's this about the bread of your children?"

"He always says that," says Julio. "You should hear him curse me when we would lose one in the skiff."

"What will the bread of your children weigh?" I ask with mouth dry, the harness taut across shoulders, the rod a flexible prolongation of the sinew pulling ache of arms, the sweat salty in my eyes.

"Four hundred and fifty," says Carlos.

"Never," says Julio.

"Thou and thy never," says Carlos. "The fish of another always weighs nothing to thee."

"Three seventy-five," Julio raises his estimate. "Not a pound more."

Carlos says something unprintable and Julio comes up to four hundred.

The fish is nearly whipped now and the dead ache is out of raising him, and then, while lifting, I feel something slip. It holds for an instant and then the line is slack.

"He's gone," I say and unbuckle the harness.

"The bread of your children," Julio says to Carlos.

"Yes," Carlos says. "Yes. Joke and no joke yes. *El pan de mis hijos.* Three hundred and fifty pounds at ten cents a pound. How many days does a man work for that in the winter? How cold is it at three o'clock in the morning on all those days? And the fog and the rain in a norther. Every time he jumps the hook cutting the hole a little bigger in his jaw. Ay how he could jump. How he could jump!"

"The bread of your children," says Julio.

"Don't talk about that any more," said Carlos.

No it is not elephant hunting. But we get a kick out of it. When you have a family and children, your family, or my family, or the family of Carlos, you do not have to look for danger. There is always plenty of danger when you have a family.

And after a while the danger of others is the only danger and there is no end to it nor any pleasure in it nor does it help to think about it.

But there is great pleasure in being on the sea, in the unknown wild suddenness of a great fish; in his life and death which he lives for you in an hour while your strength is harnessed to his; and there is satisfaction in conquering this thing which rules the sea it lives in.

Then in the morning of the day after you have caught a good fish, when the man who carried him to the market in a handcart brings the long roll of heavy silver dollars wrapped in a newspaper on board it is very satisfactory money. It really feels like money.

"There's the bread of your children," you say to Carlos.

"In the time of the dance of the millions," he says, "a fish like that was worth two hundred dollars. Now it is thirty. On the other hand a fisherman never starves. The sea is very rich."

"And the fisherman always poor."

"No. Look at you. You are rich."

"Like hell," you say. "And the longer I fish the poorer I'll be. I'll end up fishing with you for the market in a dinghy."

"That I never believe," says Carlos devoutly. "But look. That fishing in a dinghy is very interesting. You would like it."

"I'll look forward to it," you say.

"What we need for prosperity is a war," Carlos says. "In the time of the war with Spain and in the last war the fishermen were actually rich."

"All right," you say. "If we have a war you get the dinghy ready." ##

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Some Like It Hot . . .

Continued from page 42

with this all-in band and they keep that way for four sides, two of which RCA Victor released here and all of which have been released abroad. The flab-tone trumpet is Renald Jones from Chick Webb's ork. The hot trumpet is Max Kaminsky from the name band of Jacques Renard. Bud Freeman, also a Chicagoan and a master of the tenor sax, is one of the stars of the Ray Noble conglomeration. John Kirby, the string bass man, is with the new and well organized outfit brought into Roseland recently by Fletcher Henderson. Chick Webb is the percussion pappy of his own band and Floyd O'Brien interprets the slide trombone in the brass section of the Phil Harris ork. Bennie Carter, the alto sax, is touring France by this time and Willie Smith, piano, is, as the boys say, around town somewhere.

Let us take another pressing that stirred the hot brotherhood recently, the Columbia 3079 of *Bughouse* and *Blues In E Flat* by Red Norvo and His Swing Octet. Red has his own swing outfit (which is not the same as this record band) and is a graduate of the nighteries of 52nd Street in New York. He plays a xylophone, Red is always in the hot groove, and in *Blues In E Flat,* with Teddy Wilson, piano, (who solos at Famous Door) and Gene Krupa, traps, (w. Benny Goodman's Orchestra) contriving the ideal background, he plays what connoisseurs must admit is nothing less than a hot gamelon. The string bass is variously attributed to John Kirby of Fletcher's band and Art Bernstein—in vain do the critics of cacophony implore the record companies to list personnel not for each "date" but for each side! The guitar is the famed George Van Epps—you recall the banjo-playing Van Epps family—and he is from Ray Noble's ensemble. This drawing upon Ray Noble's band is not without significance. The band of the hour, playing *different* "pop" interpretations, it boasts a hot nucleus that could step out and record ear-music in its own right, as the Whiteman nucleus used to do. Although not on this record, Glen Miller, trombone, and Pee Wee Irwin, trumpet, are also with Noble.

Johnny Mince, clarinet, is a Noble-man. Choo Berry, tenor sax, hails from Fletcher's band. Jack Jenney, the Teagardenish trombone, was recently on the air in a Lennie Hayton series. Special mention should be made of the piano and cornet choruses which, with Norvo's send-off chorus, are the distinguishing features of the record. Teddy Wilson's piano playing in this blues reminds one, structurally, of a Bix chorus. It has sobriety, depth, and is implacably resolved. The cornet player is Bunny Berigan who left Benny Goodman's band to play on the air. Like Wilson and Krupa, his is an unmistakable talent. A clear full tone in clean patterns assails the ear. Berigan has considerable ability and in scorning the ceiling-climbers he shows sincerity. This word *sincerity* has been worn pretty thin by the scribes and pharisees of Broadway but it is still the only word that links up the hot musicians with their folk-music predecessors. When hot men turn off the heat the resultant vacuity is as stifling as oxygen-less air. Hence the urge to praise them when they're all-in, the necessity to deprecate ceiling-climbing (high notes *qua* high notes) and other feats of a purely gymnastic nature.

The sterling virtue of originality may be found again in the clarinet work of Joe Marsala who plays at the Famous Door with Wingy Mannone's Dixielandish Jam Band. With Wingy he appears on various record bands and is particularly applauded for his hot choruses of *Weather Man* (Victor 25072; Adrian and Tap Room Gang); and *Loveless Love* (Bluebird 6043; Little Ramblers). As for Wingy himself, his cornet playing has a directness of approach, as LaRocca had, and keeps the boys moving in a slightly bland, sock style. Moreover, the hallmark of the best Wingy Mannone records is an *esprit de corps* which brings back into the jazz strain one of its qualities that seemed all but lost with the demise of the Chicagoans—the happy breakdown spirit that is as much a heritage from folk music as is the blues strain. As additional pleasure, on *Loveless Love* may be discerned also the cornet of Berigan.

These and other records exhibit a persistent and often admirable interest in hot jazz on the part of the boys who play straight in name bands but improvise in their off moments. It also connotes a public somewhat larger in numbers than the art lovers who can't play a record without knowing who takes which chorus. More significant musically, it suggests what has been the consistent view of the faithful, that the gents who play hot are among the foremost exponents of jazz. Stravinsky, himself a great exponent of instrumentation, realized the originality of hot jazz musicians in this respect, and that is why the trombone scoring in *Pulcinella* suggests Miff Mole.

That the record companies are becoming more aware of this is obvious. Waxing *Someday Sweetheart* and other numbers for Vocalion recently, Mildred Bailey had backing her the almost infallible combination of Teddy Wilson; Artie Bernstein (a barrister, no less!); Choo Berry; Dougherty, traps (w. Dickie Wells Shim-Sham Club); Dick McDonough, guitar, (on radio and records w. Whiteman, etc.). Victor sponsors a pressing of *Someday Sweetheart* by the capable trio of

Continued on page 188

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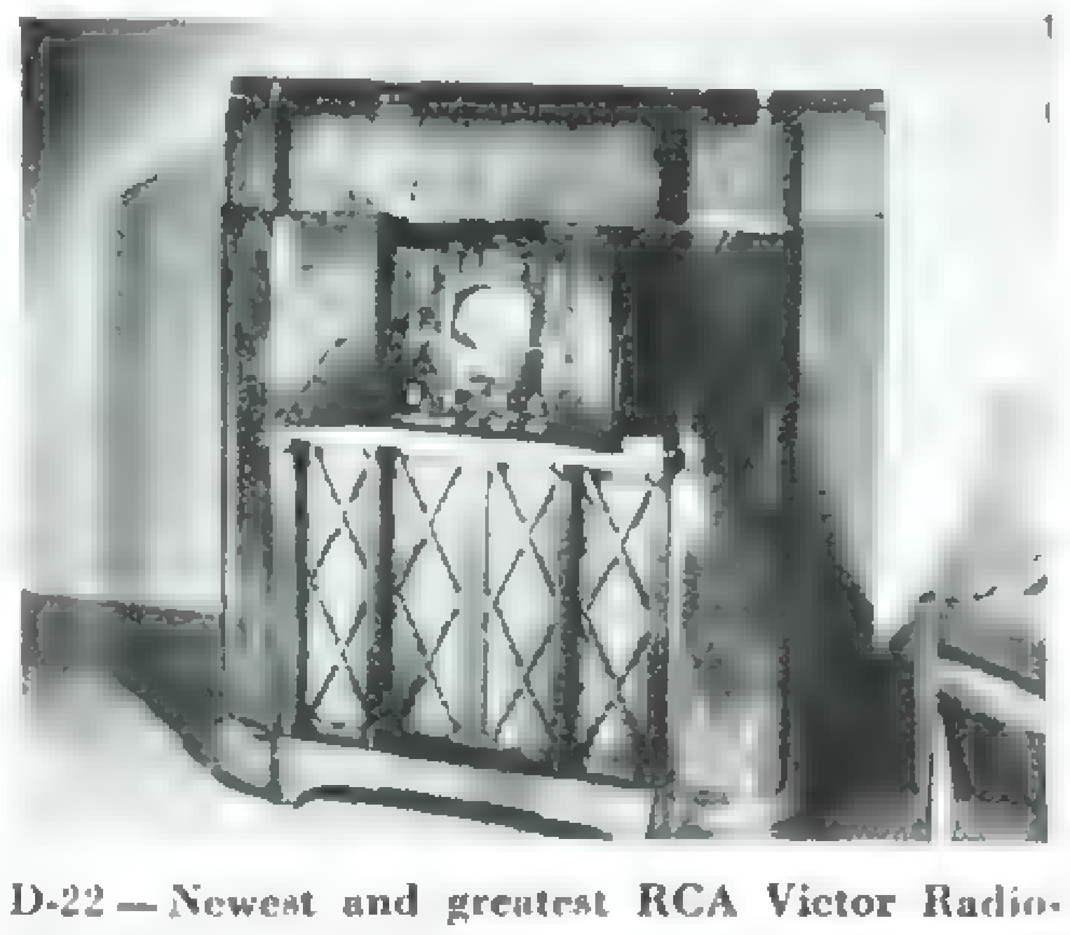

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Some Like It Hot . . .

Continued from pages 42-186

Benny Goodman, clarinet; Teddy Wilson, piano; and Krupa, traps. Brunswick and Decca give "pop" recordings to bands under the direction of Mannone and Wilson, on most of which Marsala blows—but these must not be confused with hot records. Decca also backs up Bing Crosby with the name band of Victor Young *plus* the swing pianist, Joe Sullivan.

On the air is also to be noted an emergence of hot talent, no longer confined to the small hours. Rudy Vallee startles 52nd Street by introducing the Onyx Club Boys (*The Music Goes Round & Round & Comes Out There!*) on an air program. Wilson swings behind the Charioteers. Mannie Klein, plus Miff Mole and Phil Napoleon of Cotton Pickers fame, appear on the air with Joe Venuti, the jazz fiddler. Bunny's Blue Boys (C.B.S.) consist of Berigan and some acquaintances of the hot persuasion. Louis Armstrong, still adequately equipped to beat them all at the Armstrong style on trumpet and voice, is also on the air, though his singing of "pop" tunes does not always exhibit his true capabilities.

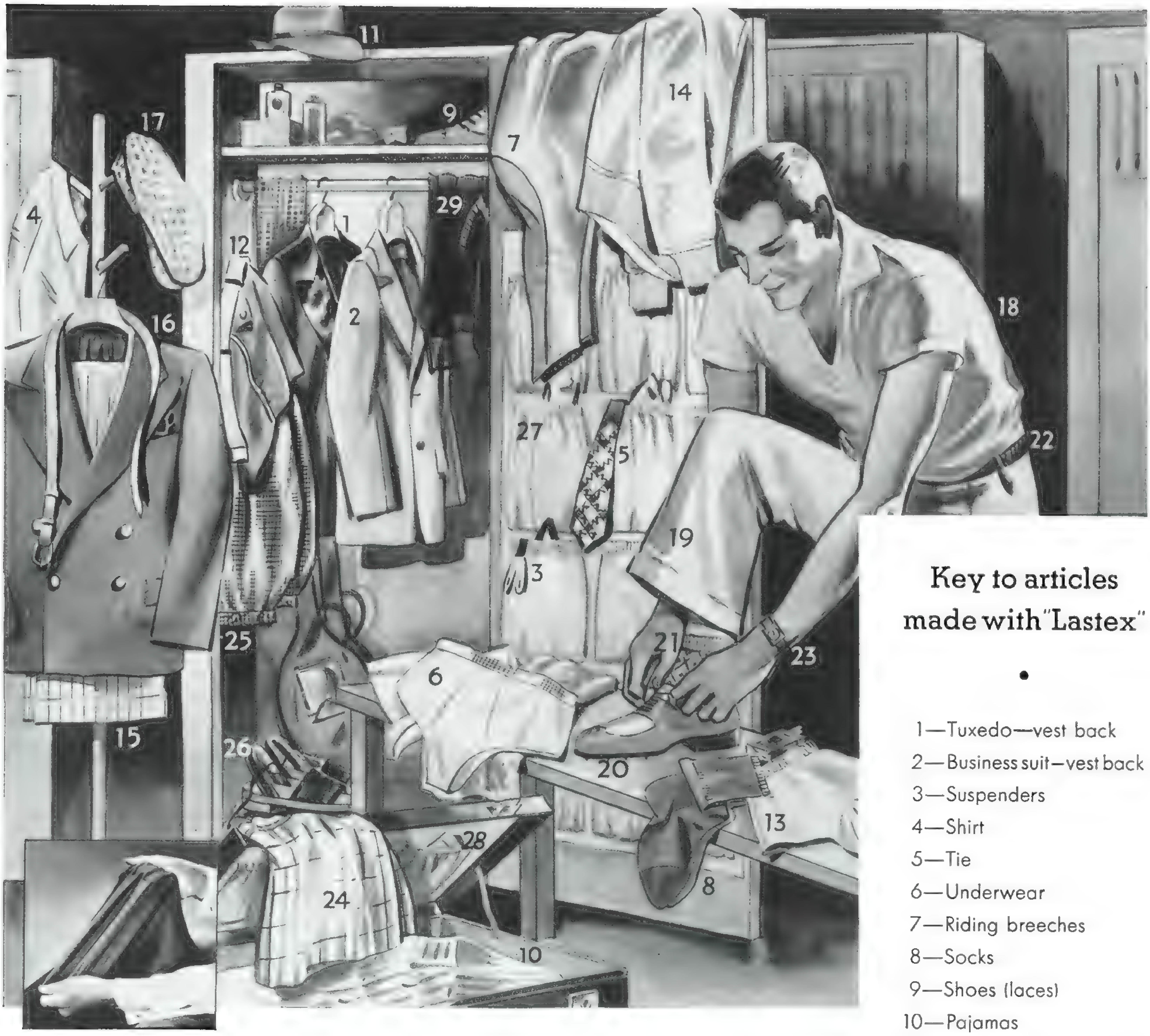
Various hot clubs have instituted jam sessions. These are the affairs, hitherto impromptu, at which the hot musicians from name bands "get off." One sponsored by the Yale Hot Club boasted representation from the name bands of Phil Harris, Paul Whiteman, and Ray Noble. Members of the Los Angeles unit were present at a "jam" participated in by Rosate, clarinet of the photoplay *Every Night At Eight;* Benny Goodman and some of the boys from his band; recruits from the band of Jimmy Grier; Joe Sullivan who has been doing radio work on the coast; and two of the top drummers in jazz, Krupa, with a snare drum and cymbal; Victor Berton (Lennie Hayton band) operating on a tin tray atop a cracker box, no handicap for Victor who has a facility for making melodic rhythm on practically anything. He has made hundreds of records with almost as many bands, from all-in to symphonic.

Coming east, a red flare is to be seen above Chicago but it isn't Mrs. Murphy's cow this time, it's the first session of the Chicago unit of the hot clubs. The band is headed by Jimmy MacPartland of the old Pollack band. Emissaries from Bob Crosby's, Phil Harris', and other bands playing around Chicago, are present. The club has quarters through the cooperation of a record company which is also thinking of re-recording some of the best "Genetts." There is only one hitch in this enterprise, one of the proposals being to issue the records in albums at a stiff price on the theory that the public would be limited! Should they follow this course, it certainly would.

The New York Club, as this is being written, hopes to line up Freeman (w. Ray Noble); Charlie Teagarden (trumpet) and Jack Teagarden (trombone and voice), both w. Whiteman; and many others. Theirs, in fact, may be the most impressive "jam" to date. That is, on an organized basis. The "jam" has always been the means whereby the musicians from name bands kept up their "ear-music" status but these affairs were not organized, they simply happened. Victor Berton tells of one of the greatest of them. Though many musicians participated, the evening was very soon given over to two grand pianos played by Earl Hines and Bix Beiderbecke. They gave to their choruses the sort of devotion that string men from the Philharmonic sometimes give to Beethoven quartets in their own version of the "jam."

The hot clubs have aroused the curiosity of the public. Patterned after the Rhythm Clubs abroad, with which they are affiliated, the United Hot Clubs of America are "dedicated to the universal progress of swing music" and "seek no personal gain." Among the founders of the clubs are some of the country's most prominent collectors of *hot*, John Hammond of New York; Edwin M. Ashcraft, III, of Chicago; William H. Coverdale, Jr., of Birmingham, Alabama; Marshall Stearns of New Haven, Conn. Their first act as a national entity was the repressing of *China Boy* and *Bull Frog Blues* on which Muggsy Spanier (w. Ted Lewis) and Frank Teschmaker, clarinet, star of the old Chicagoans, are featured. The other band members had lives of their own (one was a dentist) and went back to them after making this one record. Their intention is to release further out-of-print numbers and perhaps also wax special pressings.

That there should be a lively interest in hot jazz is not surprising. Urban musicians cannot be expected to go to town on the *Red River Valley.* At the same time they, too, have something to express. Sometimes it is trivial, all glitter and no gold, but at other times it is in dead earnest. The occasion need not be high church. It can be such a roisterous recording date as the one that produced the Victor records of *Rockin' Chair* and *Barnacle Bill*, by Hoagy Carmichael and a record band. The "band" on this date consisted of: Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden (then w. Pollack); Beiderbecke (w. Whiteman); Miley (w. Duke Ellington); Jimmy Dorsey, Venuti, Lang, and others. The Bix choruses alone make the records worth anyone's while and it is to be hoped that the Victor company will re-list these pressings. Meanwhile, there is the stuff of today, some of which yields pay dirt, particularly when hot gents are allowed to go their own contrapuntal way. ⧺



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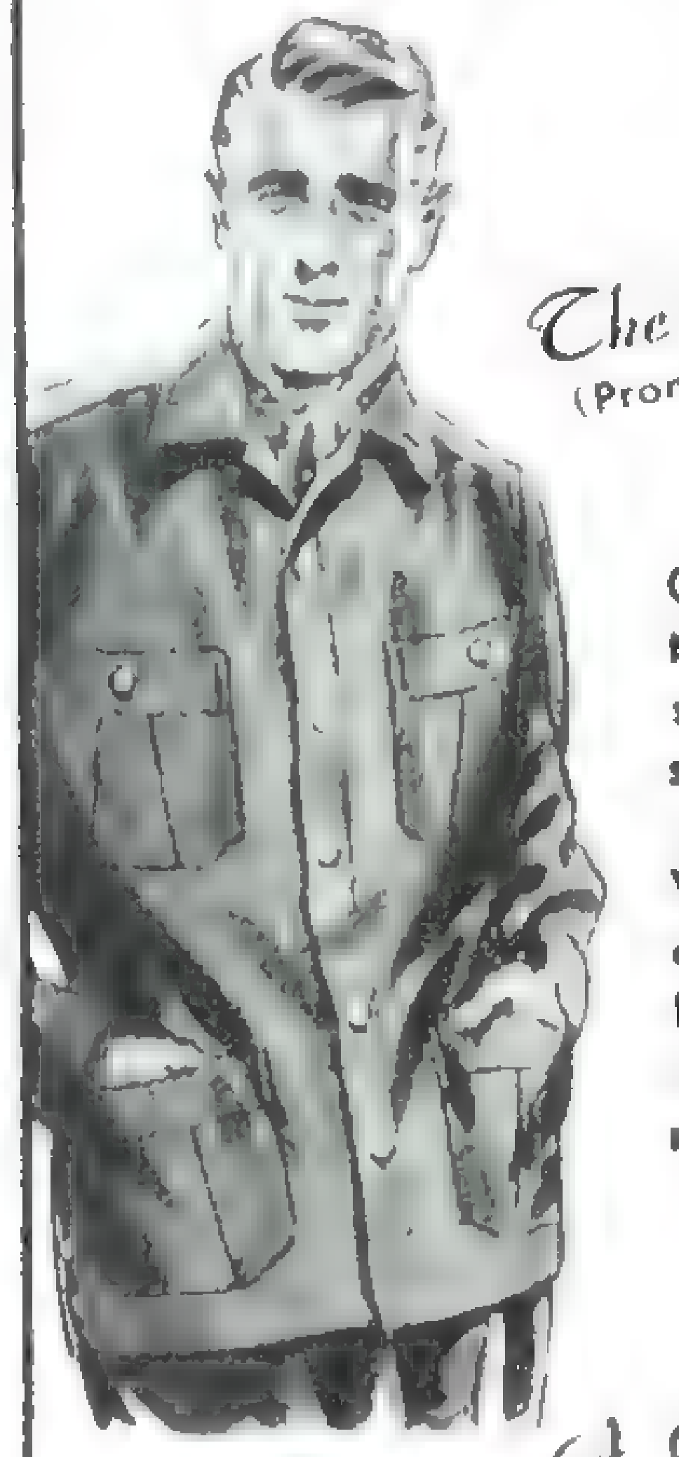

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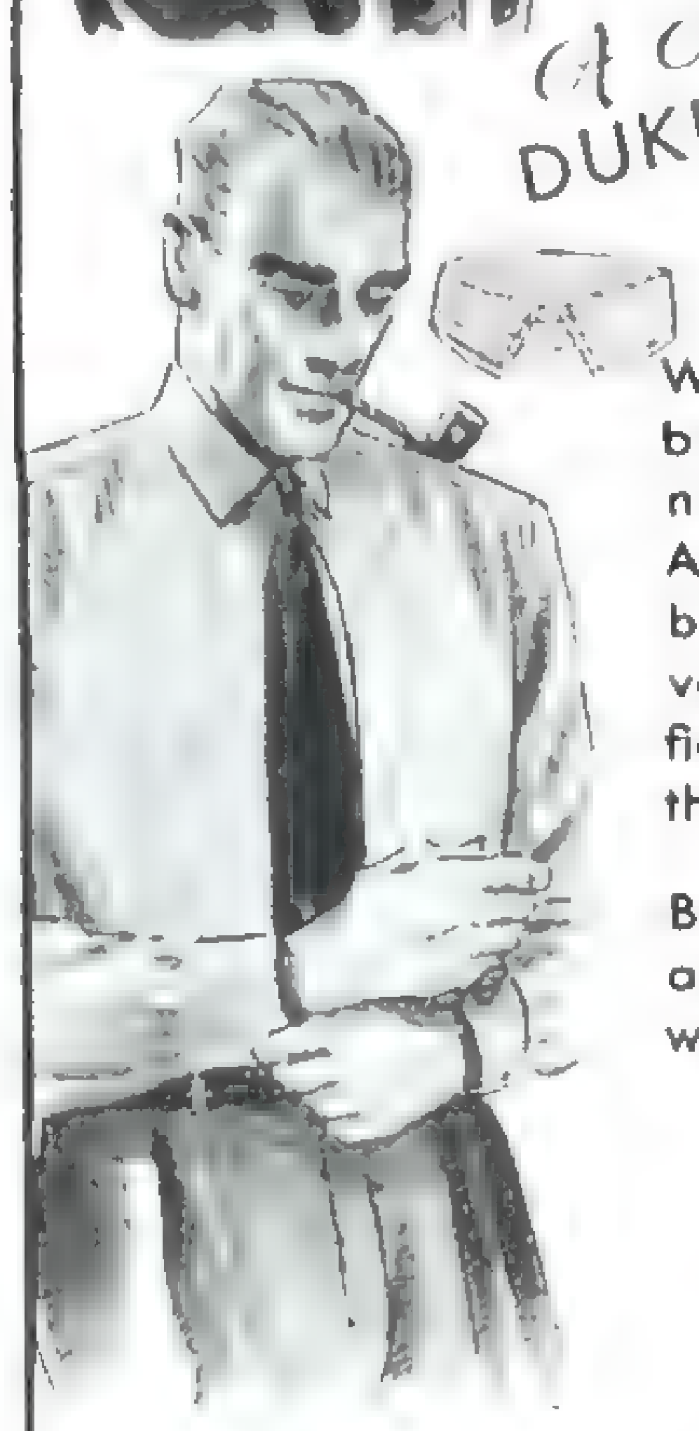

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Revue of Reviews

Continued from page 101

says, in *Paradise Lost*, in which, I quote her, he has "written down to the gimcracks of the theatre"?

But you haven't heard the half of it, dearie. The Ruthie brain functions still further. "If," she says, "he had thrown out gunmen, evictions, business failure, thievery, impotence, machine guns, incendiaries, bums, exotic disease, he might have really stumbled on middle class America." Oh yeah? I suppose evictions, business failure, thievery and all kinds of disease, to name a few of Ruthie's deplored items, don't figure at all in a consideration of middle class America and of the condition and estate of middle class America! You ought to get around a little more, darling, and see how the other half lives.

But another nugget awaits us. "You do not need death or ruin to lead you to the festering heart of the matter," proceeds Ruthie, very sagely. "You only need to be a parent; and whether you live in the Bronx or Sioux City does not matter. You need only to have had a son ask: 'Is it worth while?'; to have had a daughter inquire: 'Which *is* the way?', to know where the real drama lies. Perhaps next time Mr. Odets will find it." In other words, to become an authentic philosopher and logician in a study of the great sociological, economic and psychological problems in question, all you have to do is to have a couple of kids ask you a couple of questions. Then, according to Ruthie, you will "know where the real drama lies." Ruthie also suggests that the main trouble with Odets is that he hasn't any children. If he did have, he'd apparently be a great and profound playwright. Maybe that, too, was the trouble with Aeschylus!

You've all heard a lot of Clayton Hamilton. You surely have heard a lot of Clayton Hamilton if you've ever spoken with him. Clayton has been a dramatic critic for various publications for more years than even Daniel Frohman, that great rememberer, can remember, and he has written many books on the drama and has lectured on the drama from one end of the nation to the other. He belongs to my generation, even if my hair isn't as white as his, the reason for that being that I haven't got any hair. Clayton, as you probably know, served on the Pulitzer Prize committee for many years and resigned last year when he could no longer stand the smell of the annual Pulitzer drama award. Congratulations to him, say I. But let's take a look at Clayton's Pulitzer Prize philosophy while he was still serving on the fool committee. Writing of one year's committee decision in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, he makes this confession: "Aside from Hamlin Garland, the other jurors were the late Jesse Lynch Williams and myself. In deference to Mr. Garland, who was fifteen years older than Mr. Williams and twenty-five years older than myself, we offered [note: against their better judgment] to agree upon Sidney Howard's play, *They Knew What They Wanted*."

So that's the way the Pulitzer prize plays are and have been selected! As it seems to be a case of polite deference to age, we may logically assume that, now that William Lyon Phelps, aged seventy-one, is on the committee, the two much younger members of the committee will regularly defer to his judgment and that the Pulitzer Prize will henceforth go to the play that Willie votes for. In view of Willie's taste and judgment, this should certainly make the corpse of old Joe Pulitzer jump indignantly out of its grave and chase Willie right back to New Haven.

Two more tidbits and we'll all go around the corner and have a couple of consoling beers. In an essay on Zoë Akins' status as an artist, J. Brooks Atkinson, critic for the *Times*, let go this hot one: "Being a hedonist and epicurean, Miss Akins has no point of view." Hey, Brooks, old cockaloram, you surely must know that you're talking through your hat. If you know anything at all about philosophy, you should know that the hedonist school of philosophy had and has a mighty definite and unmistakable point of view. You'd better hide your head in embarrassment over that boner, baby!

We now bring down today's curtain on a Bronx cheer for Richard Lockridge, critic for the *Sun*, known to his intimates, I am told, as Dickywicky. This Dickywicky recently unburdened himself of this select bit of literary criticism: "The name of Rufus King on the program of *I Want a Policeman* gave some hope but the hope was dashed. Mr. King's mystery novels, while not perhaps of quite the first flight, are nevertheless sound enough. He is a junior member of the club which includes some of the most ingenious minds and, oddly enough, *some of the best writers of the language now functioning between book covers*. He may, with the mystic grip of the guild, salute Dorothy Sayers, Agatha Christie, Mignon Eberhardt, David Frome, John Dickson Carr, E. C. Bentley and others of the elect." There's a beaut, my chicks! Think of putting such scribblers as Dorothy Sayers, Agatha Christie, Mignon Eberhardt, David Frome, John Dickson Carr, E. C. Bentley and others of the Dickywicky so-called "elect" in the literary company of Yeats, Wells, Joyce, Cabell, Santayana, Shaw, Glasgow, O'Flaherty, Baring, Cather, Beerbohm, Housman, Masefield, Maugham, James Stephens, Dunsany, Wolfe, Swinnerton, and such like.

God help us all! ⧺

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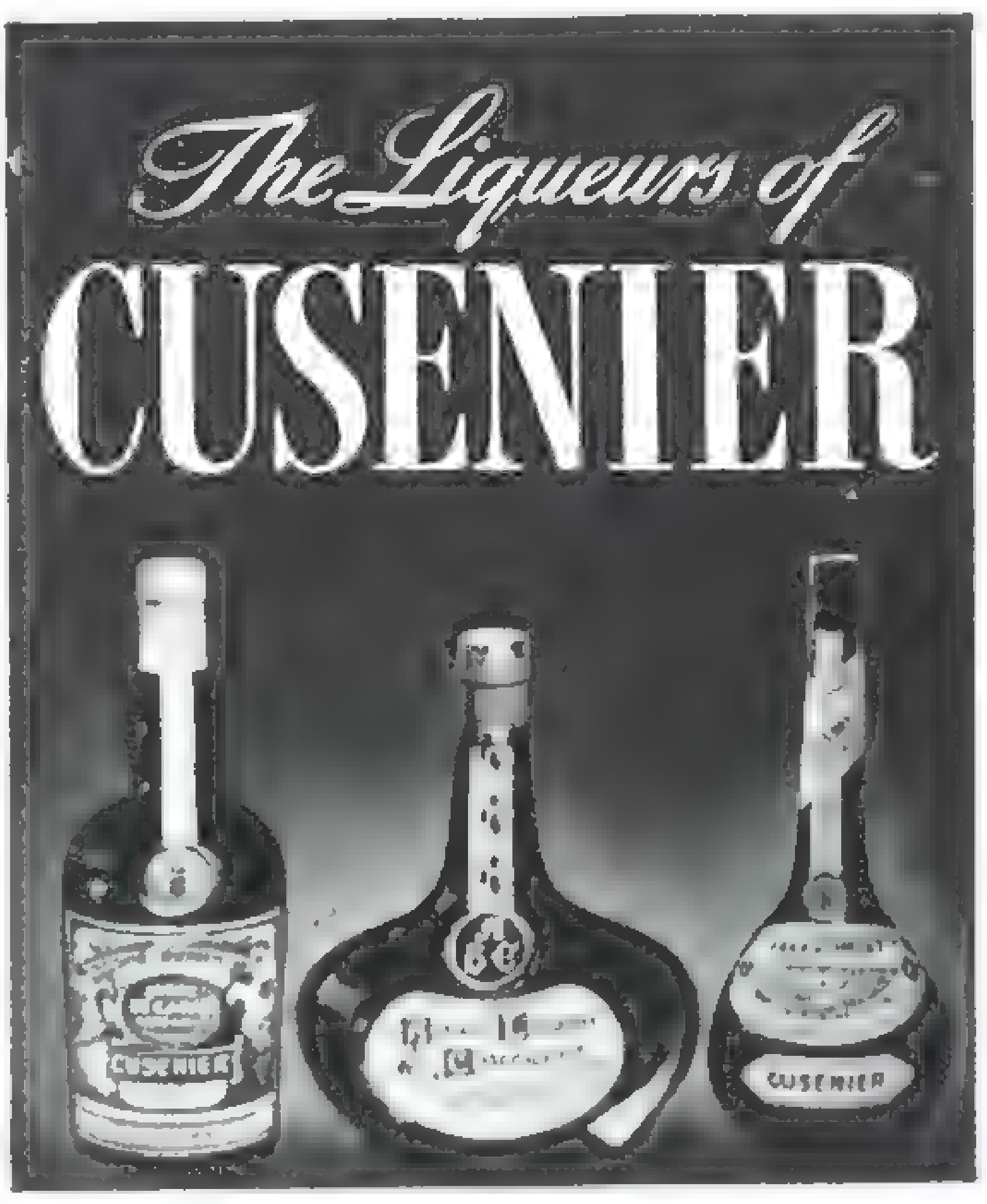


Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 103

fine flowering of a rich subconscious. I printed the letter. Conrad Aiken joined the fight: he thought Nichols was still condescending, and he wrote a vicious poem (which I printed) about Nichols with the title "Verbum Saphead." Nichols wrote a humble, broken-hearted reply and fled to England. Then Aiken and Galantière each wrote me letters praising Cabell but criticizing the "unrestraint" of my enthusiasm. I replied with two long blasts. In his column, "A Line o'Type or Two," B.L.T. wrote:

> *The Seething Question*
> In all literary gabble
> Concerning Mr. J. B. Cabell
> No one has yet got up to tell
> If it be Cabell or Cabell.

I replied:

> You may slip it to the rabble
> That his name is James B. Cabell.

I attacked Wilson Follett for bringing out a book on the contemporary novel without mentioning Cabell. Follett made haste to make amends with a glowing article on the entire work of Cabell in the *Dial*. Floyd Dell reviewed *Beyond Life* extensively and sympathetically in the *Liberator* under the title "The Importance of Being an Artist."

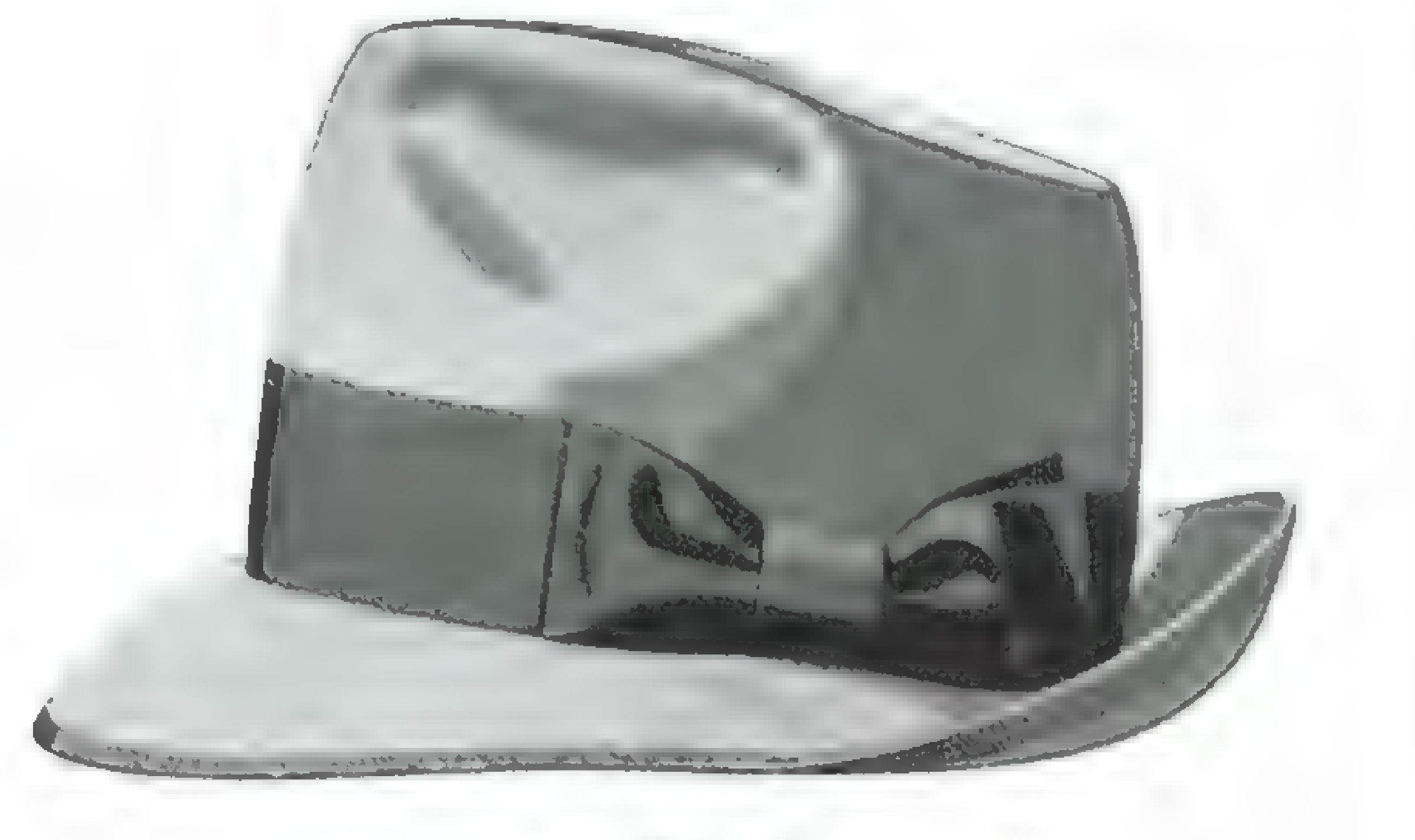
H. L. Mencken observed the Chicago battle from afar and devoted his monthly article in the *Smart Set* entirely to it, saying (in part): "Out in Chicago, the only genuinely civilized city in the New World, they take the fine arts seriously and get into such frets and excitements about them as are raised nowhere else save by baseball, murder, political treachery, foreign wars and romantic loves . . ." (here follows a tirade against New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other capitals as "intellectual slums," then,) "But what I started out to do was to call attention to the uproarious critical battle that has been going on in Chicago over James Branch Cabell—a battle full of tremendous whoops, cracks, wallops and deviltries, with critics pulling the nose of critics, and volunteers going over the top in swarms, and the air heavy with ink, ears, typewriters, adjectives, chair legs and strophes from the Greek Anthology. And the question, what is it? One of morals—Cabell vs. the Comstocks? Nay. One of sales - Cabell as a best-seller? Nay. One of patriotism, politics? Cabell as a Socialist, a forward looker, an agent of the Wilhelmstrasse? Nay again; the question is simply one of style. . . . A question of style—and within one verst of the stockyards! Almost one fancies the world bumped by a flying asteroid, and the Chicago river suddenly turned into the Seine. . . ." The rest of the article is devoted to praise of Cabell as "a man of novel and ingenious ideas, a penetrating ironist, a shrewd and infectious laugher, a delicate virtuoso of situation, an anatomist of character, one who sees into the eternal tragi-comedy of hope and striving, above all, a highly accomplished doctor of words."

The upshot of all this furor was that the sale of *Beyond Life* was only a little over 3000 copies, mainly in Chicago and environs. But still, not a bad sale for a book of essays.

Jurgen came next. Before it was published I had to plead with Guy Holt not to cut out the Anaitis episode and otherwise emasculate the novel—not that Holt wanted to, but that pressure was put upon him by his employer-publisher to kill the book altogether. Cabell wanted to call the book *The Pawnbroker's Shirt*, which title I liked, but Holt was adamant in contending that this title was unsalable. When the book was published I was handicapped, if gratified, that Cabell had dedicated it to me. But I did not let modesty stand in my way. I wrote of the novel glowingly in the *Chicago Tribune*. Echoes of the Chicago battle drew attention of reviewers all over the country to Cabell's latest work; Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Vechten, Waldo Frank, John Macy and Emily Clarke visited Cabell in Richmond; Frances Newman wrote adulatorily about him in the *Atlanta Constitution*. Hugh Walpole came to Chicago to lecture and to autograph books at Marshall Field & Company's store. I went over to see him and told him I had read his "imbecile remarks" about American literature to reporters for the New York papers, and that I would have no respect for him until he had taken the trouble to learn the contents of some American books issued since Mark Twain. Walpole was both patient with and impressed by my assault upon him—even if he did grow red in the face. He asked me the names of some books he should read. I jotted down a few, with special emphasis on Cabell. A few days later I received a letter from Walpole thanking me for calling attention to Cabell, describing *Jurgen* as a masterpiece of a "talent as original and satisfying as anything our time has seen" and saying he had ordered all of Cabell's books and was going to visit Cabell preparatory to writing an article on Cabell for the *Yale Review*, which article duly appeared under the title, *The Art of James Branch Cabell*.

Others jumped on the bandwagon—John Macy, Edward Hale Bierstadt, H. L. Mencken, and the news percolated to the intellectually comatose and provincially self-satisfied New York. There Heywood Broun, then literary editor of the *Tribune*, ignored *Jurgen* but printed a letter from a vaudeville press-agent, Walter Kingsley, in which letter was the sniggering statement that

Continued on page 192



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New York

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 103-191

"James Branch Cabell is making a clean get-away with *Jurgen*, quite the naughtiest book since George Moore began ogling maidservants in Mayo," and which went on to describe the book as "thinly veiled episodes of all the perversities, abnormalities and damn-foolishness of sex." Some one sent a clipping of Kingsley's letter to John S. Sumner, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice; Sumner procured a warrant and descended upon the publishers, seized the plates of *Jurgen* and summoned the publishers to defend themselves on a charge of publishing and selling "a certain offensive, lewd, lascivious and indecent book." The book was suppressed and impounded for two and a half years when, at the conclusion of a three-day trial, Judge Charles C. Nott of the Court of General Sessions directed a jury to bring in a verdict of acquittal.

Jurgen was released. It sold like wildfire. And thereafter, for several years, Cabell's succeeding books stayed in the best-selling class until Cabell himself ceased to write of the descendants of King Manuel, and wrote until this book, *Preface to the Past*, under the name of Branch Cabell. After *Jurgen* Cabell was so indelibly marked as the author of *Jurgen* that reviewers failed to observe that in *Figures of Earth* and in *The High Place* Cabell essayed more difficult and profounder tasks than he had in *Jurgen* and acquitted himself in these tasks majestically; some reviewers complained, in effect, that Cabell's later books were not full of lechery as *Jurgen*.

That is the real cream of the jest. *Jurgen* is, essentially, a novel of the poetic attitude wherein all the adventures are of the mind and spirit. Its ultimate moral is a plea for monogamy, a poetic counsel to the young poet never to put his dreams to the unfair and disastrous test of relating them to reality; let the poet apostrophize in haunting verse diverse perfect mistresses of the imagination, but let him not seek in the flesh to find one lest he, in Flaubert's phrase, find in adultery all the platitudes of marriage.

Cabell wrote of a hero who was all action, Manuel, an extravert par excellence, a man in whom dreams did not dwell but who translated into action every impulse as it arose. Reviewers, most of them, ignored this. Cabell remains, in their minds, only as the creator of Jurgen, and this harmless, ineffectual, timid, hen-pecked poet, Jurgen, reigns in their minds incomprehensibly as the paragon of potency and profligacy.

This dismayed me as well as Cabell while it was going on. But Cabell learned early to smite at it all, and he is smiling now in *Preface to the Past* to recall those brave, exciting days, and to recall that he accurately prophesied, when the 'thirties were ended, the waning of reputations as well as the creative powers of those who figured so prominently then in the limelight.

And what have we now? Literature does not die. It is a continuous, ever-flowering process, like life itself; and it is the articulate spirit of life, voicing the hopes, aspirations, the conflicts, the experience of people, of time and of place—and the best of all literature, the literature that endures, is the literature which arouses in the breast of all literate peoples at all times the emotion of recognition that this book, this poem, this play is something they know, they feel, they have observed, they have felt or aspired to, expressed in a language that is clearer, more exact, more comprehensive or subtler than the average man's power of articulation. This is the life beyond life of the creator of literature and it is the life available to those who can read with understanding.

Just at the moment there are no literary dog-fights, creating curiosity and interest among the by-standers, not much to arouse the layman's curosity in literature as such. But that is because there are no longer, I dare think, any brash, audacious, disinterested and impassioned fighters for literature as literature, for ideas as ideas, for style as style. The most spirit, the most courage, the most audacity are to be found among the embattled Left Wing litterateurs, but their battles are individualistic and internecine wars over dialectic and the Marxian message. Echoes of this have percolated and to some extent infected the puzzled daily reviewers in whose heads are swarming the vast mass of conflicting economic ideas and panaceas the depression has evoked. They are befuddled by all this. Confronted by a sardonic and ironic masterpiece like *The Sound Wagon* by T. S. Stribling, they didn't know what to make of it. They did not see it as a colossal and bitter buffoonery with such overtones of philosophical humor as has rarely been seen in American literature; they complained that the book violated reality, that the incidents were incredible, which is like saying that Swift's satires are no good because there are no Lilliputians or Brobdingnagians or that Anatole France's *Penguin Island* is a flop because penguins can't talk. It has become a cliché among reviewers to say that Stribling is frequently guilty of writing sloppy sentences. Therefore, most of the New York reviewers singled out several Stribling sentences as examples of bad writing. In one of these reviews, 1200 words long, I found twelve errors of syntax, including one dangling participle, two misused relative pronouns, a conjunction joining an active and a passive verb, and one sentence which had no meaning whatsoever.

A work of art as impersonally conceived and dramatized as John Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle* has been received with the queerest sort of reactions—as a "defeatist" book, as a novel by a competent writer who does not understand the social implications of the material he uses, as an attack on the labor movement, as a subversive Communist novel libelling the California fruit growers associations, as almost anything but what it is.

The fine flame of social reform has heated and excited the pages of Paul de Kruif's new book on the progress of medical science, *Why Keep Them Alive?* (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $3.) Throughout this book De Kruif berates himself, puts on sackcloth and rolls in ashes—all because, he says, until just lately he has been an ignorant, stupid, luxury-loving dupe of capitalistic big shots who live by the philosophy that "the poor we always have with us" and who fight against any effort to ameliorate poverty, keep children from starvation or to make medical science available to the masses who are dying of preventable diseases.

De Kruif seems to be a convert to the Social Credit ideas of Major Douglas, the British economist, and he is an emotion-arousing disciple of the major; but if he understands the workings of the Social Credit theory he nowhere discloses that he does. Instead he writes fascinatingly and with dramatic suspense about all the advances in science since his last book, from the use of tannic acid solution to stop the pain and the fatal poisonings of severe burns and scaldings, to the "oxygen cocktails" which kept the Dionne quintuplets alive—the first quints to survive in 500 years.

Among the new books I should especially recommend these:

The Golden Lady (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Dorothy Gardiner—A well-documented and enthralling bit of Americana having to do with the wild and woolly days of gold and silver, coal and lead mining in Colorado and the eternally hopeful and pathetic aftermath, with its mining camps with undefeated miners kept continually poor by visions of a strike.

Here portrayed is the pageant of quick fortunes, gambling dens, miner battles, vulgar display and gusty hellions. The career of the fantastic "Silver Dollar" Tabor and his beautiful bride are drawn upon for this dramatic story of the capricious Golden Lady, the mine which governed the strange fortunes of the Swenks, the Trasks and others.

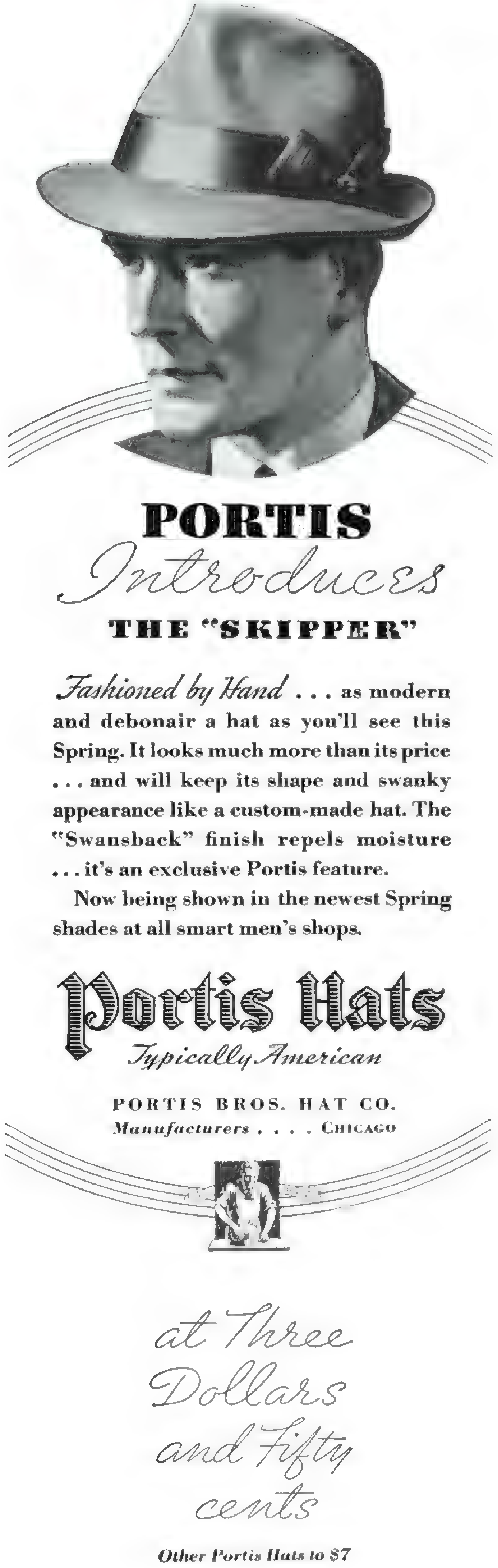
Close of Play (Dutton, $2.50) by N. Warner Hooke—The sequel to the author's utterly shocking, utterly delightful portrayal of child life, *Striplings.* This is not a book for people who believe that children are "just precious darlings." Hooke, like Richard Hughes, author of *A High Wind in Jamaica*, knows that children are natural animals until they have been made to conform to conventional ethics by discipline and precept and that they rebel against this discipline and these precepts as long as they can without harm to themselves. They are savage, cruel, unmoral at times, and strangely unlike sophisticated adults and unlike what adults think children are or ought to be. Hooke is a merciless purveyor of truth about children and still he makes the brats somehow lovable and human and comical.

The Floating Republic (Harcourt, Brace, $3) by G. E. Manwaring and Bonamy Dobrée—I found this account of the two great mutinies in the British Navy even more absorbing and informative than *The Mutiny on the Bounty;* for here is, in lucid and distinguished prose, hitherto undisclosed pages of the secret history of Britain's sea power and of the ever-present threat those mutinies are to the retention of Britain's rulership of the waves. Here is the thrilling story of how some genius of organization, whose name was never learned, united the sailors of His Majesty's fleet in 1797, in days when communication was difficult, and thereby presented an amazing united front in refusing to obey the Admiral's orders to put to sea at Spithead. This struck terror in the hearts of the whole population of England: the fleet was not only the whole defense of the island but its very safeguard against annihilation. That mutiny and the one at the Nore in the same year brought about a radical change in the attitude of the Admiralty toward the sailors and it was the beginning of the rule of respect of officers for men.

Hitherto seamen's pay had been about $6 a month; boys and men without experience were shanghaied and pressed into service like slaves and kept ill-fed, in crowded dungeons and flogged brutally for minor refractions of discipline or merely to satisfy the sadistic impulses of the officers. The authors keep hinting throughout what would happen if the men in the British navy should suddenly become conscious of their power and of the manner in which they are exploited by the capitalists of Great Britain.

The Yankee Bodleys (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50) by Naomi Lane Babson—Another novel of a New England family which is not just a novel of a New England family but a rich and moving history of

Continued on top of page 194



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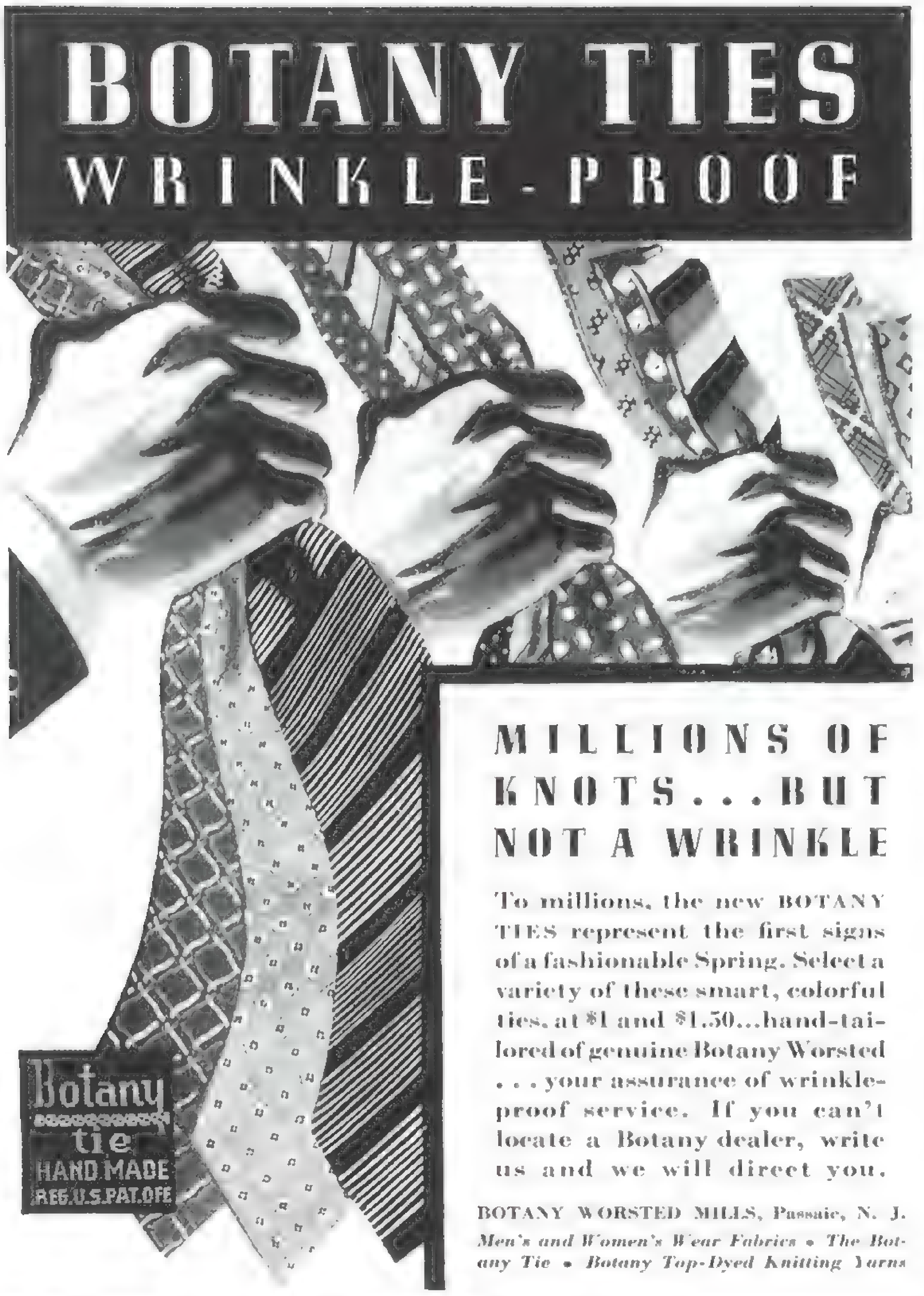
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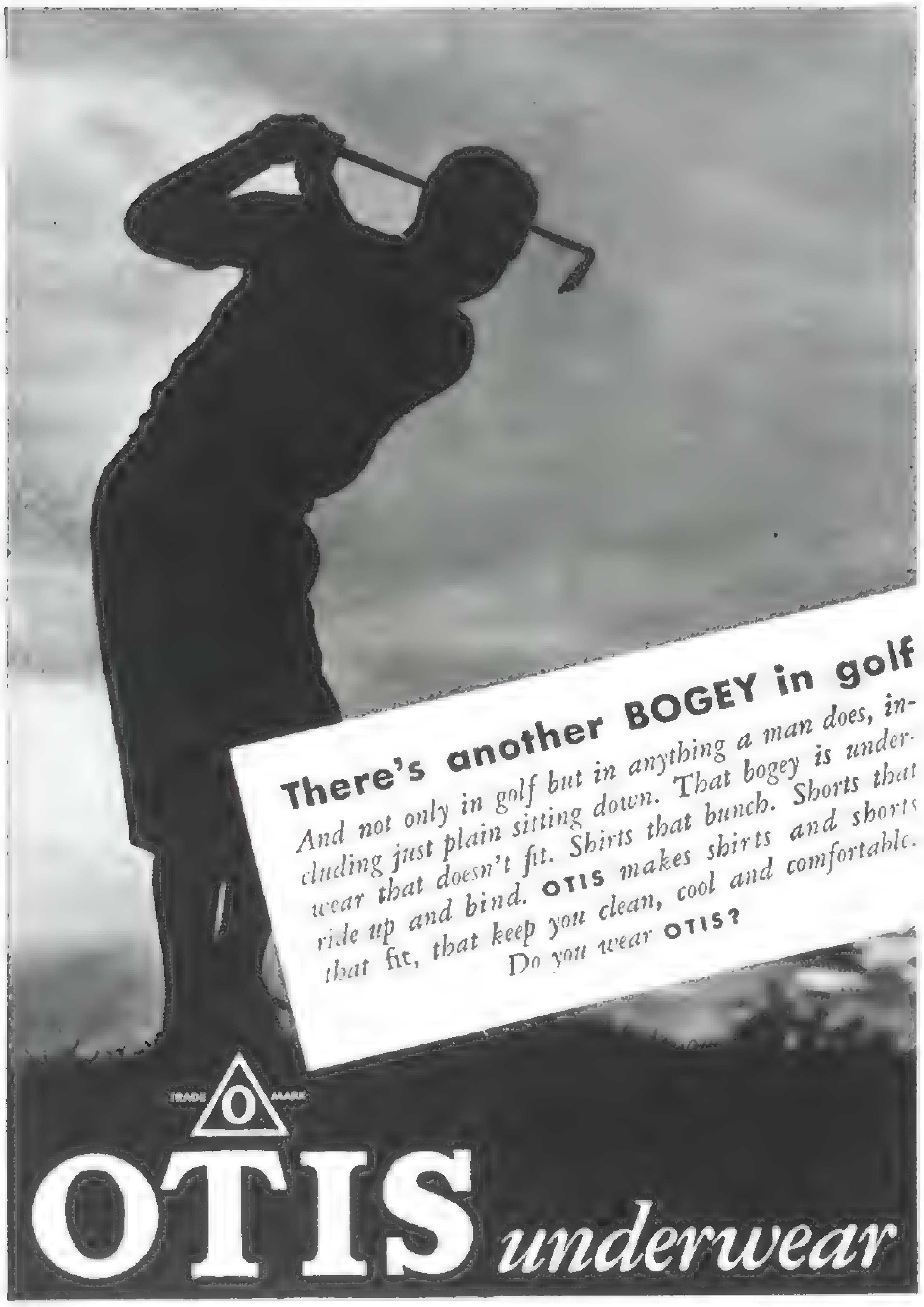
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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 103-191-193

a family's fortunes, emotions, amusements and conflicts of character in an isolated community on the Massachusetts coast. The very breath of the coast sweeps through these pages of comedy and tragedy of plain-living and fortitude. Remarkably satisfying entertainment.

Inside Europe (Harper, $3.50) by John Gunther—Quite a bit of this book has appeared in ESQUIRE. It is the best informed and most readable account of what is going on behind the scenes of Europe that is available in book form. Gunther is a cautious, thorough, analytical and unexcited reporter who has no axe to grind, no politics or theories to exploit but is a sound, industrious and capable seeker after facts. He begins with Hitler and describes and explains him without hysterics; then proceeds around the map of the whole of Europe portraying the leaders of factions and nations from Oswald Mosley to Stalin and from Dollfuss to Mussolini. Gunther does not indulge in prophesies or wild-eyed generalizations; he is content to be a sound analyst of forces and a reliable reporter.

The Influence of Women; And Its Cure (Bobbs, Merrill, $1.50) by John Erskine—I cannot recommend this book too strongly to ESQUIRE readers, including the women; for here John Erskine has told some highly important truths with a disarming urbane smile about both men and women. Erskine is not *against* women as individuals; he is distinctly their champion when they are persons who play the game fair, hold up their end of the contract of marriage or seek careers for themselves. But he protests against the leisured women who organize in masses and abuse their energies by all sorts of busy-body activities, ruining the public school system, hampering art and literature, making this a woman-made, woman-ruled world in which the world is run for the lowest common denominator among the females of any group. Pertinent truths here manfully spoken. #

If He Could Only Cook!

Continued from page 54

with some butter, one tablespoon of vinegar, one thinly sliced onion, salt and pepper and a cup of white wine. Cook for ten minutes covered. In the meantime have a half pound of mushrooms sautéd in butter, with perhaps a taste of good oil. After the fish has cooked, pour the mushrooms over it, and more wine, then bake in an oven for another ten or fifteen minutes. You're a fool if you don't eat this with a spoon.

On a sunny hilltop in the Berkshires a gracious lady and her daughter dished out some amazing things they had found in Portugal and France. They are stock, no doubt, but here designated by the family tags under which they were served.

Ragout of Veal Firuski: Cut veal in squares, rather thick. Brown in butter on both sides, then dredge lightly with flour and cook again a few minutes. Add one glass of water and one of claret. Add a bouquet of salt, pepper, thyme, parsley, bayleaf and rosemary. Add a few small onions and a few small mushrooms. Cook until meat is tender, skim off fat and serve.

Mules Marinière Herbert. Wash mussels thoroughly pulling off the seaweed. Better use a scrubbing brush. Put them in a large saucepan or soup kettle. For six dozen of the creatures add a generous cup of dry white wine and a good-sized hunk of butter, a couple of large onions cut in half so they can be removed before serving, as well as parsley, chives and your favorite herbs. Put on the lid and cook until all the mussels have opened, usually about ten or fifteen minutes. If your wine boils away for heaven's sake add more. Some like it with a pint of cream at the end. Serve in soup plates.

Pork Chops Orlena: Take six pork chops about an inch thick. Fry them slowly in a tablespoon of butter and their own fat. Turn often and fry twenty minutes. Meanwhile in a saucepan melt a tablespoon of butter, add a chopped onion and a teaspoon of brown sugar. Fry until brown. Add one half cup boiling water, one grated carrot, a couple of cloves and a peppercorn, parsley, thyme, salt and pepper and let simmer. When done take chops out of pan and keep warm, pouring off all fat except one tablespoonful in which you melt one tablespoon of flour. Pour one and one half cups boiling water into the pan with the onions, then pour into the pan with the flour and stir until it thickens. Put the chops back into the empty saucepan, strain the gravy over them, add one half cup dry white wine and cook, under the boiling point for ten minutes. Serve and then start truckin'.

Veal Chops in Applejack à la Elvia: Fry chops in butter till golden brown. Pour over them glass of applejack, add seasoning, the usual herbs and cover with a lid letting simmer for a few minutes. Do not let sauce boil. Mix in some very thick cream and serve. (We used native bootleg applejack once and blew off the roof. Commercial applejack should be safer.)

Kirsch Bananas a la Pete: A quickie dessert can be made in three minutes by slicing some bananas lengthwise and cooking for a few seconds in butter. Then sprinkle with sugar, add kirsch (or brandy if other not available), light and let burn for a few minutes, then serve.

There are various routines for Lobster à L'Americaine but we use the following because we have seen it done and partaken of it afterward. It is named *Lobster Tisseyre* after the gentleman who had us running over the countryside for the fifteen necessary spices.

By the way, the French will tell you, and rightly, that the name comes from a Brittany recipe and has nothing to do with U. S., but means lobster as it is cooked by the sea.

Lobster Tisseyre: Cut up live lobsters, saving the blood. Cook in olive oil (one cup for three lobsters) until they turn red. Pour off the oil. Pour in a half bottle of brandy and light it, letting it burn almost until the end, stirring meanwhile. Add some butter and a half or quart bottle of good white wine.

Then add 10 fresh tomatoes, one pound of onions cut fine and almost all the spices you have at hand — bayleaf, thyme, rosemary, etc. Let the whole thing cook for an hour and a half on a low fire. Add a pint of thick cream. Prepare in another pan a sauce of flour and butter adding the blood of the lobster and then the sauce from the cooking lobsters. Put the lobster pieces on a plate and then cover with the combined sauces strained. (This is not for P.W.A. workers.)

The late Mr. William C. Muschenheim of the Astor used to make this dish for Mr. Travers, he of the Athletic Club and Island fame. If your taste and purse are rich, try this on your gas jet. We used to pick at it at the Metropolitan Club:

Terrapin à la Travers: Scald the terrapin by plunging them into boiling water. Take out as soon as small white skin and head and feet can be removed with cloth. Cook until tender and allow to cool. Cut the claws, remove the bottom shell, dissect by joints. Cut legs and feet in small pieces. Place the liver in cold water after removing gall pouch, remove entrails, head, tail and white muscles. Wash the eggs thoroughly in cold water and add the liver cut in thin slices. Put the terrapin in a sauce pan with half sherry and half of the liquid in which it was cooked, enough to cover, then cook reducing nearly three-quarters; add kneeded butter and some sweet butter in small pieces. Season with salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Keep the terrapin hot and before serving add imported French brandy.

I am a dessert boy myself. And as I have had enough to last me until I can get to the corner coffee shoppe, I'd like to put in only three of my favorites.

You really haven't had Zablione unless you have had it the way Bernard prepares it at the Mascotte. Felix, down at the Bat, is good too, but he uses sherry and many do not like the taste. As for Bernard: beat the yolk of one egg thoroughly, add two spoons of granulated sugar, put in a double boiler with cold water and let it cook slowly.

As the temperature rises add six tablespoons of good brandy and six tablespoons of sauterne or white wine. Keep stirring constantly until thick and white. Sounds easy, just try it. The result is magnificent.

Then there is the memory of a childhood in a parched state; we called it *Preachers' Delight*, as the local legend had it that a Methodist Parson, partaking of a synod banquet in a nearby Babylon, was noted to be pushing watermelon seeds into his Bible. The mystery turned on the dessert: a fine ripe watermelon into which had been poured one quart of good old Bourbon. The minister had hoped to plant such seeds in his garden.

Try it next summer, putting the melon in the ice box over night.

Then in closing there is the *Ile De France*. All of you have your favorite ship memories. Mine, I believe, is the crêpe suzette as done with solemn mein on the *Ile* before the days of the *Normandie*. Clay Morgan vouches for this recipe:

For fifty crêpes use 500 grams of sifted flour, 150 grams of powdered sugar, 5 grams of salt, 100 grams melted butter, 10 eggs, one pint fresh milk, a liquor glass of rum, one vanilla stick, a few drops of orange blossom flavoring. Mix and sift dry ingredients, stir in milk and eggs, melted butter and last, flavorings; continue beating thoroughly until batter is thin. Drop into a hot pan, slightly buttered, making the crêpes paperthin. Make your suzette butter by rubbing fifteen pieces of sugar on the rind of an orange and a lemon. When well impregnated put them in a dish, add the juice of an orange and lemon, two liquor glasses of Grand Marnier, two of Kirsch and stir until sugar is melted; add 500 grams of creamed butter, stir the whole thoroughly until liquor is absorbed and then allow to curdle in the refrigerator. When ready to serve have a silver platter over a spirit lamp. Put in platter tablespoon of the suzette butter and when hot put in crêpe, rolling it or folding it in four. Add powdered sugar, five tablespoons of Marasquin, five of Cognac, set alight and when burned out serve on a hot plate. Then take a long walk. ⧻

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She's No Longer Faithful If—

Continued from page 35

promoted situations which have automatically developed into jealous scenes of such hair-raising histrionics that Sarah Bernhardt herself could hardly have done them as much justice. Curiously you were innocent. She is losing her lover and her faith, and you are the unwelcome recipient of this transference.

18 She is an incurable smoker and has tried several times lately to give up this habit. During the first several weeks hell has always broken out in the household. At last she says "Darling, I must give up smoking; I don't want to make you miserable meanwhile, so I think I shall go away to some nice little quiet place for several months and have my tantrums there." You are only too glad to say "yes." Three months later she comes home completely cured; nevertheless you still find mysterious lip-sticked ends of her favorite brands in the fireplace, or in the flowerbed just outside of her bedroom window. She really had intended to give up smoking during these past three months, but how was she to know that Ralph would leave her for someone else. Her jangled nerves just had to have the smoothness of nicotine to come back and face you. In three days from now you will say some slight thing or another that will set her into a whirling fuzzy tantrum of grief; she will cry and moan and lock herself up in her room and when you come up to apologize for something you have not done, she will graciously forgive you. At that moment she will light a cigarette. "I just must have one . . . just one." As you are in the wrong, you will not then have the heart or the courage to stop her. From thenceforth she will again come out openly with her smoking. Next year she will go through "the cure" again, but the locale will be changed. Different men go to different places.

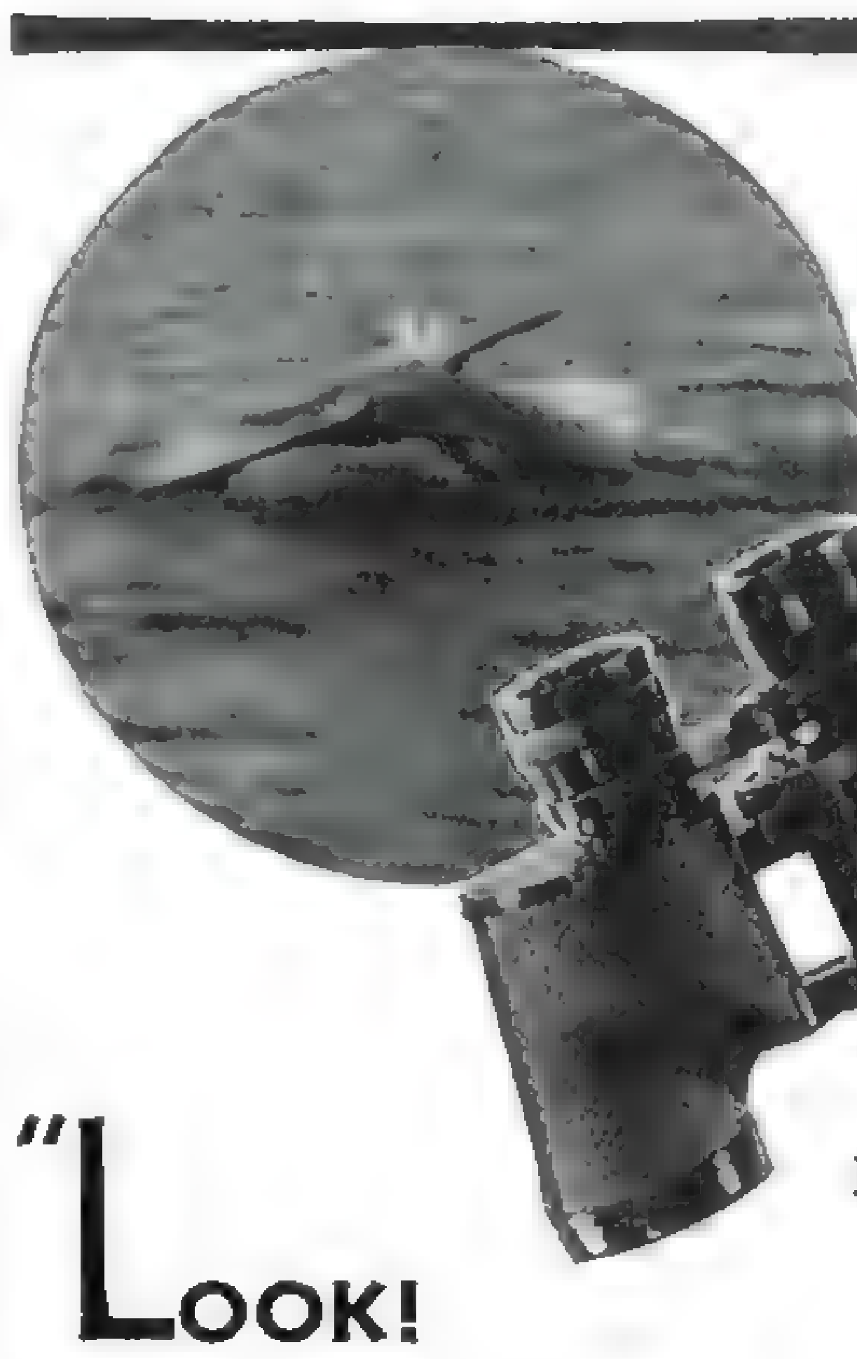
19 She leaves the house upon summer mornings in well-pressed and laundered linens, but she returns in the evening with these selfsame linens (such suits wrinkle easily) immaculate. She says that she has been shopping and to the cinema. If that is true, she did not wear her dress at all during her shopping tour, nor did she drive about from store to store sitting tightly in her little Alfa-Romeo. Moreover, the movie theater is apparently equipped with such electric irons as are peculiar to gentlemen's apartments, as alack, you one day discover when she throws away a linen suit slightly branded with an iron not belonging to your household.

20 You are a painter, writer, composer, or sculptor. You have worked hard and regularly last year, but during the past three months you have worked most irregularly. Your mistress is plainly worried: she does not know when to leave the house, or when to return to it; your irregular habits could prove very embarrassing, should you take it into your head to go about visiting some of your very best friends during this period of stagnation. Accordingly she urges you to work; she lectures and scolds; she purchases a new typewriter, a new Steinway, music paper, clay, or even discovers for you a most presentable and new feminine model of exacting spirituel curves. You do start working again, but she herself again absents herself the whole livelong day.

21 She says that she has stayed over night with a girl friend, and has returned at eleven o'clock this morning. She eats a *very* hearty meal at lunchtime but after tea her eyelids will become heavy and show an inclination to droop. Thereupon you serve her with a heavy supper and take her to a six act and very important play. During the play she will fall asleep

22 She does not make women friends easily, but she does make friends with the wife of your best friend, who is, to say the least, a rather unattractive and unfriendly sort of female. You are astonished to hear your mistress (she who legally or not shares your fireside and roof) laughingly address your friend's wife as follows:— "Darling, I have just observed your husband's car in front of Ciro's, and, unless I need glasses, he was stepping into it with that dangerously attractive Finnish girl we all met at the party last Saturday . . . now darling . . . you *really* must watch him." After this peals of tinkling laughter, which, to you, sound a little grim. She is not going to let your friend cheat *on her.*

23 She is reading a scientific note in the newspaper—"although the light of a great number of stars in the heavens still reach us . . . the stars themselves are no longer there." She looks at you sadly and sideways, and there is a suspicion of a tear in her eye. She is having a rare attack of conscience; years ago you called her "my guiding star."



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Sons & Co., Inc.
New York

24 You are absent from home a great deal. Your maid has always been deathly afraid of her. Without any reason whatsoever, the maid overnight becomes unbearably arrogant. You expect your mistress to discharge her upon the spot, but she does not. Two weeks later you see the maid on her night off, wearing one of your mistress's most expensive dresses. You are astonished later, to find that it was a gift.

25 In this day of uncanny dial telephones and right numbers immediately reached by mechanical means it will set one to thinking when suddenly, since last month, every time *you* answer the 'phone (and *not* your mistress) a masculine voice says, "Sorry, wrong number." The situation is pressing and he must take the chance of bumping into you in trying to telephone to her. He talks to her but he hangs up on you. #

Mysterious Cosmic Rays

Continued from page 45

But the war lords knew nothing of this in 1914-1918, and it was not until about 1926 that the lay public became aware of cosmic rays.

Robert A. Millikan and his associates at the California Institute of Technology had taken up the subject in America, and Kohlhörster with his co-workers had resumed his researches in Europe; and presently exciting stories began to appear in the press in report of the findings of these and other groups of investigators. Electroscopes had been sheathed in lead, and lowered into crevasses in the Swiss Alps under the overhanging ledges of glaciers. But the ice shield was no effective obstacle to a radiation that seemed all-pervasive. Other electroscopes were encased in waterproof boxes and lowered to the bottoms of glacial lakes on Californian mountain tops.

But the hundreds of feet of water were not sufficient to absorb all the radiation from above, and the electroscopes gradually leaked their charges away. In other experiments, the detectors were carried into basement vaults, tunnels, and mines; somehow the irresistible rays bored through soil and rock and concrete and steel, and had their usual way with the electroscopes.

It was out of such experiments that the first estimates of the energies of the rays were derived—from observations of their penetrating power.

But in 1932 a more exact method of measurement was attained by Carl D. Anderson, one of Millikan's associates in California—and with it came a great discovery.

Anderson made use of an English invention known as the Wilson cloud chamber, a device in which microscopic droplets of water-vapor are caused to cluster round invisible speeding electrified particles. The path of each moving mote is thereby rendered visible as a streak of cloud, and may be photographed. Anderson placed his cloud chamber between the poles of a powerful electromagnet, and in this magnetic field the particle was swerved one way if it carried a positive electric charge and another way if its charge was negative. In either case, the higher the energy of the particle, the swifter was its speed and the greater its ability to resist the pull of the magnet. Therefore, the degree of the curve described by the streak was a direct index to the energy.

When this powerful combination of apparatus was set in operation, Anderson found that particles were darting out of the metal frame of the cloud chamber at velocities greater than 100,000 miles a second. They were fragments of atoms blasted out of the metal by the impact of cosmic rays.

The cloud tracks of these particles were so nearly straight lines that it was impossible to tell from which side of the chamber they originated. The powerful magnet was not strong enough to deflect them perceptibly, but Anderson hit on the strategem of inserting a plate of lead in the center of the chamber. Thereafter the ejected particles had to pass through this barrier, and in doing so some of their energy was absorbed; consequently they emerged from the lead with lessened speed, and during the remainder of their journey the magnet was able to deflect them more noticeably. In this way, he photographed cloud tracks whose curves indicated energies of thousands of millions of electron-volts, and measured for the first time the energy values of the activating rays.

On the afternoon of August 2nd, 1932, this apparatus produced a photograph that is now part of the history of science. Even while Anderson was in the photographic dark room developing the negative, he recognized that he had made an extraordinary find.

The image was that of a cloud track bent to the left under the measured force of the electromagnet—therefore he knew it must be the path of a positively-charged particle, since only positives could move through the magnetic field in that direction. But this was a new kind of positive. Protons, the massive kernels of hydrogen atoms, are single charges of positive electricity and were the only known simple units of positive sign. But here in Anderson's photograph was a cloud

Continued on page 198

PAIR OF LOUIS XVI TABLES

Measurements of each: HEIGHT 29"; SIZE AT TOPS, 20¼" x 14"

Illustrated are a pair of small Louis XVI tables from the Alfred Rothschild collection. They are identical. The photo shows them front view, also the fine inlay of the top. These are typical in quality of the superb antiques of various periods offered by Symons Galleries.

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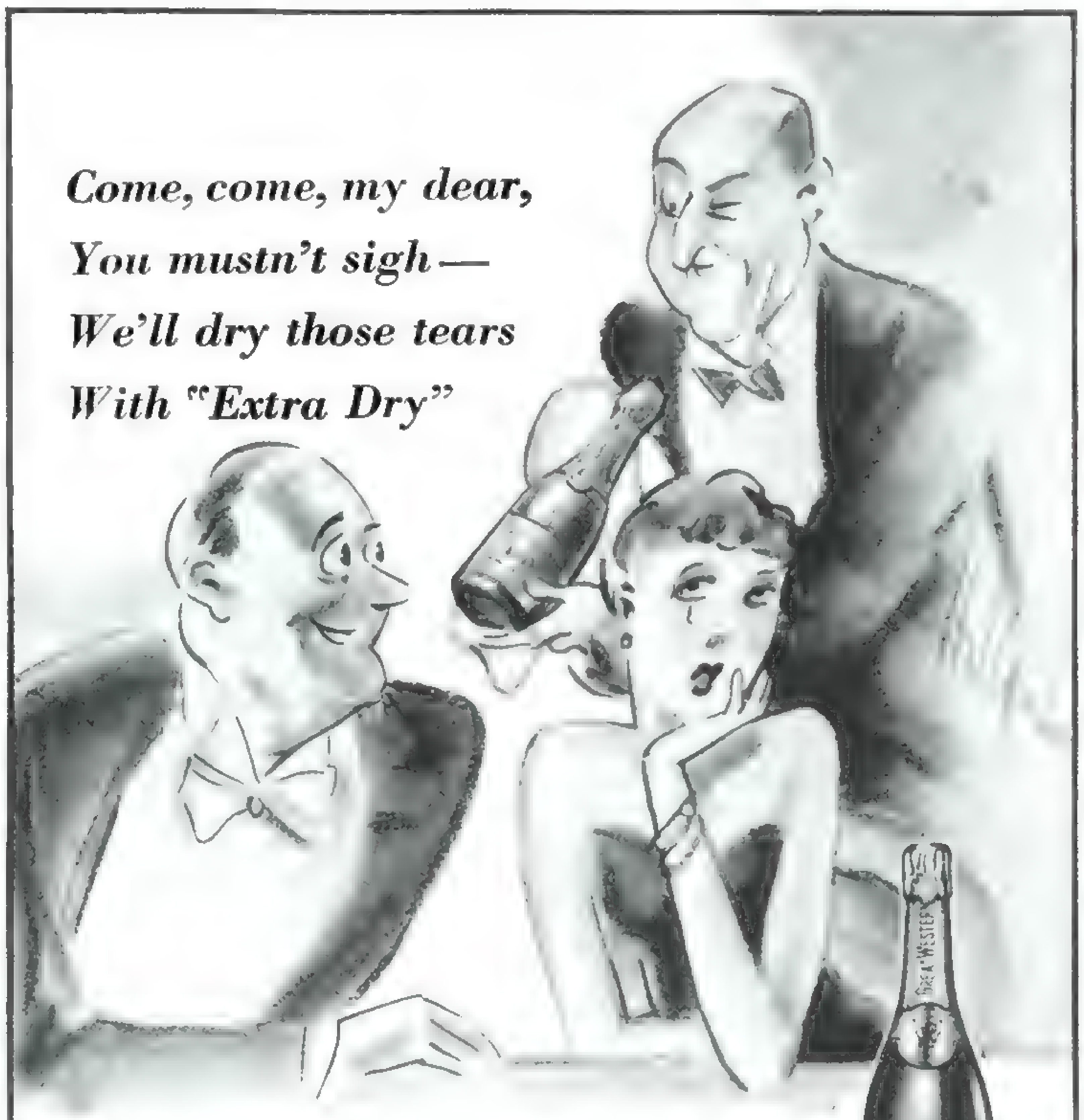

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The WEEKENDER

Mysterious Cosmic Rays

Continued from pages 45-197

track which said that it was made by a positive particle nearly *two thousand times lighter* than the proton. A bantam-weight positive! Anderson and his co-worker, Seth Neddermeyer, didn't go to bed that night. The find was too exciting, the consequences too upsetting to old views of matter and electricity; so they sat up all night trying to figure the event out. It was the discovery of a new fundamental unit, one of the primary building-blocks of the universe. Anderson named it the "positron."

Later experiments demonstrate that radium rays and other high-speed bombardments also may smash positrons out of matter; and today the physicists are invoking veritable showers of the new-found particles. But don't forget that it was by the accidental blow of a cosmic ray that the great detection was made. Thus we may claim a certain utility for the mysterious radiation. It has become a tool of science. While we cannot say that we have harnessed it, we have successfully used it to peep a little closer into the keyhole of the unknown.

Meanwhile, the nature of the cosmic radiation remains a tantalizing part of the unknown. At first it was believed that the rays were a form of radiant energy like X-rays, only of extremely shorter wavelength and higher frequency of vibration. Such rays are electrically neutral, they travel in straight lines, and are indifferent to the pull of the magnetic field. But a few years ago Kohlhörster and his colleague Bothe found evidence that some cosmic rays behaved, not like light rays, but more like charged particles. And this raised a bold question mark.

It was pointed out that if cosmic rays are charged particles, they should bend to the influence of magnetism; and if this be true, the Earth's magnetism should affect them and distort their paths of penetration into our atmosphere. Our planet is a whirling magnet, with one pole in northern Canada and the other in Antarctica, and the lines of magnetic force quivering out from these poles reach into space for many thousands of miles. Any charged particle headed earthward would be deflected by this vast planetary field, just as the electrified particles smashed out of metals were swerved in the cloud chamber between the poles of Anderson's magnet. And so the cosmic-ray searchers began to look for a latitude effect.

First to find it was J. Clay, an Amsterdam physicist who was making an ocean survey for the Dutch government. As he traveled away from the equator, he noticed a slight difference in the intensity of the cosmic-ray bombardment. Others confirmed this.

Arthur H. Compton, at the University of Chicago, organized a world-wide attack on this problem. He led an expedition which made observations in New Zealand, Peru, Panama, the American Rockies, and northern Canada. Coordinated with his studies were nine other expeditions, using similar apparatus and testing for the effect in all the continents and on many of the islands of the two hemispheres. Jean Piccard and others made flights into the stratosphere. Out of these and other expeditions has come a steadily mounting mass of evidence for the charged-particle theory of the rays. The search is still on, science has not yet settled the question, but Compton's summary of recent findings is that "nearly all the incoming rays are affected by the Earth's magnetic field, and hence are electrically charged."

The greatest mystery is the source of this incessant bombardment. At first it was suggested that the rays were the surplus energy emitted by atom-building processes in the remote nebulae. Optimists welcomed this assurance that creative evolution was still at work beyond the Milky Way. But pessimists were not left resourceless. There was provided, on equally sound authority, an annihilation theory. Cosmic rays, said the annihilationists, are not the birth cries of new atoms; instead they are the death groans of old atoms in process of being consumed.

Neither theory stands any longer. Both were built on the supposition that the rays were a form of radiant energy. Now, with the discovery that at least a large proportion of cosmic rays are charged particles traveling at speeds approaching the velocity of light, each loses its point. Moreover, both theories were founded on the low estimates of cosmic-ray energies current seven or eight years ago. The enormous energy values actually measured cannot be accounted for by any known process.

But maybe it isn't any process now at work that is responsible for cosmic rays: possibly the enchanted particles were struck off, once for all, long ago in the beginning of the world. That's the nub of an idea proposed by the Belgian cosmologist, Georges Lemaître. Astronomers report that the remote outside galaxies, so far as we can measure their speeds with our most powerful spectrographs, are unanimously running away at high velocities. This universal inflation or expansion started about 3000 million years ago according to recent calculation. Prior to that, says Lemaître, all the mass of the universe was concentrated in a single enormous atom, and the stampede began when this unique atom exploded. The stars and the nebulae are the massive fragments and conglomerations of that primordial fireworks. And the cosmic rays—they are the atomic dust and debris of the explosion.

It's as educated a guess as any. ⧺

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The hotel Warwick
The Place to Stay in PHILADELPHIA

I Get Divorced (Mex.)

Continued from page 60

go down to Mexico City and get a divorce . . . I'll give you the address. Just ask for Gus and tell him you're a friend of mine. Then you marry the girl right there, where you got the divorce. Then you go back to New York City and set up housekeeping as husband and wife."

"But if the divorce isn't legal in New York," I said, being a man of one idea, "how do you think I'm going to get away with it?"

"The same way I got away with it, and the same way everyone else does. The point of the whole matter is this, simply: New York does not recognize a Mexican divorce, but," he paused significantly, "New York will do nothing to disturb an existing *legal* marriage, wherever obtained. It's a matter of public policy, don't you see?"

I did not see. I appealed to the gods to deliver me from such dialectics. I was bitter in my denunciation. He waited until I was through, meanwhile taking another long sip of his drink. Then he began again slowly, making the words as short and as simple as possible. "You see, your divorce is legal in Mexico. You got married there—*where your divorce was legal*. So your marriage is legal."

"In Mexico," I said.

"Yes, in Mexico," he said.

"But I'd have to live in Mexico, and while I love to visit there, I wouldn't live in the place if you gave it to me. And besides, I have high blood pressure—" I protested with passion.

"When you get back to New York," he began again without noticing my remarks, "and live in New York as husband and wife, you have a sort of semi-official color over your union. And then your present wife enters suit for divorce. Don't you see now?"

I was really exasperated. "I knew that it wouldn't be long before we came to the catch. You're going into the same hole you just came out of," I said scathingly. "I told you she will never sue me for divorce. If you're just trying out a theory on me—"

"No, I'm not just trying out a theory. My lawyer told me that ten wives out of ten swear they will never sue for divorce, and that he's never had a case where his client got a Mexican divorce where the wife didn't start suit almost immediately. You can believe it or not—I'm just telling you. My own wife did it. The fact is, when you come back to New York City and are recognized by your whole set as married, and your new wife is known by your name, the first wife sees herself cut off not only from her legal and financial rights, but also from the social recognition that goes with the title."

I beamed as only I know how to do. "That's the first kind word you've said to me today."

"What?"

"About the social recognition that goes with being my wife," I said. "I've often thought there was a sort of *cachet* about the position, a *je ne sais quoi*—"

"*Je ne sais quoi* your Aunt Minnie," he remarked quietly. "I only mean this: Your wife, seeing herself cut off from her rights, consults a lawyer, and the lawyer always tells her that she must sue for divorce in New York State in order to protect her rights. So she sues on the technical ground of adultery. You permit the case to go without defense, and the first thing you know you're divorced again. Then you remarry the girl—still outside of New York, because the decree your first wife gets will prohibit your marrying again—and there you are."

"Sounds marvelous," I said. "But my wife is different. She won't sue. She's not interested in her rights. She's simply against divorce."

"Ten out of ten—" he began.

"Never mind," I said. "I heard you the first time, you old phrasemaker, you." I motioned to the garçon. "The addition, if you please."

"And cheap at the price," said my friend. "You'll never again get such good legal advice for fifteen francs, including the tip, to say nothing of my sharp and mordant wit, which was thrown in gratis."

I hadn't noticed any. I told him so. After it was all over I found out, of course, that his interesting legal point about New York not recognizing a divorce but recognizing a marriage was Gilbertian nonsense, but it sounded good at the time.

* * *

Mexico City is a gorgeous place with a beautiful opera house that remained half finished for over twenty years. In nineteen-eleven, when they celebrated their last successful revolution, the workmen laid down their materials and they lay there until a year or two ago. No one picked them up to go on with the work for fear of being thought counter-revolutionists or presidential candidates. A couple of years ago, after all political dissenters had been liquidated, it was finally finished.

The city is crowded and many Mexicans walk about without shoes or stockings, so you go about stepping rather lightly, afraid you're going to step on some one's bare toes. Mexicans are very touchy about that sort of thing. It's a national characteristic. Prices seem quite high until you discover that the Mexican dollar is worth only half of the American dollar, and so is the American dollar.

The lawyer I was to visit had his offices on the Fifth of May Avenue, which was awkward, as I was always bad at remembering dates and had enough on my hands remembering Two's birthday, even though she reminded me of it about once a week. The lawyer was a member of the

Continued on page 200

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I Get Divorced (Mex.)

Continued from pages 60-199

Chamber of Deputies but was unarmed the day I came to see him.

He spoke no English but indicated that he spoke French. I found that his knowledge was merely academic, as he had never been in France, so I immediately became very fluent. He was enchanted to see me and wanted to know if I had six hundred dollars, Mex. It was a pretty personal question, but he was so pleasantly wistful about it that I did not mind admitting I had been able to raise it.

"You would a divorce?" he asked.

I would. How was the divorce business in Mexico today, anyway. It was *comme çi comme ça.* Was my wife agreeable? She was a very agreeable woman, I told him. In fact, one of the most charming women I had ever known. Agreeable to a divorce, he meant to say. Oh no, of course not. Otherwise, would I be in a place where you had to put on running pants to eat beans?

He smiled gently. The beans weren't really so violent, he protested. One did not eat the jumping ones . . . one sold them to Americans who, strangely, were amused by such things. And who all made the same jokes about them. I'll never make another jumping bean joke.

"Since your wife is not agreeable it will be of a necessity to find a ground legally acceptable," he remarked. "Has your wife, *par exemple,* ever struck you?"

I could not say that she had, by example. He regretted this, because it would have simplified matters prodigiously. He looked at me, obviously a little puzzled, and it occurred to me that he was thinking it was most extraordinary that my wife had never struck me. A woman of remarkably restrained passions, apparently.

"Surely she has been cruel to you, is it not?" he inquired gently.

It was not. I hardly thought it could be termed cruelty. We just did not seem to be able to get along together.

His languid dark eyes brightened. "Then, you desire to indicate, she was cruel by not being able to live *amicablement* with you. It is perhaps a possible ground for divorce." He had a friend on the bench (by some curious chance), who was amenable to reason in the matter of cruelty. He believed that, for an American, cruelty is not always physical. He believed he could secure for me a most satisfactory bill of divorcement on the ground of mental cruelty. It would be of a legal necessity to publish notice of the divorce proceedings.

This was just what I didn't want, I told him. She would read it and come down just in time to spoil things.

He did not think this particular item would come to her notice. "Is she in the habit of reading the *Cattleman's Gazette* of San Luis Potosi, I accuse you?" he looked at me inquiringly.

I denied the accusation with passion. That much was settled, then.

"How long will it take to get this divorce?" I asked.

It was *malheureusement,* he told me with sincere regret, that the court was not sitting today or tomorrow. If only I had come a few days before. He was desolated, but it would take at least seven days. But I must understand that a delay of this sort was not usual, and in future whenever I wanted a divorce if I would just drop him a line a few days in advance of my coming, matters could be expedited.

I said nothing, because my wisecracks, when translated, had a way of biting the hand that gave them utterance. I resolved to remember that mixed metaphor and spring it extemporaneously on Two when she came down.

I took my leave after forcing half of the fee upon my lawyer, at his request, and arranging to be married by the judge immediately after he signed my divorce decree. Then I sent a telegram to Two in New York telling her to drop everything and come to Mexico City immediately.

After this I found myself with a week on my hands.

There was a bullfight that afternoon. I had always wanted to see one, and I didn't know when I'd have another chance, so I went. I found a seat in the shade behind third base, and did I miss the Bambino!

A bullfight is a most immoral spectacle, but please don't mention the matter to Ernest Hemingway. I don't think it can be considered a sport, since one side hasn't a chance. If the bull, having killed a matador, were allowed to go free, you might call it a sport, but I imagine there is no instance of the sort on record. The fact is that a bull who has won the game is considered too dangerous to be allowed to live. So when the bull comes dashing into the ring—and the reason he dashes is because as he comes out of the pen some sportsman jabs a six-inch spike into his flank—you look at him and you say to yourself: "There's a dead bull."

Before the fellow with the sword comes on the bull is stuck so full of beautifully colored darts and barbs that the whole business assumes a gala air; but the bull, being one of the lower animals and not having a soul for the beautiful, probably doesn't appreciate that side of it. There are low fences all around the ring and when the going gets too hot for them the bull's tormenters jump over the nearest barrier to safety. At one such moment, when the bull nearly got his man before he could quite get over the fence, I was forgetful enough to let out a howl of pure joy.

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Sarsaparilla
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If you put bad butter in a cake, you have a cake with bad butter . . . that's bad, too.

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"Atta bull!" I shouted.

I was favored with stares of complete mystification from all those near me. They weren't annoyed, or angry. They just wondered what I was shouting about.

Another thing that gets you, if you don't happen to care much about sport, is the massacre of the horses. They're generally pretty old, grandma and grandpa horses, and they're scared to death. Though their eyes are blindfolded when they are lashed into the ring, you can see them trembling in every limb as though they knew a doom overhung them. The picador doesn't bother to make an effort to save the horse. What he's really there for is to tire the bull out, so he won't be too hard for the man with the sword.

It was when the horses came on that I found I was sitting too close. A couple of them were pinned to the barrier right in front of me, and perhaps it will be just as well if I don't go into the details of that part of the affair.

I forced myself to stay for four bulls, saying to myself that I undoubtedly never would go to another bullfight and I must see as much as I could. Then I left—with the show only about half over—and proceeded to buy and drink two of the biggest hookers of whiskey that I ever stood in front of. They never touched me.

I am aware, of course, that I missed the fine points of the fighting. Several times the crowd leaped to its feet with shouts of approval for something that seemed quite ordinary to me. I decided that I would never know the fine points of the game and swore that I had attended my first and last bullfight.

A Mexican acquaintance told me that all my talk about sport was nonsense. Bullfighting was not considered a sport in Latin countries. It was simply the more or less skillful execution of a bull. The bull had to die anyway, didn't he?

The next day I spent the morning at my lawyer's, signing papers with red seals. It appeared that my wife had been guilty of many marital crimes, all duly set forth in rather indifferent typewriting. I swore to these crimes and thought of several new ones, chief among them being that my wife had never read my book, *The Whisper on the Stair.*

Was it actionable? I asked my lawyer. He wasn't sure, but he said he could look it up under the section of the Civil Statutes under the heading of: "Books, Wives who don't read their husbands'." I told him I was content to drop the matter. He said he was content also. We were in complete accord, you never saw such a state of universal contentment.

During the week I went to a cabaret and had to pass two policemen who were stationed at the door to frisk you for guns as you entered. They already had quite a collection, all of which were redeemed when the owners left the place. By a recently enacted statute it was forbidden to have guns in your pockets when dancing because people bumped into each other frequently on the small dance floors and the heavy automatics were quite bruising to the person.

Then Two came. I met her at the train, after her five day journey. She tumbled off into my arms and we were glad to see each other. I said something about our approaching nuptials.

"Nuptials, hell!" she said. "I want a bath."

I had engaged a room for her at the same hotel where I was stopping, opposite the Alameda, and after the bath and a change of clothing she felt better.

We went to my lawyer and I introduced her. He said he was enchanted. Two said she was enchanted. Then the lawyer added that he was enchanted. Then they both looked at me and it seemed up to me to make some contribution, so I said I was enchanted. We were all in agreement and there seemed hardly any point in continuing the conversation.

However, I did learn that my divorce would be ready in three days and that we could be married by the judge who signed the divorce papers, in his office. As a matter of fact, it was his personal racket. Neither of us had ever been married by a judge and we thought it might be an interesting experience.

I asked when I would have to appear before the court to testify and was told that all the testifying had already been done by my lawyer, since he did it so much better than I would probably have been able to do it. Was there any chance of the divorce not being granted? Only if, *alors*, the fees weren't paid promptly, *alors.*

Three days later we were taken to the office of the judge, right next door to a *pulqueria*, and we answered many polite questions. They give me copies of papers, all covered with red seals and ribbons. I was divorced. There, that would teach my wife to be cruel to me. Then I asked my lawyer when Two and I could get married. He said we were already married. That we had made the proper responses, *alors.*

This flustered Two, who flusters easily, because she likes to have a little more formality about her marriages, so she sat down on a chair without noticing that the judge's hat was lying there.

The judge was very nice about it and scarcely got excited at all. I thanked him, telling him it was one of the best divorces I had ever got, much superior to the Paris kind, as a matter of fact. And then Two got off the judge's hat and said it was a swell marriage and that in all her experience she had never sat on a better hat.

Then my lawyer said he was enchanted and I began to make movements in the direction of the door, because I didn't want to

Continued at top of page 202

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I Get Divorced (Mex.)

Continued from pages 60-199-201

start *that* all over again.

I gave the lawyer my first wife's address, so he could send her a certified copy of the divorce decree, because I didn't think there should be any secrets between ex-husband and wife, and that evening Two and I started back to New York.

* * *

In New York we set up housekeeping immediately. One night, about two or three weeks later, I was visited by my first wife's sister and her husband. I asked them in and they sat around talking to me in an ill at ease fashion. I wondered why they had come.

"Where's your—that is—ah—?" began my ex-brother-in-law.

"You mean my—ah—my—?"

"Yes, that's right," said my ex-sister-in-law.

"She's in bed, reading Proust. You know what a lot of time that takes up," I told them confidentially.

But Two had heard them come in and was already on her way to the living room. She appeared in her dressing gown.

"You'll pardon my appearance," said Two, knowing very well that her appearance was a phantom of delight.

"Oh, it's quite all right," said my first wife's sister.

"I didn't have time to get dressed," explained Two, "and it's better this way, anyway," she added, because she knew why they had come, if I didn't.

They left a moment or two later without cordial expressions of their regard, and in a couple of days I was served with papers in a divorce action, sworn to by my visitors, who were able to testify that I was living with a woman in intimacy, though that isn't the word they used.

The divorce was uncontested, of course, and after the interlocutory decree was made final Two and I went to Greenwich to be married. This went off without untoward incident, and nobody remarked that he was enchanted. Two did, however, look rather carefully at her chair before she sat down. ⌗

Handle With Care

Continued from page 39

literary man writing pieces upon the state of emotional exhaustion that often overtakes writers in their prime—if you should be so young and so fatuous as to do this, I would not do so much as acknowledge your letter, unless you were related to someone very rich and important indeed. And if you were dying of starvation outside my window I would go out quickly and give you the smile and the voice (if no longer the hand) and stick around till somebody raised a nickel to phone for the ambulance, that is if I thought there would be any copy in it for me.

I have now at last become a writer only. The man I had persistently tried to be became such a burden that I have "cut him loose" with as little compunction as a negro lady cuts loose a rival on Saturday night. Let the good people function as such—let the overworked doctors die in harness, with one week's "vacation" a year that they can devote to straightening out their family affairs and let the under-worked doctors scramble for cases at one dollar a throw; let the soldiers be killed and enter immediately into the Valhalla of their profession. That is their contract with the gods. A writer need have no such ideals unless he makes them for himself, and this one has quit. The old dream of being an entire man in the Goethe-Byron-Shaw tradition, with an opulent American touch, a sort of combination of J. P. Morgan, Topham Beauclerc and St. Francis of Assisi has been relegated to the junk heap of the shoulder pads worn for one day on the Princeton freshman football field and the oversea's cap never worn overseas.

So what? This is what I think now: that the natural state of the sentient adult is a qualified unhappiness. I think also that in an adult the desire to be finer in grain than you are, "a constant striving" (as those people say who gain their bread by saying it) only adds to this unhappiness in the end—that end that comes to our youth and hope. My own happiness in the past often approached such an ecstasy that I could not share it even with the person dearest to me but had to walk it away in quiet streets and lanes with only fragments of it to distill into little lines in books—and I think that my happiness, or talent for self-delusion or what you will, was an exception. It was not the natural thing but the unnatural—unnatural as the Boom; and my recent experience parallels the wave of despair that swept the nation when the boom was over.

I shall manage to live with the new dispensation, though it has taken some months to be certain of the fact. And just as the laughing stoicism which has enabled the American negro to endure the intolerable conditions of his existence has cost him his sense of the truth—so in my case there is a price to pay. I do not any longer like the postman, nor the grocer, nor the editor, nor the cousin's husband, and he in turn will come to dislike me, so that life will never be very pleasant again, and the sign *Cave Canem* is hung permanently just above my door. I will try to be a correct animal though, and if you throw me a bone with enough meat on it I may even lick your hand. ⌗

(IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO LOOK YOUR BEST)

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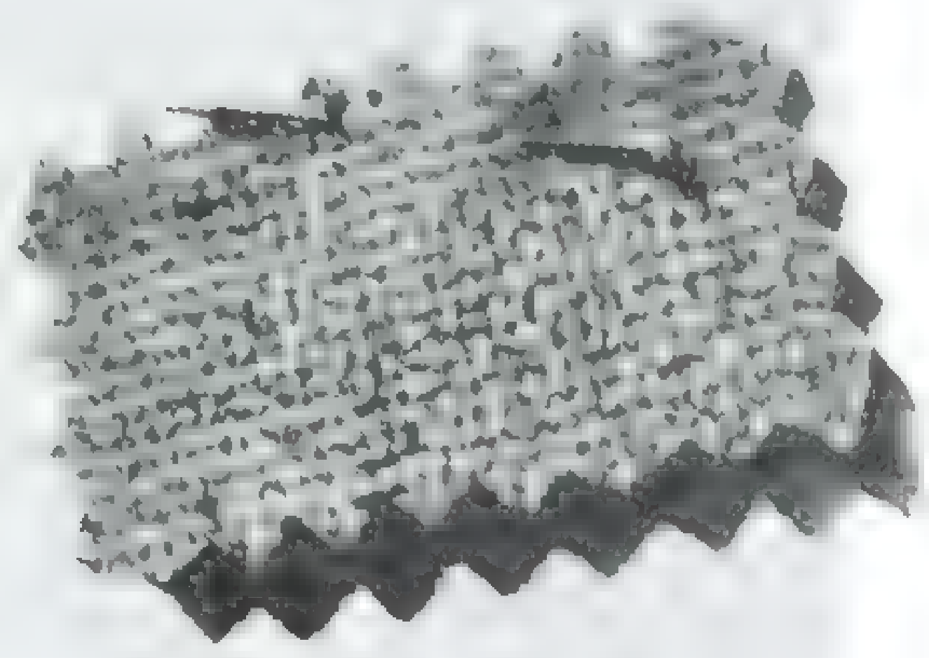

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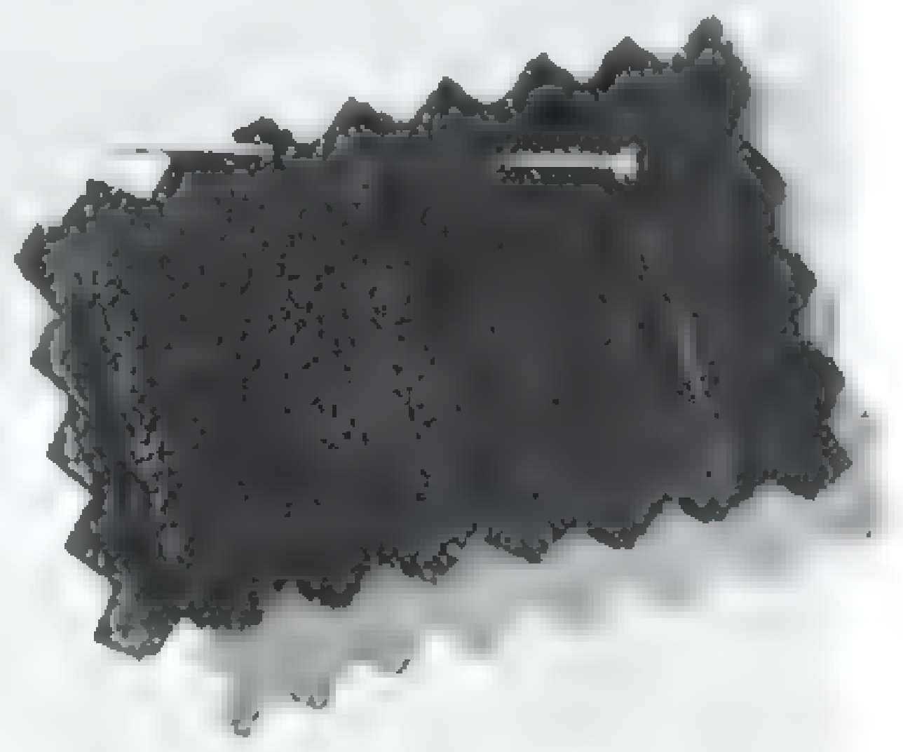

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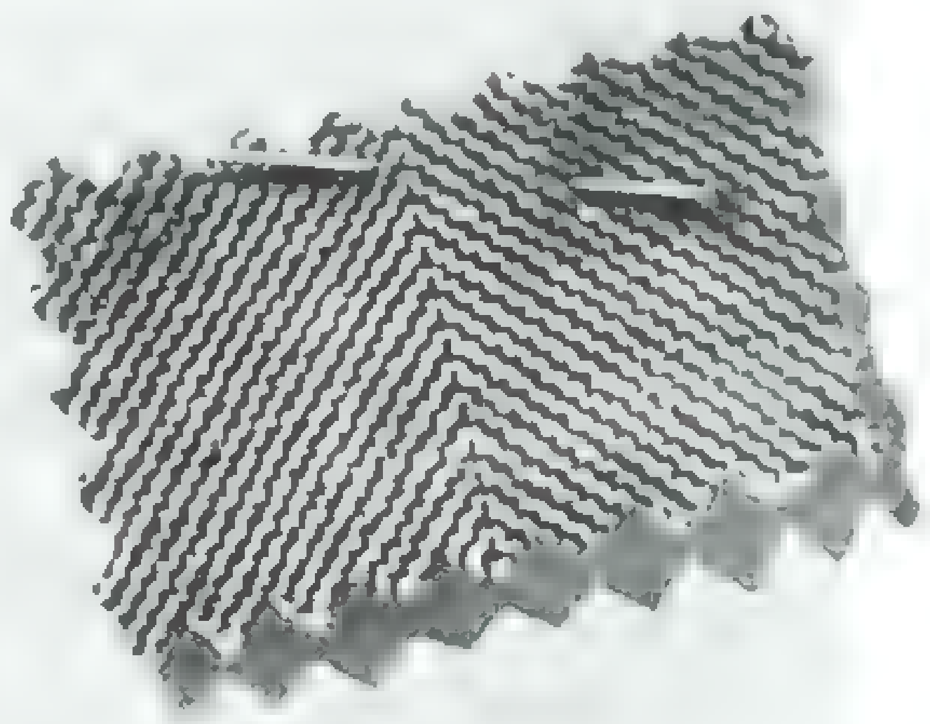

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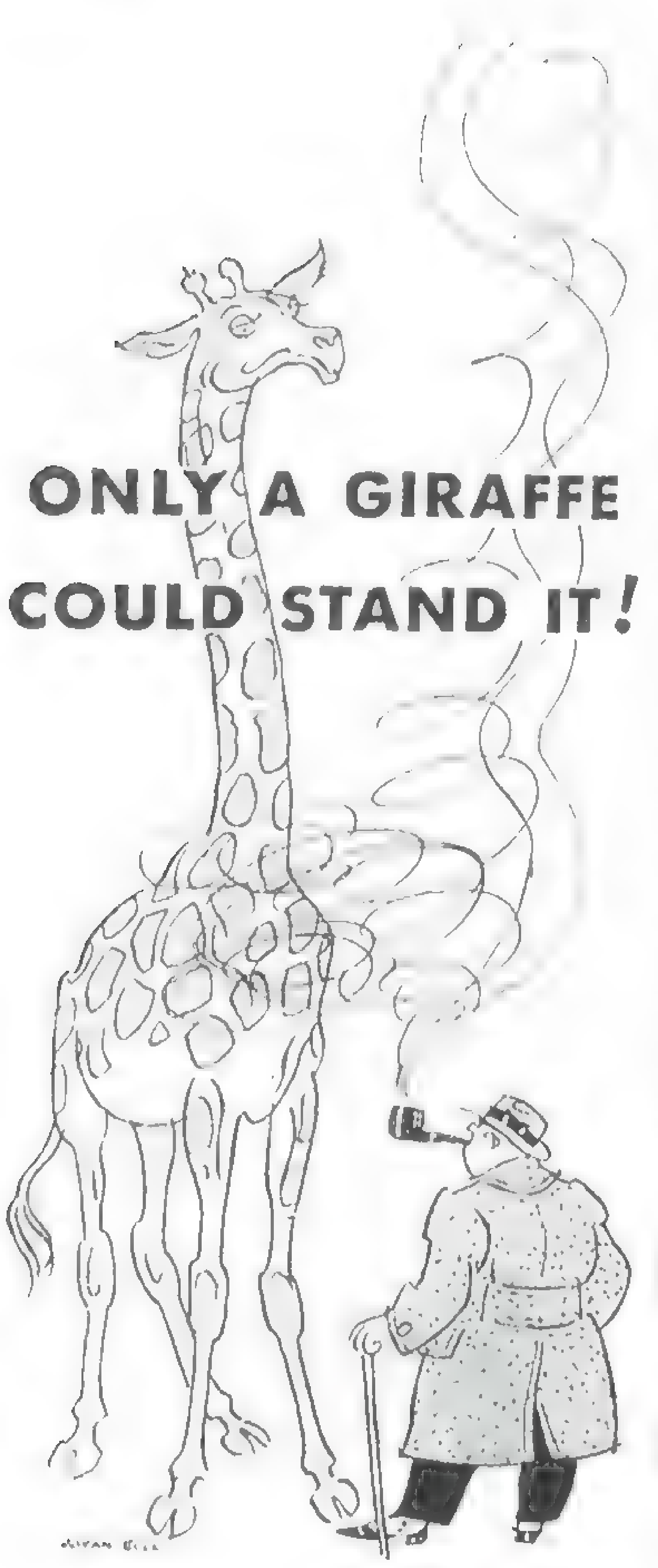

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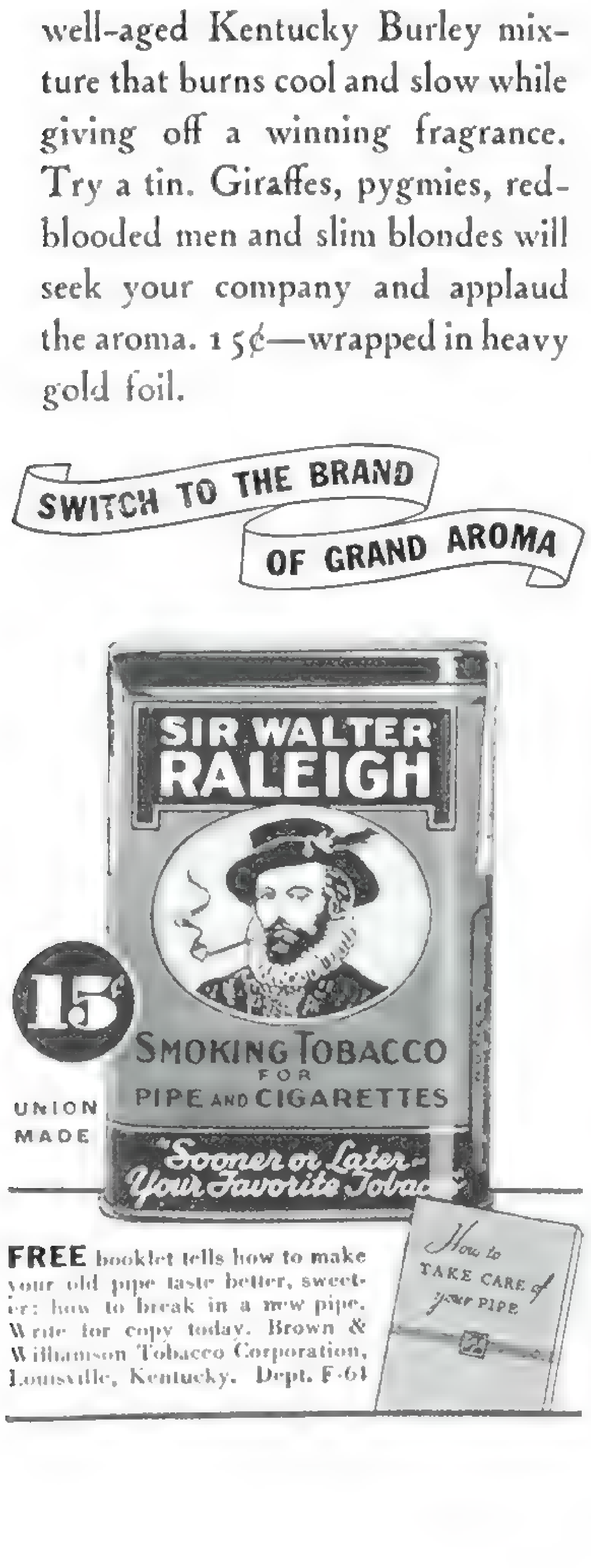
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-10-180-182

WOMAN AS CRITIC

I trust that a few acid comments on your apology for an article entitled, *Woman As Creator* will be given your serious attention, together with some criticism on the general trend of thought of the so-called "Magazine for Men"—(*Men* is right, certainly not for "Gentlemen").

Doubtless the poor wretch who could write such misguided lines as the above has at one time during the course of his lifetime been in the throes of a thwarted romance or has been "kicked out" by the lady in question—hence, the only solace for his small, bitter little soul is the vitriolic attack with his pen. Personally, I don't think he'd even be troubled by the mere look of a female, as with such views, he couldn't even attract one.

We have only to turn to the last century to cite a few women whose earnings even in these days would make many men look sick, to-wit, Mme. Adelina Patti, Mme. Melba, Anna Pavlowa, or in the scientific field, Mme. Curie, and last but not least a woman not renowned for her worldly acumen, Florence Nightingale. You might ask Third-Rate-Writer Smith how his paltry emoluments as a commentator on the female talent would look like when compared with that of any of the above. Without doubt, woman has been retarded by the single-track career of marriage, with which yoke she has been burdened for centuries, as the only means afforded of a livelihood, and doubtless to which institution, I hope, the charming Mr. Smith owes his existence.

Also, please, Dear Esquire, use your editorial brains, if any, and stop pandering to the five and dime burlesque, cutie "man"—aren't there enough plain funny pictures and subtleties without catering to the doings of "kepties" and glorifying exhibitions of the nation's harlotry? At present, nobody would dream of considering Esquire anything but a ritz edition of the ten cent "hotcha" sheets which so blatantly display the cheap plump bathing cuties. It strikes me that if you folks were really "smart," you wouldn't have to stoop so low to earn a living—why don't you go in the "racket"?

Very truly yours,
Margaret Kelley
San Francisco, Calif.

CHOIR PRACTICE

So little choirboy emerges from behind the organ where he has been hiding and pulling all the stops to unmask himself as Van Wyck Potter.

It will be a relief for Esky to have a critic who can trace the rise and fall from the Commedia del Arte of Goldoni to the magic heights of Molière and thence to Oscar Wilde and his countryman, Noel Coward. It certainly will be swell to have a writer who knows that Scaramouche was something more than a character of Sabatini or that Mrs. Siddons was more than an artist's model. To one who began his theatre going just a few years ago and never had the good fortune to see Salvini, Mansfield, and Irving, it will be a pleasure to hear from Potter and learn how Merredith's acting in Winterset compares with Forbes Robertson or Victor Moore's with Francis Wilson. We shall await with unconstrained impatience for the next few blasts of Potter's.

Surely, writing once a month, and having stored up for forty-nine years an avalanche of frustrations, Van Wyck Potter must have something to tell us for at least a year. He isn't burdened like the newspaper critic who must see a play most every night, except during the hot summer months, and write entertainment for his readers no matter how lousy the play he has just witnessed. Let us hope he won't make the mistake of thinking Morris Carnovsky has given the greatest performance in the United States or that Odets has burst upon the proscenium horizon with a new calcium spotlight.

Not only as a student of the drama who is conversant with the emotional purge drama of the Greeks, does Potter make us understand why he thinks *Dead End* contains synthetic grease-paint, but his whole article gives us an insight why he thought *Dead End* was a lot of cat's eyes. Our Potter has lived! He knows that prostitutes are the most sentimental creatures outside of Billy Phelps, that there isn't one, just one, lady of pleasant but easy virtue who might do such a thing as Kingsley has his little wench do. Perhaps Potter has never seen or heard of a mother who has locked her door on her wayward son and climbed to the top floor of her house to empty the swill pail on the mustard seed of her womb. Grandma would certainly not believe such a thing, especially when she remembers that sweet Mrs. Moriarity, who took in washing to eke out a handsome existence, locked her back door on her Timmy when he had done nothing but make her life miserable.

Go to it, Choirboy, and give them all hell! It makes for swell entertainment and whether you be right or wrong, it doesn't matter because we buy the magazine to be amused, to while away the dreary winter months and to learn about life. We don't go to the theatre for all those things.

And after all what was Potter's first article but a swell show with its gentle kicks on the critics' asbestos shorts for muffing a couple of easy flies. George Jean Nathan's entrail must be gangrenous with envy as he reads this vituperation. In the language of the theatre it is known as a tour de force which Nathan with his usual cleverness called the French word for Tripe.

Good work Esky for letting Choirboy lift up his clear soprano voice in hymns of Halleluia, but as every good choirleader knows, there comes a time in every choirboy's life when his voice must change into something deeper. Ring out Choirboy! Your voice is as ephemeral as Helen Hayes' makeup in Victoria Regina.

New York, N. Y. A Choirleader

ESQ ON THE JABBERWALK

Ezra Pound the rusty Scribner
  On this happy fifteenth day,
While the Sound and Fury Ballowes
  In an Ernest Hemingway.
Surdez Harman these here Perlus
  That's a Graffis Cumming's Strong;
And Manuel Komroff Lichty,
Doscher Barrow Staples long.
Vercel Duvernois-y people
  Ty Mahon-dred years has past,
So McKay, sir, while Dehan is
  Goode, Sosulia Ford to last.

San Quentin, Calif. Jay Worth

ALTAMONT OBSERVER

All Esquire patrons having doubtless read *Don Quixote*, this is but a reminder of Sancho Panza's solution to a problem recently propounded in Esquire.

"'To my thinking,' said Sancho, 'this question may be presently answered as thus: The man swore he came to die on the gibbet, and if he die there he swore true, and according to the law, he ought to be free to go over the bridge. On the other hand, if you do not hang him, he swore false, and by the same law, he ought to be hanged. Why then,' said Sancho, 'even let that part of the man that spoke true, freely pass, and hang that other part of the man that swore false, and so the law will be fulfilled.' 'But then,' said the stranger, 'the man must be divided into two parts, which, if we do, he certainly dies, and the law, which must, every tittle of it, be observed, is not put in execution.' 'Well,' said Sancho, 'since there is as much reason to bring him off as to condemn him, even let him go free; for it is always more commendable to do good than hurt'."

If every Esquire equalled the March issue I would be the last to deny the magazine board covers. And even when I don't especially care for an issue I'm prepared to admit that it's doubtless more of a reflection on me than on Esquire. Art and Isadora, even more exciting than her *My Life*, would have been equally so with a conventional type lay-out. When matter is continued on the next page "continued on —" might better be omitted. *Woman As Creator* sadly needed to bolster up waning masculine morale. Heaven fohgive me, but how I enjoyed S. Choirboy's invidious comments on that sole repository of dramatic acumen through the ages, G. J. Nathan. *In The Doghouse*, another high point, along with Bill Adams' *Ordeal of a Sailor*, and Donald Culross Peattie. In *Spell of Moonsickness* Dave would have said "—when the levee *come* in." And "ya'll's" instead of "yo'll's;" otherwise, it's perfect. *Amenities of the Gift Giving Days* exciting, but with four hundred thou, can't you afford to put Ogden Nash under contract as well as Wm. Rose Benet?

Sound and Fury quite back in form, what with the corking lead-off by the Rev. Ernest; must be an Episcopalian, hardly any other church producing that type of intelligent clergy. But alas, poor Larrikins of San Francisco. He reminds me of a Y. M. C. A. secretary I once heard inveighing against the obscenity of a Barnum and Bailey circus.

Yours,
Altamont, N. Y. O. A. Williamson

ON POTTERISM

I have been and still am a regular subscriber and an enthusiastic booster of Esquire. In my possession is a copy of every issue of Esquire so far published.

To me John V. A. Weaver was a rather prejudiced writer of theatrical criticism. It was no loss to your handsome magazine when he resigned.

But this new so-called critic by name Van Wyck Potter, certainly takes the prize for being the most egotistical, know-nothing so far to write on the theater. He says he was an actor. It is an insult to the profession for him to make such a statement. Mr. Potter *thought* in his own smug mind that he was an actor. I have my serious doubts as to his ability.

It has always been my humble opinion that a theatrical dept. is a short synopsis of the new plays, with the writer's reaction to said plays written in black and white.

Since when has it been the practice to flay other critics in the pages given over to the theater. In the last edition of Esquire there is no mention as to new plays, revues, musicals, etc. Could it be that "Pot" knows very little about them. So think I.

For Esquire's sake get an intelligent man to tell us guys and dolls here in the sticks about those New York openings—and closings.

As a parting suggestion, if it is possible, a cast of characters, scenes, theater, opening date, etc., with a short and to-the-point criticism of the plays might make an attractive theatrical department.

To hell with Potter and good health to Esquire.

Very sincerely,
Rochester, N. Y. John J. Costello

P S.—As to *Dead End* which "Pot" picks to pieces, fifty million people can't be wrong. J. C.

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Continued on page 208

The Godly Warrior

Continued from page 33

to Hieronymus, to intercede and lift his voice against the frivolity, blasphemy and arrogance of beauty. In vain like Moses he protested that he had not the gift of tongues. God's will remained unshaken: in a loud voice He demanded that the faint-hearted Hieronymus go forth to sacrifice amid the jeers of the foe.

And as God would have it so, he set forth one morning and wended his way to the great art shop of M. Bluthenzweig. He wore his hood over his head and held his mantle together in front from inside with both hands as he went.

The air had grown heavy, the sky was livid and thunder threatened. Once more crowds were besieging the show-cases at the art shop and especially the window where the photograph of the Madonna stood. Hieronymus cast one brief glance thither; then he pushed up the latch of the glass door hung with placards and art magazines. "As God wills," said he and entered the shop.

A young girl was somewhere at a desk writing in a big book. She was a pretty brunette thing with bandeaux of hair and big feet. She came up to him and asked pleasantly what he would like.

"Thank you," said Hieronymus in a low voice and looked her earnestly in the face, with diagonal wrinkles in his peaked brow. "I would speak not to you but to the owner of this shop, Herr Bluthenzweig."

She hesitated a little, turned away and took up her work once more. He stood there in the middle of the shop.

Instead of the single specimens in the show-windows there was here a riot and a heaping-up of luxury, a fulness of color, line, form, style, invention, good taste and beauty. Hieronymus looked slowly round him, drawing his mantle close with both hands.

There were several people besides him. At one of the broad tables running across the room sat a man in a yellow suit, with a black goat's-beard, looking at a portfolio of French drawings, over which he now and then emitted a bleating laugh. He was being waited on by an under-nourished and vegetarian young man, who kept on dragging up fresh portfolios. Diagonally opposite the bleating man sat an elegant old dame, examining art embroideries with a pattern of fabulous flowers in pale tones standing together on tall perpendicular stalks. An attendant hovered about her too. A leisurely Englishman in a travelling cap with his pipe in his mouth sat at another table. Cold and smooth-shaven, of indefinite age, in his good English clothes, he sat examining bronzes brought to him by M. Bluthenzweig in person. He was holding up by the head the dainty figure of a nude girl, immature and delicately articulated, her hands crossed in coquettish innocence upon her breast. He studied her thoroughly, turning her slowly about. M. Bluthenzweig, a man with a short, heavy brown beard and bright brown eyes of exactly the same color, moved in a semicircle around him, rubbing his hands, praising the statuette with all the terms his vocabulary possessed.

"A hundred and fifty marks, Sir," he said in English. "Munich art—very charming, in fact. Simply full of charm, you know. Grace itself. Really extremely pretty, good, admirable, in fact." Then he thought of some more and went on: "Highly attractive, fascinating." Then he began again from the beginning. His nose lay a little flat on his upper lip, so that he breathed constantly with a slight sniff into his moustache. Sometimes he did this as he approached a customer, stooping over as though he were smelling at him. When Hieronymus entered M. Bluthenzweig examined him cursorily in this way, then devoted himself again to his Englishman.

The elegant old dame made her selection and left the shop. A man entered. M. Bluthenzweig sniffed briefly at him as though to scent out his capacity to buy and left him to the young bookkeeper. The man purchased a faience bust of young Piero de' Medici, son of Lorenzo and went out again. The Englishman began to depart. He had acquired the statuette of the little girl and left amid bowings from M. Bluthenzweig. Then the art dealer turned to Hieronymus and came forward.

"You wanted something?" he said, without any particular courtesy. Hieronymus held his cloak together with both hands and looked the other in the face almost without winking an eyelash. He parted his big lips slowly and said:

"I have come to you on account of the picture in the window there, the big photograph, the Madonna." His voice was thick and without modulation.

"Yes, quite right," said M. Bluthenzweig briskly and began rubbing his hands. "Seventy marks in the frame. It is unfadable—a first-class reproduction. Highly attractive and full of charm."

Hieronymus was silent. He nodded his head in the hood and shrank a little into himself, as the dealer spoke. Then he drew himself up again and spoke:

"I would remark to you first of all that I am not in the position to purchase anything, nor have I the desire. I am sorry to have to disappoint your expectations. I regret if it upsets you. But in the first place I am poor and in the second I do not love the things you sell. No, I cannot buy anything."

"No? Well, then?" asked Bluthenzweig, sniffing a good deal. "Then may I ask—"

Continued on page 204

3 favorite ROUTES to MEXICO

To get the utmost pleasure from every minute of your *Mexican adventure*, we suggest you come one route and return another:

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❷ Far-westerners like to come via *NOGALES*, returning via *EL PASO* or *LAREDO*—or to reverse this procedure.

❸ Middle-westerners often come by *EL PASO*, returning by *Laredo*, or the opposite.

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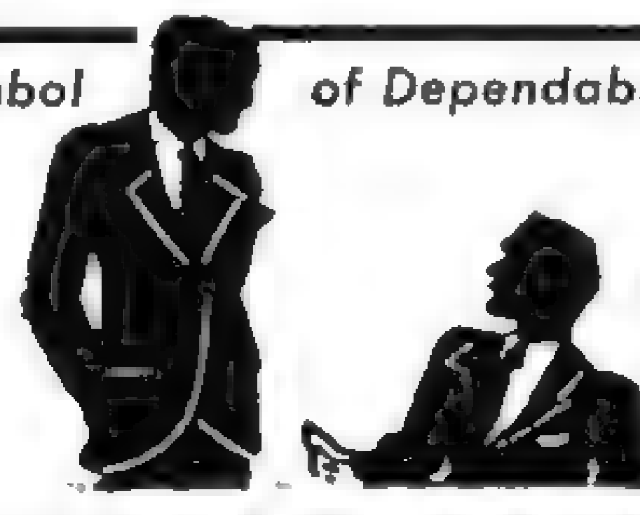

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**Based on actual letter from our files*

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The Godly Warrior

Continued from pages 33-203

"I suppose," Hieronymus went on, "that being what you are you look down on me because I am not in a position to buy."

"Oh—er—not at all," said M. Bluthenzweig. "Not at all. Only—"

"And yet I beg you to hear me and give some consideration to my words."

"Consideration to your words. H'm—may I ask—"

"You may ask," said Hieronymus, "and I will answer you. I have come to get you to remove that picture, the big photograph, the Madonna, out of your window and never display it again."

M. Bluthenzweig looked a while dumbly into Hieronymus' face—as though he expected him to be abashed at the words he had just uttered. But as this did not happen he gave a violent sniff and spoke himself:

"Will you be so good as to tell me whether you are here in any official capacity which authorizes you to dictate to me, or what does bring you here?"

"Oh, no," replied Hieronymus, "I have neither office nor dignity from the state. I have no power on my side, Sir. What brings me hither is my conscience alone."

M. Bluthenzweig, searching for words, snorted violently into his moustache. At length he said:

"Your conscience . . . well, you will kindly understand that I take not the faintest interest in your conscience." With which he turned round and moved quickly to his desk at the back of the shop, where he began to write. Both attendants laughed heartily. The pretty Fraulein giggled over her account-book. As for the yellow gentleman with the goat's-beard, he was evidently a foreigner, for he gave no sign of comprehension but went on studying the French drawings and emitting from time to time his bleating laugh.

"Just get rid of the man for me," said M. Bluthenzweig shortly over his shoulder to his assistant. He went on writing. The poorly paid young vegetarian approached Hieronymus smothering his laughter, and the other salesman came up too.

"May we be of service to you in any other way?" the first asked mildly. Hieronymus fixed him with his glazed and suffering eyes.

"No," he said, "you cannot. I beg you to take the Madonna picture out of the window, at once and forever."

"But—why?"

"It is the Holy Mother of God," said Hieronymus in a subdued voice.

"Quite. But you have heard that Herr Bluthenzweig is not inclined to accede to your request."

"We must bear in mind that it is the Holy Mother of God," said Hieronymus again and his head trembled on his neck.

"So we must . . . But should we not be allowed to exhibit any Madonnas—or paint any?"

"It is not that," said Hieronymus, almost whispering. He drew himself up and shook his head violently several times. His peaked brow under the hood was entirely furrowed with long deep cross-folds. "You know very well that it is vice itself that is painted there—naked sensuality. I was standing near two simple young people and overheard with my own ears that it led them astray upon the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception."

"Oh, permit me—that is not the point," said the young salesman smiling. In his leisure hours he was writing a brochure on the modern movement in art and was well qualified to conduct a cultured conversation. "The picture is a work of art," he went on, "and one must measure it by the appropriate standards as such. It has been very highly praised on all hands. The state has purchased it."

"I know that the state has purchased it," said Hieronymus. "I also know that the artist has twice dined with the Prince-Regent. It is common talk—and God knows how people interpret the fact that a man can become famous by such work as this. What does such a fact bear witness to? To the blindness of the world, a blindness inconceivable, if not indeed shamelessly hypocritical. This picture has its origin in sensual lust and is enjoyed in the same—is that true or not? Answer me! And you too answer me, Herr Bluthenzweig!"

A pause ensued. Hieronymus seemed in all seriousness to demand an answer to his question, looking by turns at the staring attendants and the rock back M. Bluthenzweig turned upon him, with his own piercing and anguishing brown eyes. Silence reigned. Only the yellow man with the goat's-beard, bending over the French drawings, broke it with his bleating laugh.

"It is true," Hieronymus went on in a hoarse voice that shook with his profound indignation. "You do not dare deny it. How then can honor be done to its creator, as though he had endowed mankind with a new ideal possession? How can one stand before it and surrender unthinkingly to the base enjoyment which it purveys, persuading oneself in all seriousness that one is yielding to a noble and elevated sentiment, highly creditable to the human race? Is this reckless ignorance or abandoned hypocrisy? My understanding falters, it is completely at a loss when confronted by the absurd fact that a man can achieve renown on this earth by the stupid and shameless exploitation of the animal instincts. Beauty? What is beauty? What forces are they which use beauty as their tool today—and upon what does it work? No one can fail to know this, Herr Bluthenzweig. But who, understanding it clearly, can

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fail to feel disgust and pain? It is criminal to play upon the ignorance of the immature, the lewd, the brazen and the unscrupulous by elevating beauty into an idol to be worshipped, to give it even more power over those who know not affliction and have no knowledge of redemption. You are unknown to me, and you look at me with black looks—yet answer me! Knowledge, I tell you, is the profoundest torture in the world; but it is the purgatory without whose purifying pangs no soul can reach salvation. It is not infantile, blasphemous shallowness that can save us, Herr Bluthenzweig; only knowledge can avail, knowledge in which the passions of our loathsome flesh die away and are quenched."

Silence.—The yellow man with the goat's-beard gave a sudden little bleat.

"I think you really must go now," said the underpaid assistant mildly.

But Hieronymus made no move to do so. Drawn up in his hooded cape he stood with blazing eyes in the center of the shop and his thick lips poured out condemnation in a voice that was harsh and rusty and clanking.

"Art, you cry; enjoyment, beauty! Enfold the world in beauty and endow all things with the noble grace of style—Profligate, away! Do you think to wash over with lurid colors the misery of the world? Do you think with the sounds of feasting and music to drown out the voice of the tortured earth? Shameless one, you err! God lets not Himself be mocked, and your impudent deification of the glistening surface of things is an abomination in His eyes. You tell me that I blaspheme art. I say to you that you lie. I do not blaspheme art. Art is no conscienceless delusion, lending itself to reinforce the allurements of the fleshly. Art is the holy torch which turns its light upon all the frightful depths, all the shameful and woeful abysses of life; art is the godly fire laid to the world that being redeemed by pity it may flame up and dissolve altogether with its shames and torments.—Take it out, Herr Bluthenzweig, take away the work of that famous painter out of your window—you would do well to burn it with a hot fire and strew its ashes to the four winds—yes, to all the four winds—"

His harsh voice broke off. He had taken a violent backwards step, snatched one arm from his black wrappings and stretched it passionately forth, gesturing towards the window with a hand that shook as though palsied. And in this commanding attitude he paused. His great hooked nose seemed to jut more than ever, his dark brows were gathered so thick and high that folds crowded upon the peaked forehead shaded by the hood; a hectic flush mantled his hollow cheeks.

But at this point M. Bluthenzweig turned round. Perhaps he was outraged by the idea of burning his seventy-mark reproduction; perhaps Hieronymus' speech had completely exhausted his patience. In any case he was a picture of stern and righteous anger. He pointed with his pen to the door of the shop, gave several short, excited snorts into his moustache, struggled for words and uttered with the maximum of energy those which he found:

"My fine fellow, if you don't get out at once I will have my packer help you—do you understand?"

"Oh, you cannot intimidate me, you cannot drive me away, you cannot silence my voice," cried Hieronymus as he clutched his cloak over his chest with his fists and shook his head doughtily. "I know that I am single-handed and powerless, but yet I will not cease until you hear me, Herr Bluthenzweig! Take the picture out of your window and burn it even today! And burn not it alone! Burn all these statues and busts, the sight of which plunges the beholder into sin, burn these vases and ornaments, these shameless revivals of paganism, these elegantly bound volumes of erotic verse! Burn everything in your shop, Herr Bluthenzweig, for it is a filthiness in God's sight. Burn it, burn it!" he shrieked beside himself, describing a wild, all-embracing circle with his arm. "The harvest is ripe for the reaper, the measure of the age's shamelessness is full—but I say unto you—"

"Krauthuber!" Herr Bluthenzweig raised his voice and shouted toward a door at the back of the shop. "Come in here at once!"

And in answer to the summons there appeared upon the scene a massive and overpowering presence, a vast and awe-inspiring, swollen human bulk, whose limbs merged into each other like links of sausage—a gigantic son of the people, malt-nourished and immoderate, who weighed in, with puffings, bursting with energy, from the packing-room. His appearance in the upper reaches of his form was notable for a fringe of walrus beard; a hide apron fouled with paste covered his body from the waist down, and his yellow shirt-sleeves were rolled back from his heroic arms.

"Will you open the door for this gentleman, Krauthuber?" said M. Bluthenzweig, "and if he should not find the way to it, just help him into the street."

"Huh," said the man, looking from his enraged employer to Hieronymus and back with his little elephant eyes. It was a heavy monosyllable, suggesting reserve force restrained with difficulty. The floor shook with his tread as he went to the door and opened it.

Hieronymus had grown very pale. "Burn—" he shouted once more. He was about to go on when he felt himself turned round by an irresistible power, by a physical preponderance to which no resistance was even thinkable.

Continued at top of page 206

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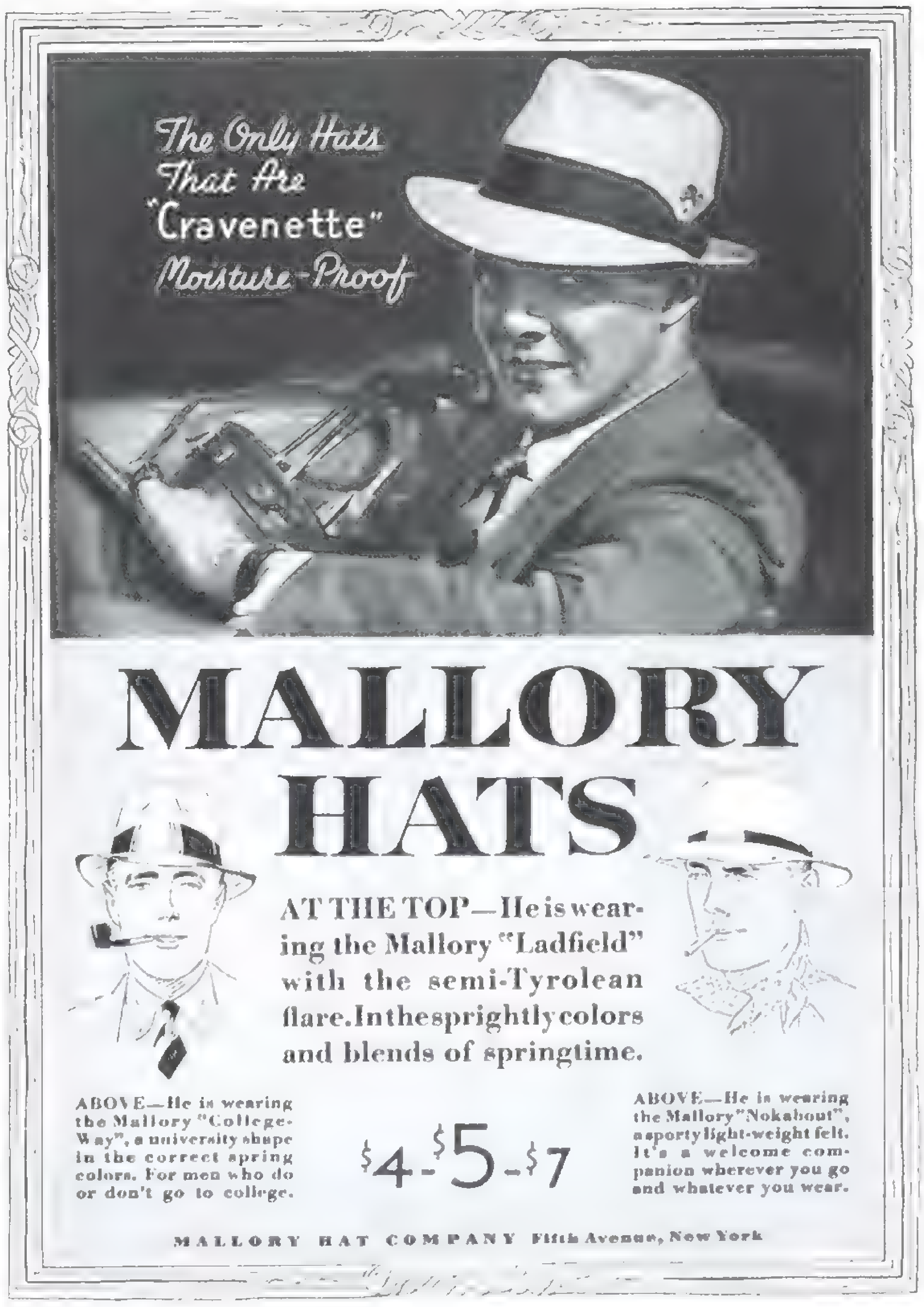

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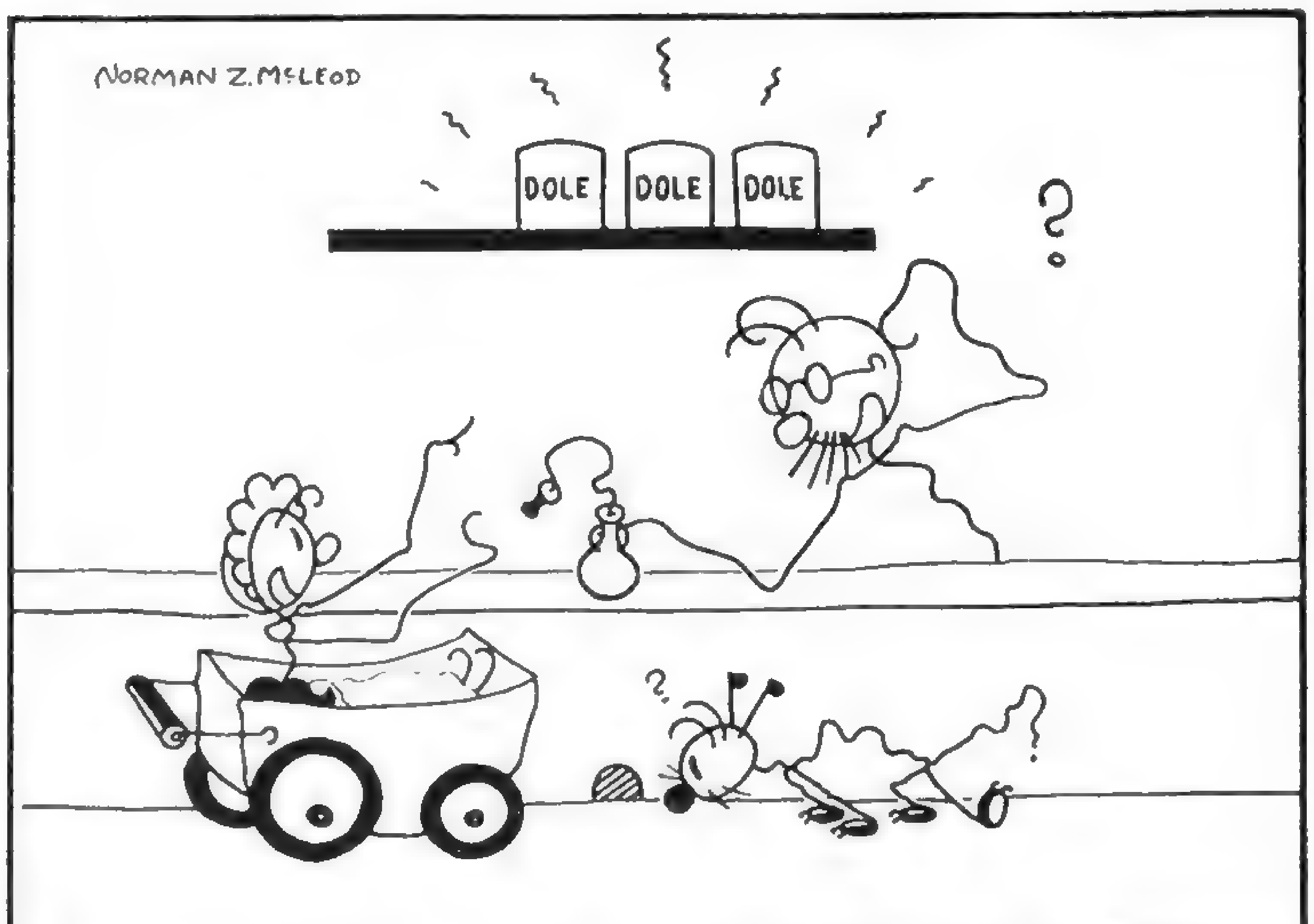


NEVER MIND FILLING THE BOTTLE WITH DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE---JUST SLIP ME THE WHOLE CAN!

The Godly Warrior

Continued from pages 33-203-205

Slowly and inexorably he was propelled towards the door.

"I am weak," he managed to ejaculate. "My flesh cannot bear the force . . . it cannot hold its ground . . . no . . . but what does that prove? Burn—"

He stopped. He found himself outside the art shop. M. Bluthenzweig's giant packer had let him go with one final shove, which set him down on the stone threshold of the shop, supporting himself with one hand. Behind him the door closed with a rattle of glass.

He picked himself up. He stood erect, breathing heavily and pulled his cloak together with one fist over his breast, letting the other hang down inside. His hollow cheeks had a grey pallor; the nostrils of his great hooked nose opened and closed; his ugly lips were writhen in an expression of hatred and despair and his red-rimmed eyes wandered like those of a man in a frenzy over the beautiful square.

He did not see that people were looking at him with amusement and curiosity. For what he beheld upon the mosaic pavement before the great loggia were all the vanities of this world: the masked costumes of the artist balls, the decorations, vases and art objects, the nude statues, the female busts, the picturesque rebirths of the pagan age; the portraits of famous beauties by masterly hands, the elegantly bound erotic verse, the art brochures—all these he saw heaped in a pyramid and going up in crackling flames amid exultant cries from the people enthralled by his own frightful words. The yellow background of cloud had drawn up over the Theatinerstrasse and from it issued wild rumblings: but what he saw was a burning fiery sword, towering in sulphurous light above the joyous city.

"*Gladius dei super terram . . .*" his thick lips whispered; and drawing himself still higher in his hooded cloak while the hand hanging down inside it twitched convulsively he murmured quaking: "*cito et velociter!*" ⧺

Hopping Horses

Continued from page 57

is comparatively small, yet it was so plentiful around race tracks, that our men, posing as trainers or owners, could have bought pounds of it from peddlers at race tracks or stable attachés.

"Our main object in watching the race tracks was to find the source whence came the high quantities of heroin. Our men received a number of leads and, when the time came, we ran down and captured the head man of many of the heroin rings. But new peddlers appeared and supplied the race track trade which seemed at its booming best in 1932 and 1933.

"There are about four different ways of drugging a horse. The most popular and, apparently most effective, is syringing. One man would hold a horse's head, with the mouth open. Another man with a huge syringe, which had sucked narcoticised liquid from a bottle, would insert the syringe in the horse's mouth, between lips and teeth, and well back in the mouth. When the syringe load had been properly placed, the syringe was withdrawn and the first man would close the horse's mouth until he swallowed the mixture.

"Administration with a hypodermic needle was another method. It wasn't used much because of the possibility of leaving scars, or creating abcesses. Dusting a narcotic mixture on the tongue also was done. Another way was to give a horse a pill—or several pills. But that didn't find much favor, because pills were eccentric in their explosive action. They might act in an hour, maybe two hours. So the pills were discarded.

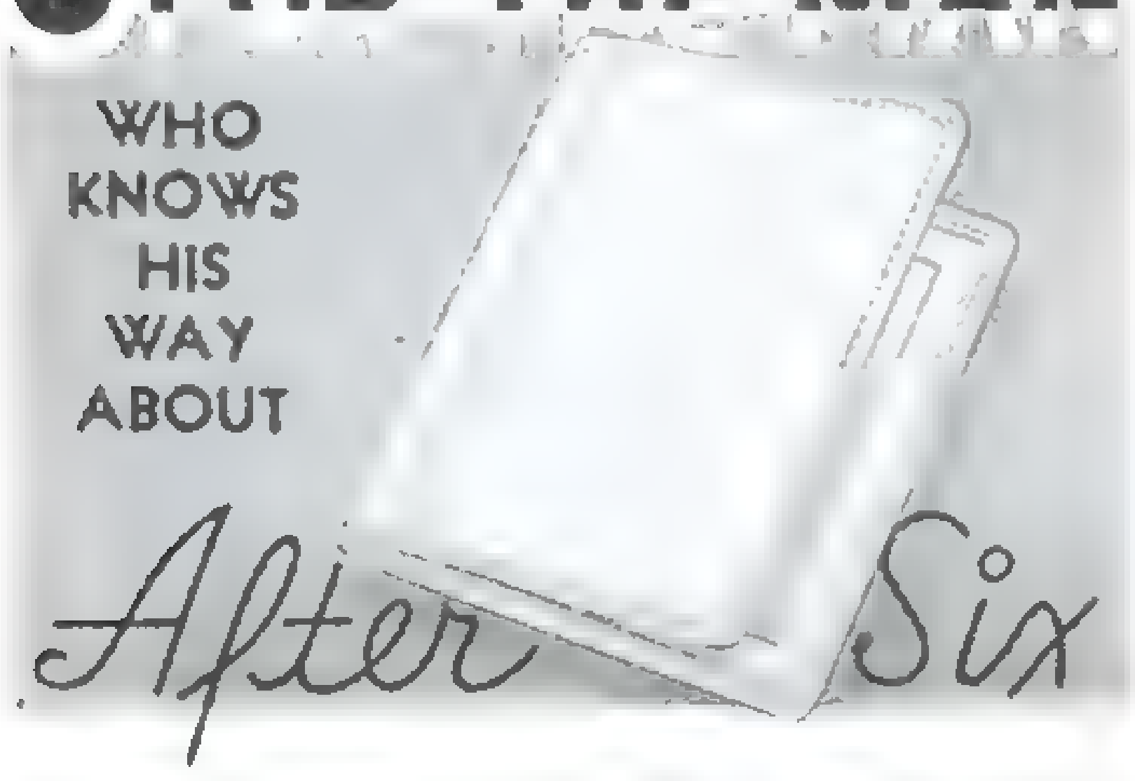
"Time is the most important element in the proper use of narcotics on a horse. Usually syringing and 'needling' is done from 30 to 60 minutes before post-time, depending upon how much narcotic drug is in the mixture. Trainers, from various experiments, know just how long it takes for the narcotic to break. Five or ten minutes too soon in the matter of administration, or five or ten minutes too late, often renders null and void the use of narcotics, because the explosion happening before a race, leaves a horse in a bad way at post-time. If it doesn't 'break' until after the contest, then it is too late.

"It is the general idea that a doped horse necessarily must be a wild actor. Some are at a high nervous tension, but many parade quietly to the post and stand quietly. But there are certain other signs, according to my men. They found that horses full of dope, have a habit of nodding their heads on parade, and swishing their tails, and that they have a wild look in their eyes in addition to being flighty.

"The first raid on a race track, for the purpose of apprehending trainers and horsemen who gave narcotics to the animals, was made at Arlington Park, Chicago, in the summer of 1933. We caught quite a few men red-handed. I had hoped for a little cooperation from newspaper turf writers. Instead, some of them took to condemning our men for unwarranted raids! Although we actually were intent upon driving the disreputable horsemen out of racing, we encountered opposition from the very people whose interest would have been bettered.

"The drugging of horses was done so openly at the Detroit track in 1933, following the Arling-

● FOR THE MAN



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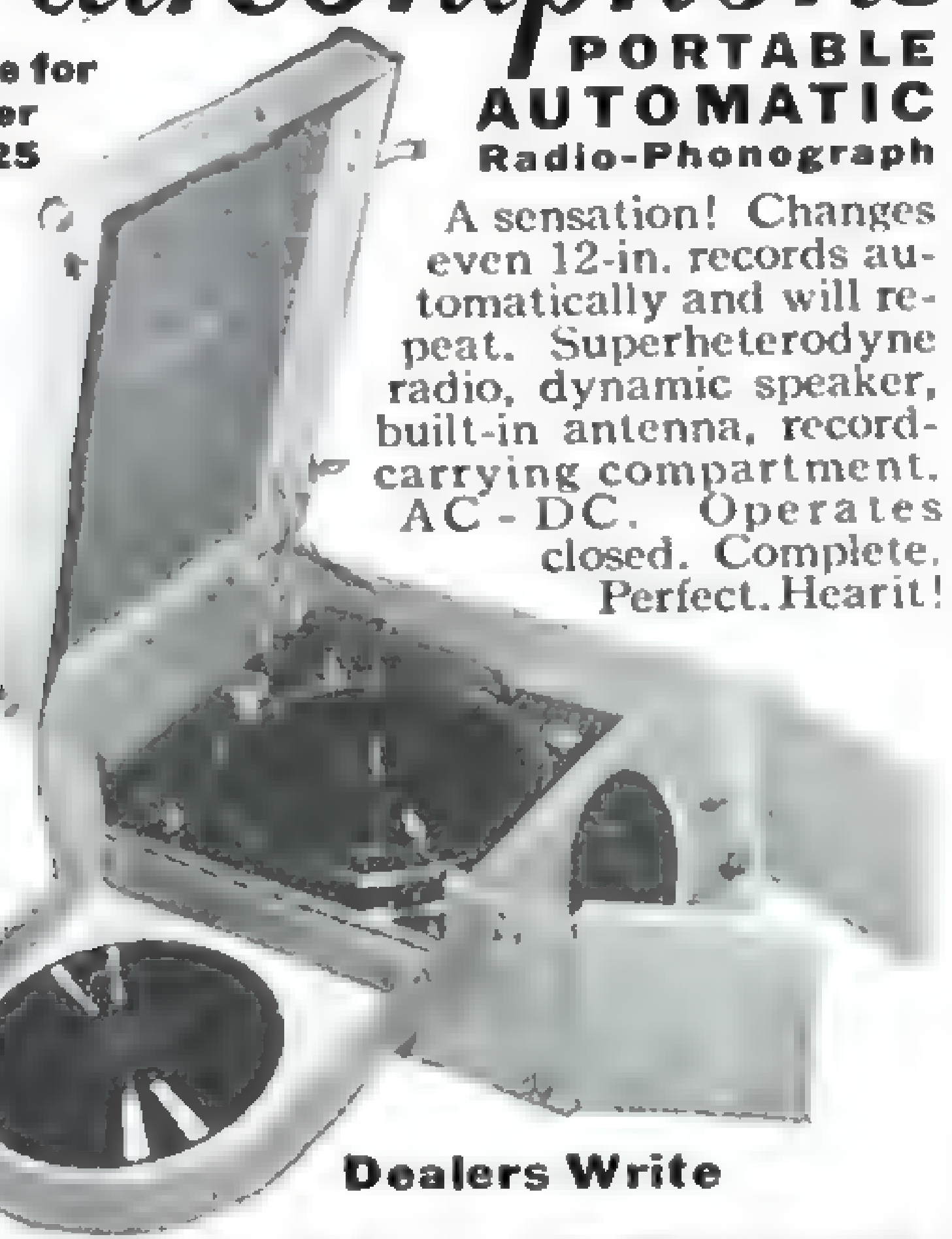

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ton raid, that our men decided upon action there. We felt that such raids would accomplish two purposes: (1) end the use of narcotics and put offenders in jail and (2) by ending the use of narcotics bring about formful racing so that the man who didn't dope his horse would have a chance to win, the speed of all horses being reduced to normal by the absence of narcotics.

"But we were dealt quite a surprise." The surprise, which Anslinger did not explain, was two-fold.

One columnist unleashed a terrific blast at the 'Narcotic Snoopers.' His action followed a broadside, in letter form, hurled by Joseph A. Murphy, managing director of the Detroit track. Murphy charged it was a publicity stunt for the Narcotic Bureau and generally whitewashed the horse racing business.

In due course of time, a copy of Murphy's letter reached Anslinger. Just what followed is not publicly known. But it is a matter of record that Murphy quickly announced that he was in favor of ridding the turf of those owners, trainers or stable hands who drugged their horses.

So far as is known, the writers who loosened billingsgate at the Narcotic Bureau, never again uttered one word of criticism or condemnation.

With the Narcotic Bureau all set to raid and arrest until completely certain that not another grain of narcotic drugs was being used on race tracks, a reign of terror came to exist among the horsemen with guilty consciences. Also it was quickly noted that horses that had been consistent winners ceased to be victorious, and that horses, depending only upon their natural speed, began to step home front.

The powers within racing never knew that Anslinger had all the aces in the game. He had a list of about 1500 horses which had been subjected to drugging within the year. He had names of owners and trainers, dates, speed charts, form charts and a vast quantity of data. Anslinger also had copies of prescriptions his men had seized together with syringes, hypodermic needles, "speed balls" (pills), etc. In short, he had all the ammunition needed to start a war and wage it to successful conclusion against those who had prostituted the sport of horse racing.

Letters began to pour into Anslinger's office, confidential letters from honest horsemen who praised the Bureau, and gave Anslinger additional names of owners or trainers whose specialty was doping horses.

Anslinger was in position to smash the "Trainers-owners drug ring" on the race tracks of the USA, and thus practically wreck the business. In this crisis, various leaders in the game rushed to Anslinger and pleaded that he withhold this attack.

"They pledged themselves to do what I had intended doing" said Anslinger, "but after I promised to let them run the rascals out of racing, they promptly forgot the promises. In fact, they found alibis for men obviously guilty, and merely suspended men who, for violation of narcotic laws, belonged in the penitentiary.

"I have heard that while the scare was on concerning the use of narcotics," went on Anslinger, "quite a few trainers and owners switched back to the use of mild stimulants such as whiskey. I was told that others were using nitroglycerine, putting a drop under each side of the horse's tongue 30 minutes before the race, others were said to be using brucine, a non-narcotic but very stimulating drug from Europe. One prescription seized called for the introduction of carbolic acid into the mixture for a horse.

"We were accused of picking out only the poor horsemen for seizure and arrest. We didn't do any singling, we grabbed the men we had believed were guilty. The reason we didn't make seizures of trainers and stable hands at the large barns is that our men never could get close to these and they were guarded.

"However, accidentally, one of our agents got past the guard. He saw a rather celebrated trainer just finishing giving a syringe load to a horse. Publication of the name of the trainer and the name of the horse would cause quite a furore in racing.

"Our man alone, rushed into the barn and grabbed the syringe—a fight followed—our man against four others. The trainer jerked the syringe out of our agent's hand. Two other stable men grabbed our agent. The third picked up a pitchfork and started jabbing it at our man. So he withdrew.

"The horse won, running like a fired animal. I have followed that trainer's career since. His horses are spectacular one day, running to new records—and as stiff as a slab of iron when the betting odds or the size of the stake isn't high.

"Our department is not concerned about the use of stimulants that are not narcotics. When horsemen use brucine, whiskey, glycerine, etc., that is a job for a racing association to handle. But we are sworn to stop the illegitimate use of codeine, morphine and heroin, as well as cocaine, and I have served notice to the racing executives that since they have failed in their promise, we now intend to step back into the picture and end the frightful practice of administering powerful portions of narcotics to race horses.

"I am only sorry now that we didn't go full speed ahead two years ago, when we were in full motion, instead of letting pledges, almost instantly broken, bring about cessation of our campaign which, continued, perhaps would have cleaned house in racing by now." ##

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-10-180-182-202B

AMERICAN IN ENGLAND

Being an American, one might have thought that the death of England's monarch would be little more than a news item, an annoyance at being curtailed from making money for a short spell. But such is not the case. I really think that after fourteen months in this country I had grown to almost love that grand pair, George V and his Queen, Mary.

Therefore, I was as anxiously perturbed as any hard-bitten Lancashireman when one day the *Standard* scooped the dailies with the announcement—THE KING HAS A COLD.

That evening, in the restaurant where I ate, patronized almost exclusively by the American colony of actors, the talk, for just this once, was not of shop. They didn't talk about "how's business at your joint" or "the orchestra is from hunger at Hackney this week." One and all, they worried and wondered about a man lying sick in bed at Sandringham Palace.

The next day's headlines conveyed that His Majesty had spent a quiet night; had maintained strength, and that there was no change in his condition.

But on Saturday the three specialists attending the King issued a bulletin. There were cardiac complications and there was "cause for anxiety." Then indeed did a pall come upon London. I noticed it in my audience at the theater that night. The house was packed, as it always is on Saturday night, but the people were not so hilarious over the topical gags of a bumptious comedian named Max Miller, styling himself "The Cheeky Chappie." His cheery, Jack-Oakie-ish optimism seemed out of place on this evening. Myself grimly serious, I discarded the usual buildup, concentrated solely on my music. Applause was solid but there was no friendly shouting as is usually the case. And for encores, when I asked for requests, the usual cries for *Tiger* and *St. Louis Blues* were absent. But they did ask for *Londonderry Air* and would have stood up gladly for *God Save the King* had I dared to play it.

I stayed in the theater after my own act, watching the rest of the bill. The audience was restless, uneasy, sensing an impending calamity. And when the program was finished, the band played the national anthem. They played it completely through instead of the usual half chorus and I have never felt the solemn weight of that anthem until I heard it that night, played in a poor London suburb by a tenth rate orchestra.

The next afternoon Albert Hall was nearly full to hear Paul Robeson's final recital. His colored accompanist, an expert musician, began as always by playing *The King*. But he couldn't do it! Choked with emotion, his fingers fumbled at the familiar strain, tears actually rolled down his cheeks! But the assembled audience sang it for him, and sang it mightily.

That night all of England was glued to the radio waiting for the latest news of their sovereign. But the announcements were unsatisfactory. A "No Change" bulletin which had been issued at 3:25, remained the same through Sunday.

When I left the theater Monday night and drove uptown, the headlines "KING IS DYING" were already being hawked on the streets and greeted the eyes of outgoing audiences from Mayfair's cinemas, music-halls and legitimate theaters.

The Berkeley, Savoy, Dorchester, Grosvenor and several other places sent home their orchestras. Public affairs, dinner at 7:30, dancing afterwards, died a-borning. Everyone went home and turned on the radio again. And now all programs were off the air and only fifteen minute bulletins were announced. At 9:25 had come the announcement—"The King's Life Is Drawing Peacefully to Its Close." And monotonously, every quarter-hour, that announcement was repeated.

"No further news has been received," intoned the BBC, "and the bulletin read at 9:25 will be repeated. The King's Life—"

At about 11:30 I got up, left the house and got into my car. It was nerve-wracking, that droning voice that kept saying the same thing. It hurt my ears.

I drove past Buckingham Palace, through Green Park. It was bitingly cold but crowds were huddled around the Palace gates, scanning each bulletin as it was posted. I went over to the Dorchester, found two friends of mine sitting in the lounge regarding their drinks glumly. Their evening was wrecked and there was nothing to do. I bundled them into my car and we drove down Piccadilly. The "girls" were absent tonight—the first time Piccadilly had ever been clear of them that I could remember.

But it was like driving through a dead city. I turned about, went back to my hotel. A waiter in the hotel restaurant came up to us.

"King's dead," said he tersely. "He died at two minutes before twelve."

We all three of us shivered, stared straight ahead. It was awful to hear him say it. We'd known all along that it would happen, of course, but somehow we hadn't let ourselves completely believe it.

Later I walked alone into Lyon's Corner House at Marble Arch, was surprised and disgusted to see the same bunch of actors, musicians, tarts and perverts making just as much racket as usual. It was filthy rotten. I went home to bed. I felt terrible.

The theaters are closed tonight. The Dorchester, which had spent several hundred pounds announcing the opening of their new floor show, and a few thousand in importing a couple dozen Hollywood girls, quietly let it drop. C. B. Cochran, with a sensationally successful new revue which had broken all house records in Manchester, had to put off its premiere, may find himself faced with bankruptcy.

By 3:00 p.m. anyone not wearing a black tie was stared at, if not actually reproved by other people in the street. I wore one, not because everyone else was doing it but because I wanted to.

Do you think I'm sentimental? Mebbeso, but you'd be too if you'd been in this country long enough to be imbued with the national enthusiasm for those two, George and Mary.

But he's gone now. He'll be buried Tuesday. Long Live The King!

Sincerely,

London, England — LARRY ADLER

REACTIVATION ECHO

I have read with considerable interest the article published by Wainwright Evans in the December ESQUIRE number about rejuvenation. The following data may also be of some interest to you:

For several years I have been in contact with Steinach of Vienna with whom I thoroughly discussed his investigations in the 1926 International Congress of Sexology in Berlin at which I acted as General Secretary. I have been performing Steinach operations for more than ten years and have also carried on scientific investigations on the subject as the Director of the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria Hospital in Berlin until April, 1933, at which time, owing to the advent of the Nazi Government, I was compelled to give up my position in Germany. I also worked for a long time with, I believe, the best collaborator of Steinach, Dr. Peter Schmidt, whose publication *The Theory and Practice of the Steinach Operation* can be recommended to everyone interested in this subject (published in London by William Heinemann (Medical Books) Limited, 1924). After the tragical death of Peter Schmidt I continued his practical and scientific work and published

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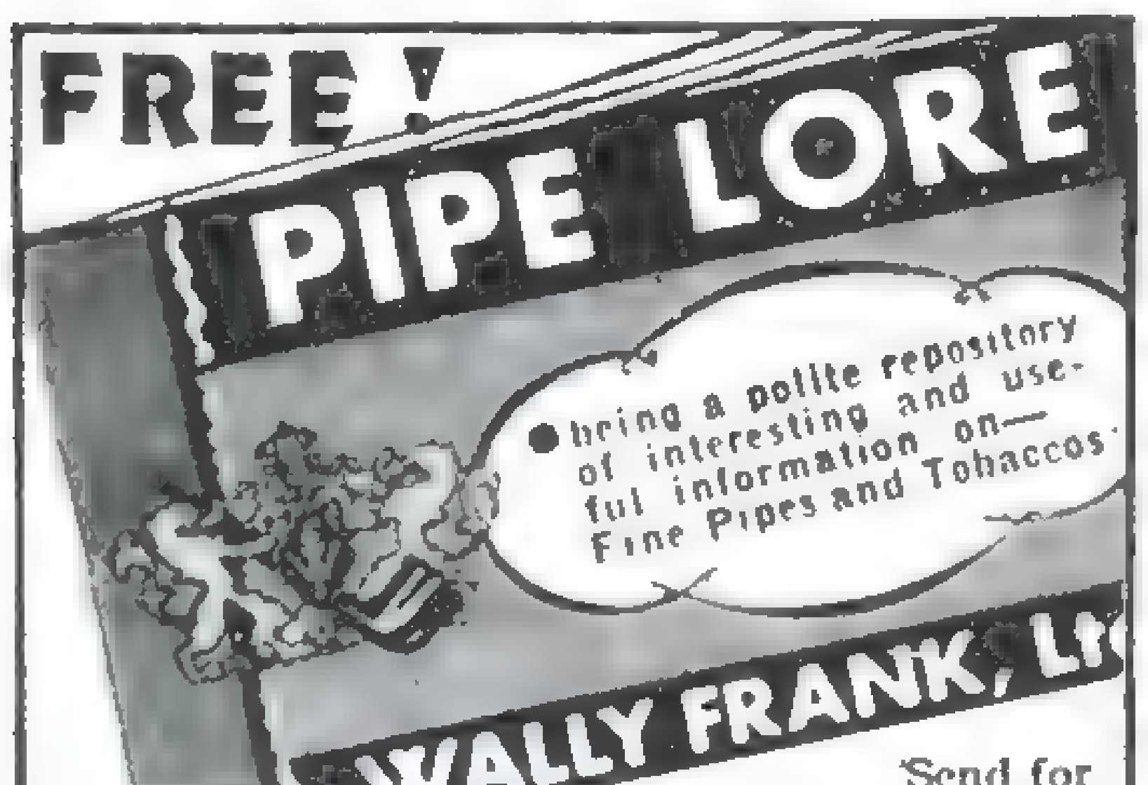
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many articles in several German and Spanish medical reviews. It is for this reason that I should like to inform you regarding the results of the many hundreds of Steinach operations I have performed in Germany and here in Chile.

(1) It is very important to give out a proper indication for this operation. The Steinach operation is not a help for every kind of illness as some people believe. I saw it performed in cancer of the stomach, organic brain diseases, etc. and, of course, without any success. It is best indicated in premature old age (senectus praecox) which sometimes starts already after 40 years. People begin to complain of losing energy, of getting tired, of losing memory and of not being able to fulfill their professional work. They also lose sexual power, etc. Under these circumstances the Steinach operation, properly made, brings often a great relief, sometimes really marvelous. It is not recommended in what we call sexual neurasthenia in younger people.

(2) I agree with Wainwright Evans that the Steinach operation has its own technic. I saw general surgeons and also medical men without knowledge of surgery perform the ligature of the vas. A short time ago I had to perform a "second Steinach" on a man whose "first Steinach" was made very close to the urinary bladder. The vas deferens was completely intact between the epididymis and the inguinal canal. Of course such operations cannot be of any favorable results and discredit the operation itself.

(3) No doubt suggestion sometimes greatly influences the result but it is surely not the only factor. Investigations on animals and also on men prove it. Peter Schmidt performed this operation in prisons in China. The operated persons had no idea of the finality of the operation. Nevertheless the effect was remarkable in the majority of the operations. The same thing happened in hernia operations in which the vas has been ligated without knowledge of the patient.

(4) My experience during the last years taught me that in several cases the Steinach alone is not sufficient. It has to be supplemented before and after the operation by other physical and medical treatments.

Under these circumstances the Steinach operation is really a progress in our fight against the hard troubles of the old age.

Yours truly,
Santiago, Chile PROF. DR. STUTZIN

FREUD IN TEXAS

It is not difficult to understand why many of your readers hate Hemingway. He catches bigger and more fish, which tends to reduce the quality of the average man's catch or yarn. Man, in such instances, is like an illiterate person. What he can't understand or accomplish, he views with great alarm; what he can't understand, he suspects; and what he suspects, he hates most thoroughly. Hemingway inspires an inferiority complex in most men. He's a splendid writer, but February's yarn was pointless and valueless any way I look at it.

Again we have with us the splendid George Jean. Ah, such a man! I'm delighted to see him come out against *Women's Pages*, but he should concentrate on the *source* of the atrocious sections and articles. The woman writer is only one cog in the wheels that puts the article in the hands of other women. The power that makes the wheels go around is principally in the hands of one or more men who are not compelled to accept or print such drivel. (Excepting perhaps some of the women's magazines.) Of course there are shallow-brained women enough, so that Nathan's list of catch titles are about all those women can comprehend.

How I would enjoy a word battle with Mr. Nathan, not for the hope or desire of convincing him of anything, but for the sake of hearing his magnificent brain tick!

I am sending you a few hisses against your presentation of such rot as found on page 36, of the February issue. I'd suggest Mr. Birmingham stick to his serious ambition for manufacturing a new ski wax. It is possible he'll get a good fall before he gets grown which will cause at least a partial restoration of some kind of balance. You editors did not really think there could be any entertainment, good or bad, in that page of junk—not truly. The most nearly human quality he exhibits is to explain his drawing in each first line. I have studied the page carefully, but it's no use. I refuse to believe I'm completely dumb, so will somebody please explain?

I venture to lay a bet that if you left Petty out of ESQUIRE, the present female interest would decrease greatly. Hemingway creates masculine inferiority complexes, and Petty inspires feminine complexes. I might remark that the greatest difference in the complexes of the two MAJOR sexes is, that women strive to achieve some of that "model" beauty or outline, while men devote themselves to proving there never was such a fish. Am I right, gang?

Houston, Texas MRS. E. W. RONEY

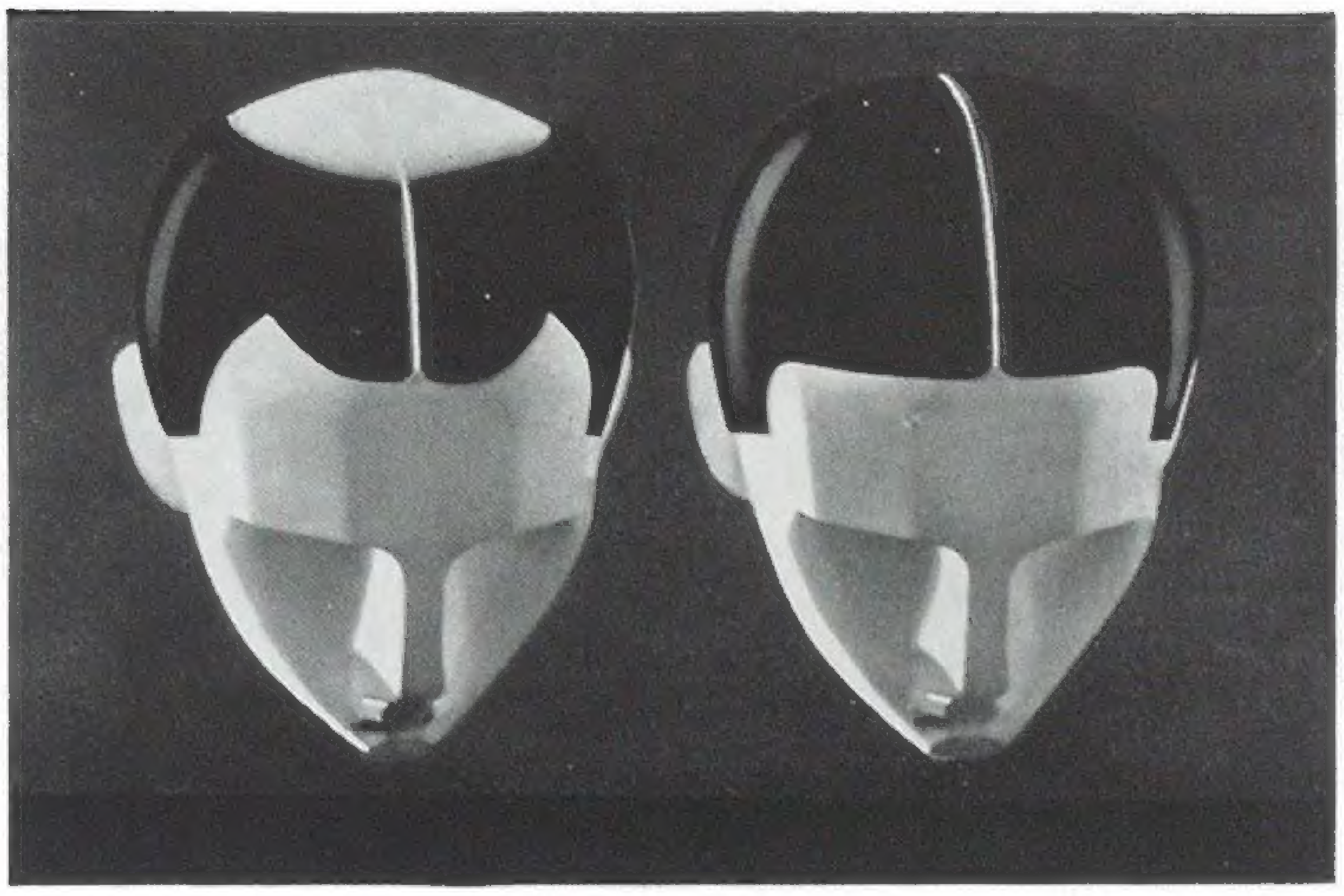
TO HEM FROM ROME

Attracted by the signature of that eminent writer, Mr. Hemingway, I plodded through a gruesome description of warfare in Abyssinia in your magazine. I was surprised that Mr. Hemingway should stoop to write such an incompetent and undistinguished article, as from his usually very able pen, I expected either some constructive criticism or some deserved praise: as a matter of fact, he is entirely misinformed as to the health of the troops in Africa and to minor matters which do not really deserve an answer. Attached is a bulletin from Asmara, under date of January 18, 1936:

> Prof. Aldo Castellani, Health Commissioner for Italian East Africa, upon returning to Asmara after his third tour of inspection on the Eritrean front made a statement to the press on health conditions of the troops and the civilians, both Italian and native.
>
> Prof. Castellani said health conditions were excellent and denied reports published in the foreign press on epidemics of cholera, plague and other diseases alleged to have broken out among the troops and gave out the following figures on cases of tropical diseases in Eritrea and the occupied territories from July 1st to December 31st.
>
> Not a single case of cholera or plague. A few cases of Dengue fever at Massawa, this disease being common to all ports on the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean and rarely fatal. Out of a total of thousands of troops and workers, both Italians and native, there have been 38 cases of typhoid fever and 142 of malaria.
>
> Small-pox, none among the whites, 6 cases among natives, none of which proved lethal. Amoebic dysentery, 15 cases. Cerebro-spinal meningitis, one case among whites, 10 cases among natives, none of which caused death. Tropical fever, three cases among whites and 24 among natives.
>
> Prof. Castellani formally denied that sick soldiers and civilians were sent to hospital at Rhodes or that 20,000 beds had been prepared for them. In fact, he added, that not a single patient had been sent to Rhodes where, in all cases, the local hospital could only provide 120 beds.
>
> In speaking of the Health Services in East Africa the eminent specialist declared that Signor Mussolini was personally responsible for the admirable organization of the medical and supply services on a scale which had no precedent in colonial history. Preventive measures, he said, could be classified under three heads, namely: the large medical corps sent out to East Africa, the special training of doctors and nurses prior to their departure for the tropics and their specialization in tropical diseases, vaccination of all troops and workmen against small-pox, typhoid fever, para-typhoid and cholera.
>
> Professor Castellani stated that among non-infectious diseases, there had been only a few cases of sun-stroke, none of beri-beri or scurvy. Absence of sickness consequent upon bad nourishment, he said, is due to the plentiful rations of food containing vitamine administered daily to the men. As evidence to what he said Professor Castellani showed the press correspondents a photograph of the inscription on a milestone which said that the road had been built with the help of the medical aids who volunteered as road-builders owing to lack of medical work.

I wish to add, Mr. Editor, that I am one of many Italian admirers of your magazine, and therefore am all the more disillusioned at this shoddy contribution to the present conflict. It is a pity that Mr. Hemingway (who I am afraid has not been here for some years) does not visit my country to study present conditions, of which he is in complete ignorance.

Yours sincerely,
DUCA DI MORIGNANO RUSPOLI
Rome, Italy



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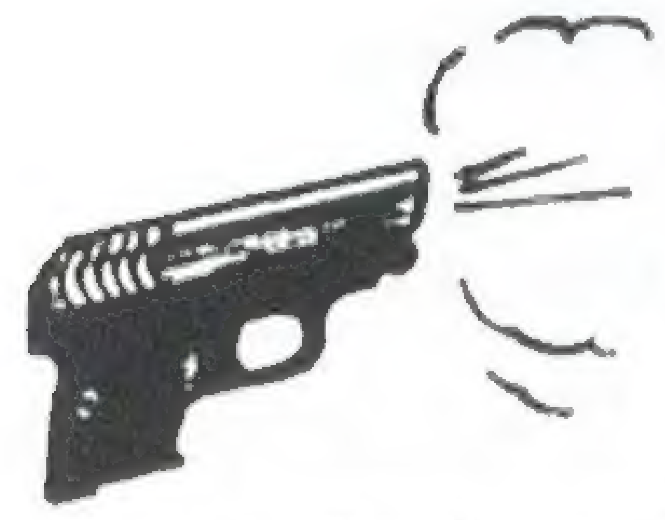

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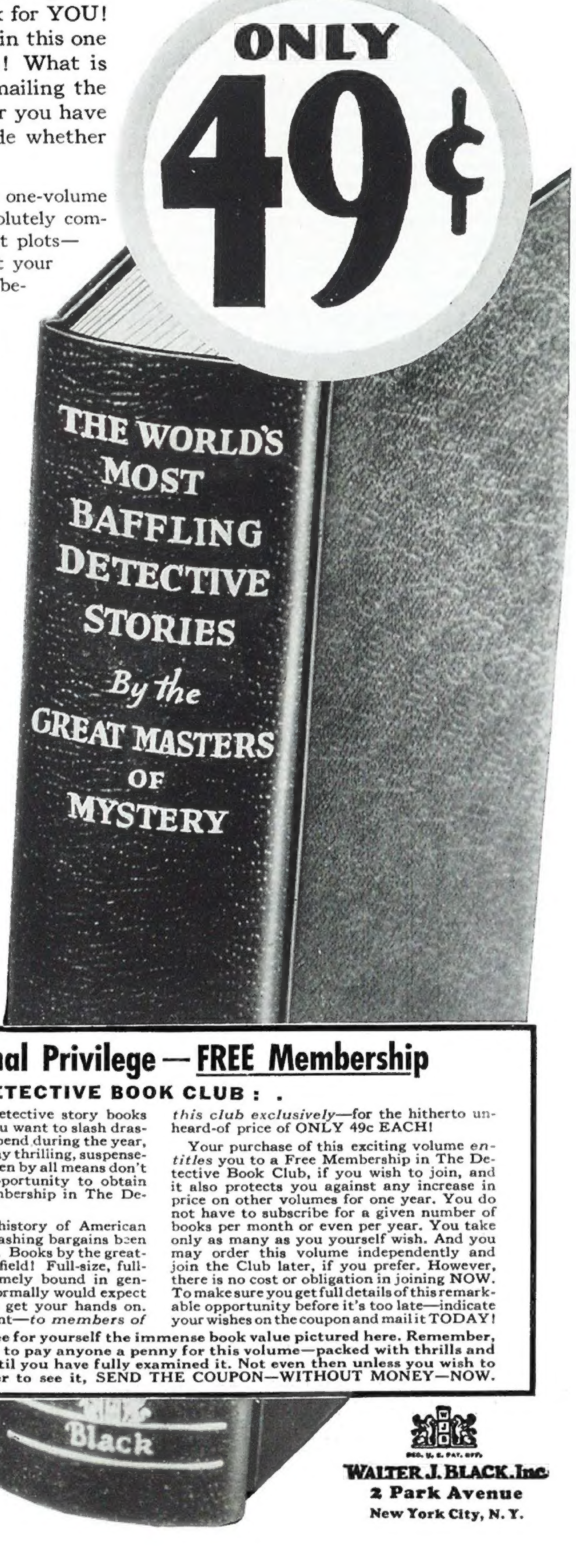

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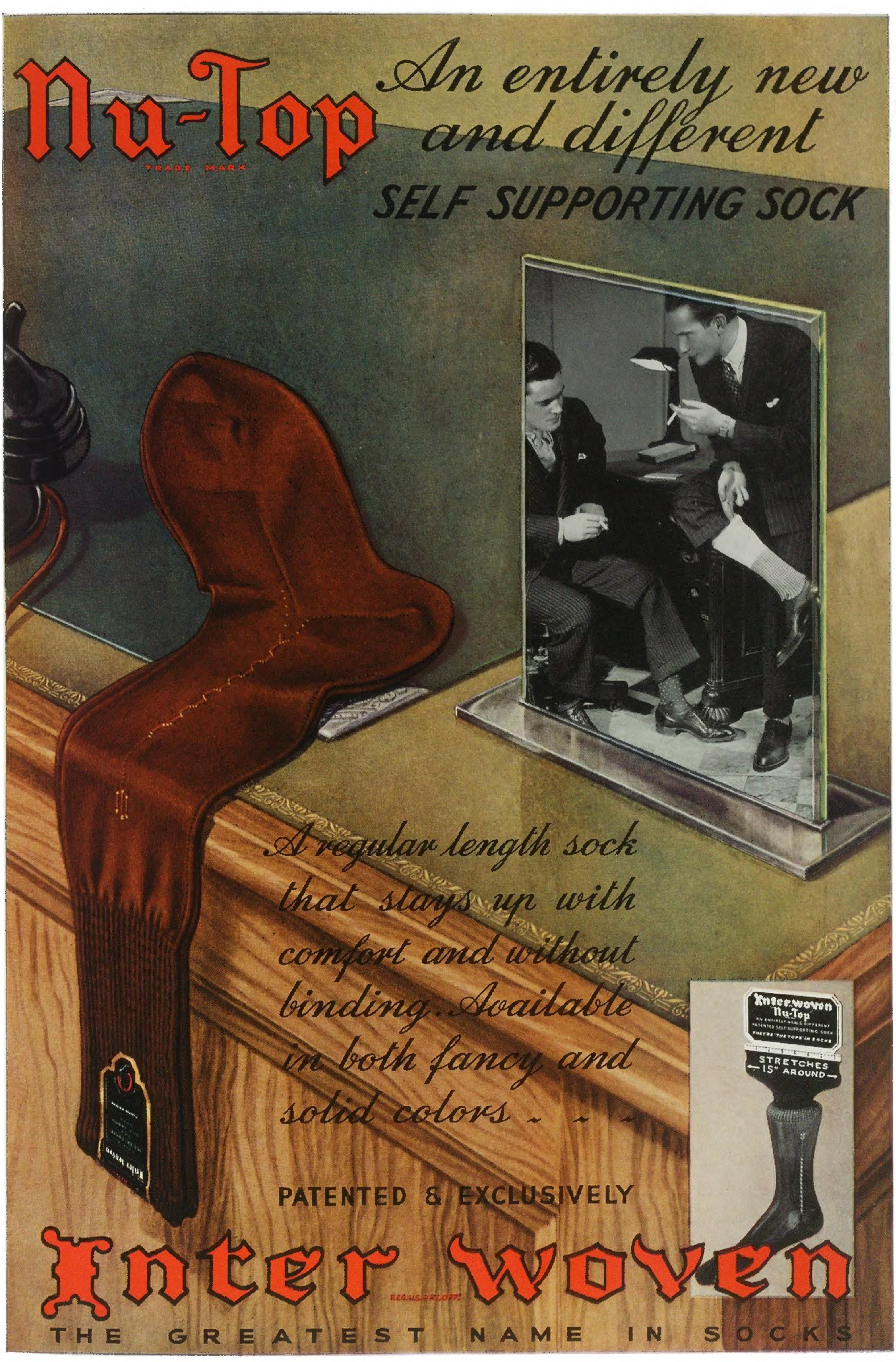
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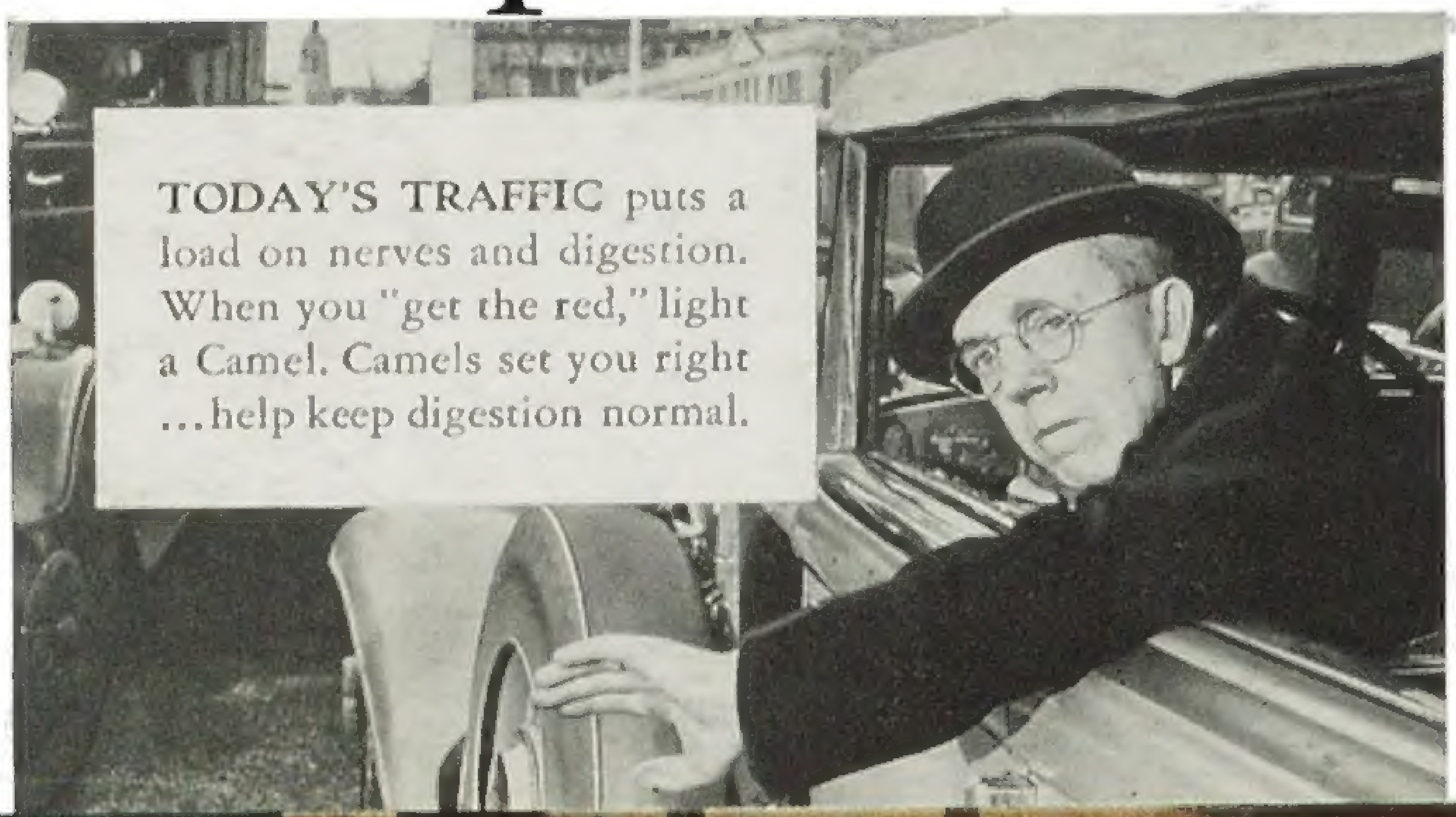


TODAY'S TRAFFIC puts a load on nerves and digestion. When you "get the red," light a Camel. Camels set you right ...help keep digestion normal.

Natural digestive action notably increased by smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! It is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness...the feeling of *well-being* fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos.

Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

GUESTS AT KUGLER'S, grand old Philadelphia restaurant, renowned for two generations, are shown above as they enjoy choice foods... admirably prepared... in a delightful atmosphere. William, of Kugler's, who presides over the famous dining room, is bowing, menu in hand, as he speaks to one of the diners. William says: "Camels and good food go together. Our patrons naturally prefer quality tobaccos, judging by the popularity that Camels enjoy here. So we try to keep well stocked with Camels."

"I ALWAYS TAKE a big supply of Camels along," says William LaVarre, explorer. "They make any meal digest easier." Mrs. LaVarre adds: "Camels help my digestion, whether I'm in the jungle or dining in my New York home."

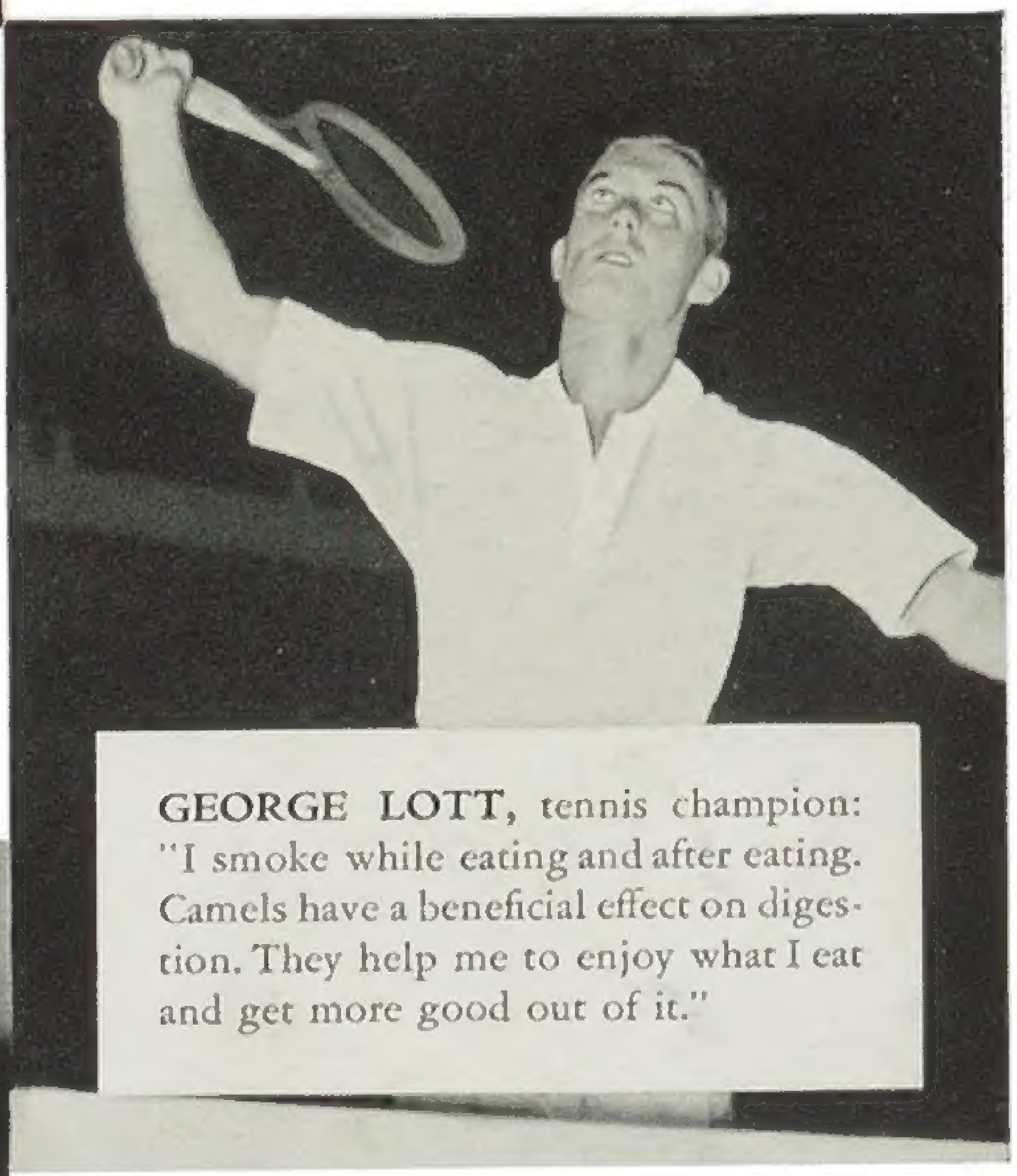
TUNE IN!

CAMEL CARAVAN WITH
WALTER O'KEEFE
DEANE JANIS • TED HUSING
GLEN GRAY AND THE
CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA
Tuesday and Thursday—9 p. m.
E. S. T., 8 p. m. C. S. T., 9:30 p. m.
M. S. T., 8:30 p. m. P. S. T.—over
WABC-Columbia Network.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DO
QUALITY



GEORGE LOTT, tennis champion: "I smoke while eating and after eating. Camels have a beneficial effect on digestion. They help me to enjoy what I eat and get more good out of it."

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For Digestion's Sake—smoke Camels